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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Silver Question.
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Poetry.

ON THE RIALTO.

Here youthful genius, fretting, waits
For tardy recognition,
And wonders why Fame's temple gates
So long withhold admission;
And here the sad "old comic" strolls
Between the "leading heavys,"
While loitering "supers" stand in shoals,
And chorus girls in bevies.

Was Garrick ever like to these?
Did Kemble air his graces
On London's thronging arteries?
Were theirs such vulgar faces?
And pray, did Siddons saunter down,
All wig and paint and powder,
To tempt the men about the town
To ogle her and crowd her?

The mimic art no lustre gains
From these who served so idly;
No famous end their life attains,
No heralds name them widely:
And yet, who knows what tragedy
Behind their laugh are hidden?
What sorrow grinds relentlessly
To outward show forbidden?

Here's one who played of old with Booth,
Here Barrett's understudy;
His knees are shaky, and, in truth,
His nose is somewhat ruddy.
And this one gained in former days
No meagre share of glory;
Now drink and debt and evil ways
Conspire to end his story.

Poor fellows! Let them meet and part
With bluster and effusion,
And in broad daylight strut and start—
They're acting! Sweet delusion!
Perchance when Death, the prompter, calls,
Their final grimace making,
They may be glad the curtain falls,
For their new world awaking.
—Robert Gilbert Welsh in the New York Sun.

A PORTRAIT.

An aureole of golden hair
So soft and fair
Surmounts her face,
While little truant tresses spread
O'er her forehead
With dainty grace.

Her eyes are—nay, I cannot tell
Their color well,
For, when I gaze
Into their depths, love blinds my sight,
Judgment takes flight
In sweet amaze.

'Twere trite to liken to her lips
The ruddy hips
That hedgerows bear,
For with her mouth the fairest rose
On earth that blows
Would ill compare.

A little dimple dents her cheek,
But, when I seek
To find its place,
All traces of it has vanished, while
A roguish smile
O'erspreads her face.

Her ears are like two seashells pink
That on the brink
Of ocean lie—
Sweet little ears to whisper to,
As oft I do
When no one's by.

So dear a maid did never live.
What would I give
To take her hand,
And bear her off this very day
(We'd find our way)
To fairyland!
—St. James's Budget.

LOVE'S AFTERMATH.

Not here, but there,
Not near, nor far;
No nighttime then
Nor moon nor star—
No meeting smile to turn to sigh
And breathe its bitter wail—Goodby!

Not here—not here,
Too dim, too sad
This doubting world—
Yet there—all glad!
The loving eyes earth's shadows veiled—
The tender clasp we deemed had failed.

Some voice—perhaps
Loved—lost—regained
Will thrill us there
With love unfeigned.
But how we know not, all is rest,
They are our own—God's ways are best.

That one we loved,
Perhaps too well,
Can love love so?
We cannot tell—
That one, in God's sweet, holy place
Will meet us then, and face to face!

The loved caress,
The old, dear smile—
God's Ever for
Earth's littlewhile!
The mists of pain all passed away;
All lost in that long, loving day!
—Good Words.

Miscellany.

THE GREAT STRIKE OF 1877.

A Desperate and Bitter Fight on the Railroad Systems.

The most desperate and extensive strike that had yet occurred in this country was that of 1877 by the employes of the principal railway trunk lines—the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the New York Central and their Western prolongations, says Scribner's Magazine. At a preconcerted time junctions and other main points were seized. Freight traffic on the roads named was entirely suspended and the passenger and mail service greatly impeded. When new employes sought to work militia had to be called out to preserve order. Baltimore and Pittsburg were each the scene of a bloody riot. At the latter place, where the mob was immense and most furious, the militia was overcome and besieged in a round house, which it was then attempted to burn by lighting oil cars and pushing them against it. Fortunately the soldiers escaped across the river. The militia having had several bloody and doubtful encounters on July 21, 22 and 23, at the request of the governors, President Hayes dispatched United States troops to Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia. Faced by these forces the rioters in every instance gave way without bloodshed.

The torch was applied freely, and with dreadful effect. Machine shops, warehouses and two thousand freight cars were pillaged or burned. Men, women and children fell to thieving, carrying off all sorts of goods, kid ball shoes, parasols, coffee mills, whips and gas stoves. The police found seven great trunks full of clothes in one house, eleven barrels of flour in another. It is said that a wagon load of sewing machines was sold on the street, the machines bringing from 10 cents to one dollar a piece. The loss of property was estimated at $10,000,000. In disturbances at Chicago nineteen were killed, at Baltimore nine, at Reading thirteen, and thrice as many wounded. One hundred thousand laborers are said to have taken part in the movement, and at one time or another 6,000 or 7,000 miles of road were in their power.

A Rude Little Boy.

An elderly woman, evidently from the country, stood in the middle of the cable tram line at Brixton the other day steadily gazing northward. She was certainly not familiar with the city or its sways. A cable car was rapidly approaching behind her. The old lady shouted to a street urchin:

"Little boy, where can I get a Tooting tram?"

"You'll get it in the back pretty soon if you don't get out of the way," replied the gamin as he dodged a tram rapidly bowling along.—Pearson's Weekly.

Considerate.

Mr. Winterbottom—Emily, the doctor says all we need for these colds of ours is whisky and quinine.

Mrs. Winterbottom—Cyrus, if you think you're going to get any whisky down my throat, you are much mistaken!

Mr. Winterbottom—And I haven't a particle of faith in quinine. So I brought them in separate packages. Here's your quinine.—Chicago Tribune.

His Reason.

Teacher—Well, Tommy, you were not present yesterday; were you detained at home in consequence of the inclemency of the weather?

Tommy—No, ma'am; I couldn't come 'cause of the rain.—Tit-Bits.

TRICKS ON A WHEEL.

MADELINE KILPATRICK'S WONDERFUL RIDING.

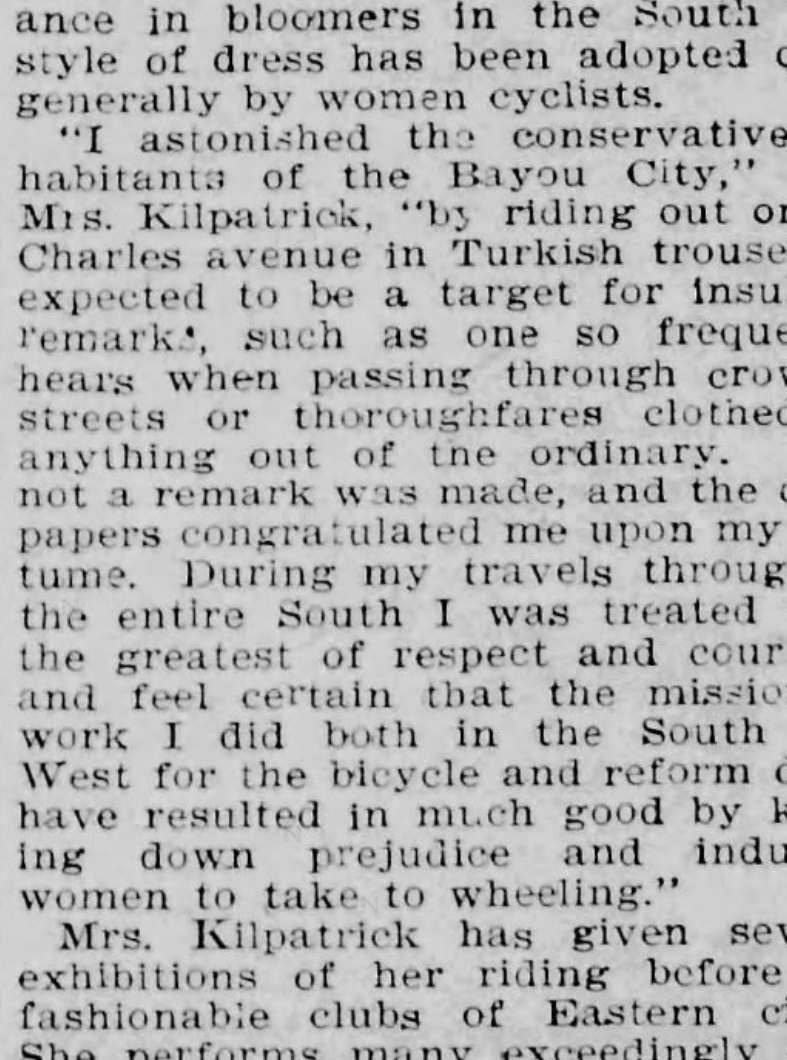
Difficult Feats of Balancing Which She Performs on Her Bike.

Trick riders of the bicycle among men are plentiful enough, and perhaps too much so, but the women who can dance about on the saddle of the silent steed and perform feats that will please a crowd are exceedingly rare. Mrs. Madeline Kilpatrick is one of those few clever women riders. It was only about a year ago that she took her first lesson on the wheel. Her second lesson made her the mistress of it, and her progress since then has been easy. These first lessons were taken near Mobile, Ala., near old Fort Morgan, where the last shot of the rebellion echoed and died away. Since then Mrs. Kilpatrick has been nearly all over this country giving exhibitions of her skill on the wheel in company with her husband, the one-legged trick rider.

RIDING WHEEL UPSIDE DOWN.

Mrs. Kilpatrick claims to be the first woman to appear in "rational dress" on a wheel in New Orleans and several other cities of the South. By "rational dress" she means bloomers or Turkish trousers and the other garments that go with them to make up the skirtless costume for women. She also claims that since her appearance in bloomers in the South that style of dress has been adopted quite generally by women cyclists.

"I astonished the conservative inhabitants of the Bayou City," said Mrs. Kilpatrick, "by riding out on St. Charles avenue in Turkish trousers. I expected to be a target for insulting remarks, such as one so frequently hears when passing through crowded streets or thoroughfares clothed in anything out of the ordinary. But not a remark was made, and the daily papers congratulated me upon my costume. During my travels throughout the entire South I was treated with the greatest of respect and courtesy, and feel certain that the missionary work I did both in the South and West for the bicycle and reform dress have resulted in much good by keeping down prejudice and inducing women to take to wheeling."



ONE KNEE IN SADDLE.

Mrs. Kilpatrick has given several exhibitions of her riding before the fashionable clubs of Eastern cities. She performs many exceedingly difficult feats in which both strength and skill in balancing are required. One of the best she performs is riding on the back wheel of her machine, holding the front one up in the air on a level with her head. Another clever trick is that of riding the wheel backward, balancing on the pedals with the body over the front wheel and in front of the handle bars. Standing in the saddle on one foot while the wheel spins around the room is easy for Mrs. Kilpatrick. Resting the wheel upside down with the saddle and handle bars on the floor and then balancing on the pedals and making the wheels fly around is a little more difficult, but it is one of Mrs. Kilpatrick's best feats. She does a great many others and all are good.

Her husband, the one-legged trick rider, became celebrated as a cyclist by riding his wheel down the Capitol steps at Washington several years ago. Since then he has been on the road with the wheelmen and is well known to all prominent cyclists of the country.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

She Perplexed an Opponent and Proved His Ignorance.

"Now the modern woman," began Snifter, "is really attracting more attention than modesty will permit——"

"If the fool men would mind their own business there would be no trouble," replied Mrs. Snifter.

"That's it!" responded Snifter. I'm impressed more and more every day with the forwardness of the modern woman."

"There's certainly room enough in the world for all to live."

"Yes, my dear, but the modern woman is destined to destroy all that is lovable in the very thought of woman——"

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Snifter, "that there is not that sympathy between men and women that ought to exist——"

"Ah, my dear, I have thought of that, but you know that the modern woman has rendered such a thought distasteful——"

"But cannot men be gentlemanly?"

"Ah, my dear, you do not understand. The modern woman——"

"Who is the modern woman?"

"Eh? What?"

"Who is she?"

"Why—er—huh?"

"That's what I thought, Snifter. To ask a man what he's talking about is to find out he's an idiot!"

And somehow Snifter hasn't thought so much about the modern woman since.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ode to a Contractor.

Oh, promise me that one day you and I
Down Pennsylvania avenue will go,
Where cooling shades beneath big buildings lie,
To get our letters from the new P. O.
It may not come to pass until the years
have flown;
Till venerable moss upon each wall has
grown;
But still the hope will cherished be,
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me!
—Washington Star.

At the Summer Hotel.

Landlord—John, go to town and buy a barrel of live fish!

John—What for?

Landlord—To stock the pond with! Don't you know I've advertised "finest fishing in the country?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Unkind.

Lawyer Quibble—What was the greatest trial you ever presided over, Judge?

Judge Kidby—Bringing up ten daughters, sir!—Harper's Bazar.

MODERN DENTISTRY.

Sound Teeth Can be Readily Substituted for Old Ones.

The practitioner of to-day is no longer a destructive, but a reparative agent, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Extraction is no longer the logical remedy for an aching molar, and if you care to pay the difference in cost the vacancies in your gums can be filled—not by teeth set on a celluloid plate, but by the natural article, transplanted from another's jaw.

This work of transplanting teeth is something which, while entirely familiar with the higher grade of practitioners, the general public knows very little about. Like many other so-called discoveries it is really nothing absolutely novel—merely an elaboration and improvement of an old system abandoned years ago because of conditions then existing which rendered its practice dangerous. These conditions having been removed the rejected method was revived eminent success, and it is now recognized not only by individual practitioners of high standing, but by all the leading dental colleges.

Nearly a century has elapsed since Sir John Hunter, an eminent London anatomist, discovered that healthy teeth extracted from the jaws of one person could be transferred to those of another. He based his operations in this direction on the supposition that the transplanted tooth should always be made to fit the socket, and in the majority of his experiments it is believed that he inserted the new tooth in the still unhealed wound left by extraction of another. Valuable as Hunter's general contributions were to medical science, his method of transplanting teeth was not destined to enjoy uninterrupted popularity. He himself recognized its great fault and others were not slow to apprehend what the discoverer of the system was ready to acknowledge. It was found that certain blood diseases were laible to be transferred along with the teeth, and so this particular line of dental surgery was abandoned as too dangerous for pursuit.

When the system of antiseptic surgery was envolved Dr. Younger, of San Francisco, conceived the idea of applying it to Hunter's old method of transplanting. He very properly argued that a tooth thoroughly cleaned and subjected to a bath of antiseptic fluid was no longer a medium for the transfer of disease. Moreover, instead of dealing with the matter on the lines adopted by this discovery, that is, that the tooth should be made to fit the socket or cavity, Dr. Younger worked on the principal that the socket should be made to fit the tooth. His experiments under the new conditions proved eminently satisfactory and it speedily became evident that the art of transplanting teeth had become a recognized branch of dental surgery.

To-day the system is pursued by all first-class dentists in New York and by many in Brooklyn. It is not popular in the most correct sense of the term, because it costs more than ordinary people can afford, and, besides, it can hardly be carried to the extent of giving a man or woman a whole set of ivories that once belonged to some one else. Still it is practiced in many cases and will be continued. Nearly all the leading dentists in New York nowadays devote their energies to saving teeth. With all the conditions now militating against the development of perfect teeth, this is no easy matter. It gives them enough to do without devoting valuable muscular tissue to the extracting of big grinders with roots like anchor forks.

When they have a patient whose teeth really must come out they pack him off to a certain doctor who makes a practice of doing such things. If the extracted tooth is not decayed this practitioner puts it away in an antiseptic bath, where it remains with some score of others until a dentist has a patron whose jaw has a vacancy that could be filled by transplanting. A demand is then made upon the individual who keeps teeth in stock and the order is filled with regard to the requirements of shape, size, etc. It is no longer necessary, as in the days of Hunter, to have a recently made cavity ready for the newly extracted tooth. A skillful dentist will make an incision with gum, if necessary, and therein insert the tooth which has lain perhaps for months in its bath of disinfectant. The tissues heal and in a short time the transplanted tooth is as firmly rooted as any of its neighbors who have been grown on the soil. Ordinarily, where it is determined to replace the extracted tooth by transplanting, it is customery to keep the cavity open until its new occupant is introduced. The length of time the cavity is open has nothing to do with the success of the transplanting process.

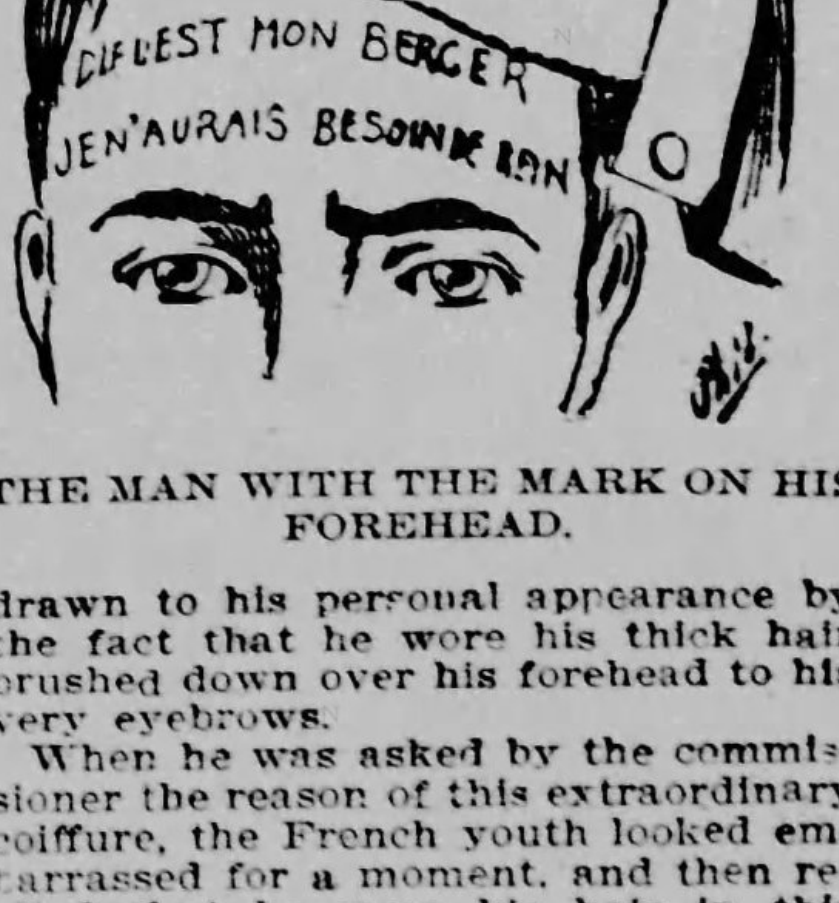
A prominent New York dentist relates an instance of a woman who lost a transplanted tooth soon after its insertion in her gum. She was out of town at the time and her dentist was inaccessible. She filled the cavity with cotton wool and so kept it open for several days. Then she fell sick and passed through a long attack of typhoid fever. When she realived that she was seriously ill and consequently liable to delirium, she instructed the nurse to keep the cavity in the gum still open and those directions were implicitly followed when the sick woman was no longer able to attend to the matter herself. When she recovered and returned to town the cavity was in a condition to receive another tooth. In some cases where the roots and base of a tooth remain intact your modern dentist will fit a new top and fasten it to the old foundation with a neat rivet of gold.

RELIGION STAMPED ON HIM.

A Text Was Tattooed on This Young Frenchman's Forehead.

A man upon whom religion had left its mark ineffaceably was observed at Ellis Island recently, says the New York World. He was one of a number of French immigrants brought before the commissioner for examination.

He was a tall, handsome young man, a skilled ironworker. Attention was drawn to his personal appearance by the fact that he wore his thick hair brushed down over his forehead to his very eyebrows.


DIEU EST MON BERGER
JE N'AURAIS BESOIN DE RIEN

THE MAN WITH THE MARK ON HIS FOREHEAD.

When he was asked by the commissioner the reason of this extraordinary coiffure, the French youth looked embarrassed for a moment, and then replied that he wore his hair in this manner to hide a mark on his brow.

"What is the mark?" was asked.

He tossed his hair back and exhibited a skillfully executed piece of tattooing which, on examination, proved to be a text from the Bible, done in minute but perfect letters. It was in French and read:

"Dieu est mon Berger, je n'aurais soin de rien." ("The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.")

He stated that the tattooing was done at the request of a cranky aunt when he was a 12-year-old boy.

This passes the enterprise of those who decorate natural scenery with texts as conspicuously as do patent-medicine vendors with advertisements of their wares. This form of enterprise is highly developed in France.

Here and there along certain railway lines one finds gigantic texts, printed with white stones on the green hillsides.

Called.

"Mr. Sorghum," said the senator's wife, "when you were elected, you said that you felt that your country had called you."

"Did I?"

"Undoubtedly. How do you feel about it now?"

"The same as ever. I still feel that my country has called me—down."—Washington Star.

They Like a Change.

She—You Western cowboys have a thirst for blood all the time, don't you?

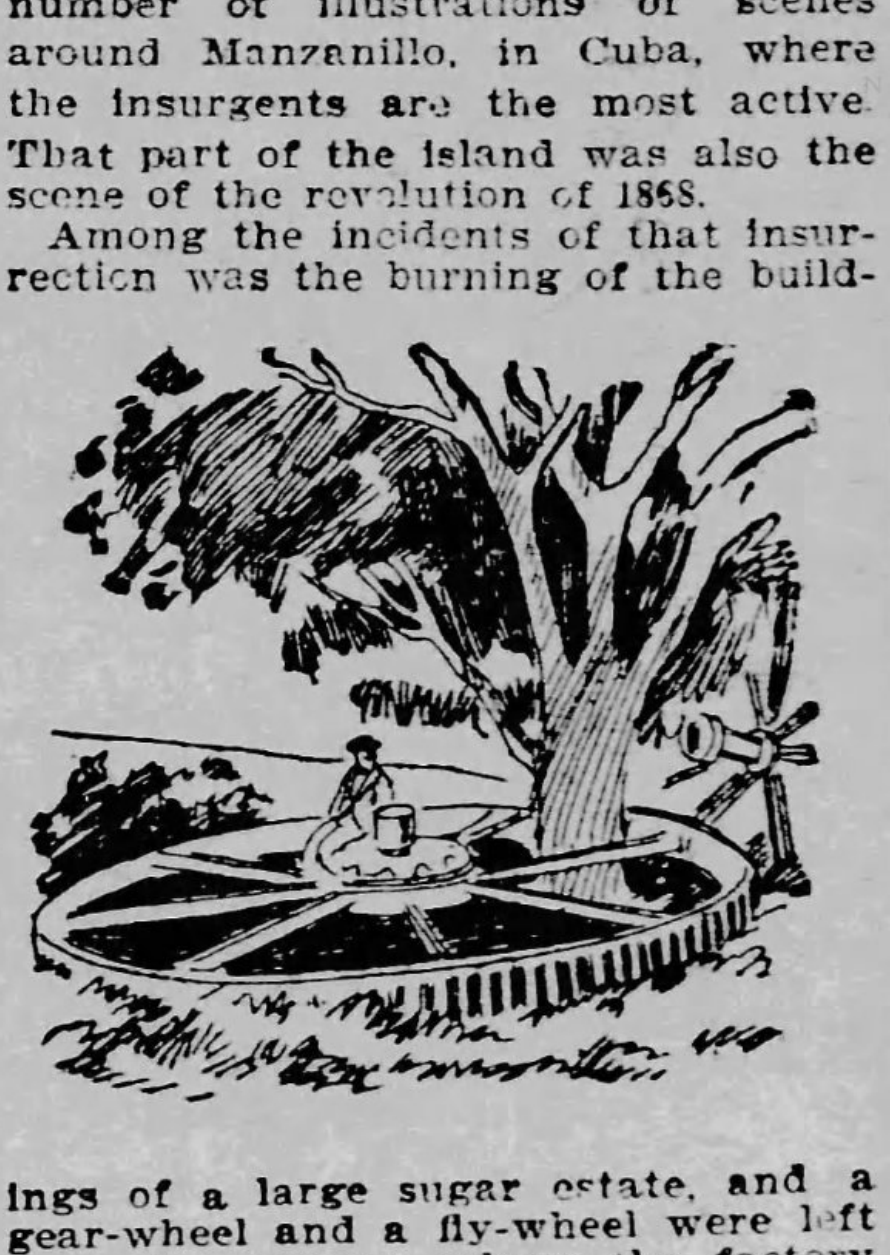
He (with a corkscrew)—Oh, no, ma'am. We changes it sometimes.—Detroit Free Press.

A QUEER RELIC

Of the Insurrection of 1868 in the Eastern Part of the Island of Cuba.

A Spanish-American paper prints a number of illustrations of scenes around Manzanillo, in Cuba, where the insurgents are the most active. That part of the island was also the scene of the revolution of 1868.

Among the incidents of that insurrection was the burning of the buildings of a large sugar estate, and a gear-wheel and a fly-wheel were left upon the ground where the factory stood.



These pieces of machinery have not been disturbed during the 25 years that have elapsed since the fire, and meanwhile a jaguey tree has grown up between the spokes of the gear-wheel, and has reached the large proportions shown in the accompanying picture. It is a curiosity worth noting.

TWAIN'S OBITUARY MUSEUM.

Something in Which He Finds Comfort When Clouds Darkly Hover.

"Here is something," observed Mark Twain to the Washington Post writer, when the latter visited that great humorist at his home in Hartford; "here is something to which when life's hour is darkest I often turn for relief."

Twain held up a handful of manuscript which he took from the drawer at his right.

"This little nest of mortuary sentiment," continued Twain, "came to me bit by bit during my career as city editor in San Francisco. I did not at the time have the heart to print any of it, for the slope was a rude region and too busy with gold to have time for nice appreciation. But I always preserved these little contributions, and have frequently cheered a blue moment by their perusal. There is a frankness which touches and a sincerity which dazzles me in every one of them, and I would not part with the collection for the world. To me they are priceless. I will, however, read them to you should you care to listen. You may, if you please, copy two or three. They will serve to uphold your spirits hereafter at times when life's burdens seem more than you can bear."

Evidently Twain was in his most obliging humor. The writer eagerly besought him to read these sombre gems by all means.

"Thank you," replied Twain; "it will give me pleasure. Here—" he went on picking up a leaf of manuscript—"is a belated chant on the part of the near admirers of a youth who evidently passed away while in the very heyday, as it were, of the horn habit. It is smooth and serenely calm, and would seem to cover the case. It runs thus:

"He used to blow a B-cornet
Through all the drear night tide,

We never got a wink of sleep
Until dear Willie died.

"He's happy with the angels now
On that far golden shore,
And since he went to heaven above
There's peace on earth once more.
"By His Neighbors.

"That sort of thing always touches me," observed Twain, as he dashed a drop from his eye. "Don't mind my emotion; it's always a relief to me to weep after reading a testimonial like that. Here is an another from a little huddle of waifs whose parent and protector had been cut down, and whom they were about to file away in the tomb. It tells its own homely story of heartache and filial grief:

"Father's in heaven; his body is dead,
And silent, cold and still.
When we orphans get back from the
graveyard
We're going to bust the will.
"By His Children.

"And here," continued Twain, musingly, as he selected a third, "is the prattling innocence of childhood. Jimmy is dead, and his little companions offer the following explanation: Dickens's 'Death of Little Nell' failed to move me as this has done:

"Jimmy ate an unripe pippin;
He knew it wasn't right.
The angels floated down to us
And collected James that night.
And since then all us boys have been
Behaving out of sight.
"By His Playmates.

"You read," sobbed Twain, covering his face with his handkerchief and proffering the manuscript with the disengaged hand. "You read. The grief of artless childhood cuts me to the heart and unmans me.

"This," said Twain, when he had again grown calm, "comes from a stricken woman. It is only four lines, but it tells the whole sorrowful chapter:

"He died, and my life, which was sad
before,
Beheld its tears increased;
For, when Algernon sought the shining
shore,
My alimony ceased.
"By His Divorced Wife.

"There," remarked Twain, quite composed now, "I stood that better than I hoped. I feel stronger now. Ah, now comes one which is warm and instinct with an unbribed solicitude. There are few Democrats to whose sympathies it would not appeal. It is the little matters such as this, fresh from the best nature of man, which make the green tree and the fountain—the oasis, if you please—in the arid wastes of human existence. Listen:

"Our hearts are sad and lonely
Since the General went away
To climb the stairs of pearl and gold,
And find eternal day.

"He was an earnest worker,
With a throat forever dry,
We wonder how he's making out
With the seraphs in the sky.

"We hope the General's happy,
Still, unless the folks have lied,
Seraphs don't make gin Rickeys,
Nor give seltzer on the side.
"By His Barkeep.

"This tribute is the heart moan of a wife," observed Twain, while a mist again began to cloud his eye. "When you hear it you will say it is a cry from the soul:

"Dear Henry's dead and I'm borne
down
By an avalanche of care.
I must collect the life insurance,
And settle what to wear.
His pain is o'er; he's happy now!
I would not call him back.
I won't seem bad as a widow, and
I look beautiful in black.
"By His Bereaved Helpmeet.

"And now," said Twain, "we come to the last. It does not wring me like the others. It speaks of grief, but there is a sordid monotone of money through it all which makes it ignoble. Still, even the creditor class have rights. I, myself, always try to treat a creditor with respect, even kindness. The regret expressed in this verse may be sincere. It is at least entitled to the softening effect of the doubt:

"Our tears fall fast above the little
mound
Which hides his breast.
John owed us $87,000
When he found rest.

"He never left a penny when he
winged
To realms aloof.
Whate'er went with him's gone, alas!
unless
'Twas fireproof.

"And so we moan and mourn together
For John who's dead.
For while 'twas John who pined and
suffered,
'Twas we who bled.
"By His Creditors.

"Now," concluded Twain, as he carefully returned the treasures to his desk, "I feel immensely better. There's something about those little poems which refreshes me as might the cold water of a spring." Then he filled a cob pipe and changed the subject.

Entangled.

She (pretending huff)—Are you sorry you kissed me?

He (making sudden discovery)—Yes, inasmuch as your little brother is under the sofa and your father standing on the stairs.—Tit Bits.

Our New Serial Story.

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THE GOLDEN ROCK!

—BY—

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE FOSSICKERS," "A FAIR COLONIST," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A DUEL.

They agreed to keep back from Laura the alarming incident of the night, and when she stepped out in the morning full of curiosity they made light of their strange visitor, and drew her attention instead to the huge body of the old lion. But though they would give her no cause for fresh anxiety, their minds were troubled and their glances continually roaming over the country for sign of the danger they were sure was preparing for them.

"It is not right," said Hume, "that we should expose her to these terrors and risks."

"True, my lad; and there is a look in her eyes already which I do not like."

"What are you talking about so gloomily?" she asked.

"The fact is," said Frank, gravely, "we have made a mistake in bringing you into this wilderness, and we think we should take you back to Pretoria, or, at any rate, to some farm where you could stay safely while we returned from the search."

"Then something did occur last night," she said, looking from one to the other.

"The lion occurred," said Webster, with the ghost of a smile.

"There is nothing very terrible in a dead lion. You are keeping back something from me."

"We are just entering upon the most dangerous part of our journey, and the risks we have encountered are nothing compared to those we must expect, but they have been bad enough to alarm us on your account. We feel that we cannot expose you to the dangers and strain of constant alarms."

"You should know by this time," she said, slowly, "that I am prepared to encounter danger, and we have already discussed and faced this very matter when we reckoned up the difficulties and hardships of the enterprise. I am resolved to continue unless my presence tires you."

"Heaven forbid!" they muttered.

"Then be satisfied," she said, with a sad smile, "you are relieved of the responsibility which you think due to me because I am a woman, for if I knew death were awaiting me over there among those grim mountains I would not draw back."

They shuddered.

"Come," she said, "I have put into words what was in your thoughts. Tell me now what happened last night, and let me judge whether the danger be the greater."

So they told her.

"Now, see if you had not told me I should have magnified horrors out of the unknown; but now the incident sinks into the plot of a cunning native to steal our oxen. These people can have no designs upon our lives."

They sat down to their little camp table, and then for an hour afterwards they cut bundles of long grass for their oxen that night, as Hume was determined to make long treks until they reached the vlei or lake.

The oxen were then inspanned, and they started, Hume going on ahead, Miss Anstrade sitting in the back of the wagon with her little rifle, while Webster handled the whip, and Klaas led the oxen. They passed along a ridge, whose wooded slopes sank to the river, disturbing many troops of big game as the wagon creaked and rumbled slowly on between huge ant hills, and in and out among aloes, standing like sentinels. At noon they reached the lip of the plateau, and below them stretched a wide plain, where gleamed a large sheet of water, with moving troops of game around. Here they outspanned for the mid day rest, and, with the map before them, traced the route taken by Old Hume, away to the right, across the river, through a wide belt of reeds, which shone in the sun like a white streak, then up the far distant range of rugged mountains.

"I feel within me the glow of the explorer who sees the mists veiling the bed of a mighty and unknown river," said Miss Anstrade, as she looked with kindling eyes over the low lying country. "But the way seems so easy that a horrible doubt arises. Surely some one must have been before us."

"What do you think, Webster?"

"It seems to me to be plain sailing; but no doubt a nearer view would open up reefs and difficulties."

"Yes, difficulties enough. Now, see that belt of reeds looking like a ribbon for thickness, it must be three miles in width and saturated with water. It will need a struggle to get through. Then there is the mountain to climb, and a particular spot in it to find, and beyond that the dangers from those who are said to protect the rock; but before we enter upon any of those tasks we have to reach that sheet of water, which must be some twenty miles off, and there we may be forced to abandon our wagon."

"Why should we; the country looks quiet enough?"

"Well, our party is too small to divide, and in anything we attempt we must keep together. As for the country being quiet, I can see smoke rising from three different kraals, and depend upon it, as soon as the people see us they will swarm round, ready to beg, steal, or fight."

The day was sultry, with a hot steam rising from the marshy lowlands, and they soon sought the welcome shade of the baobab, whose wide-spreading branches sent down roots to the ground. The ground beneath, in a wide circle, had been trampled bare of grass by buffalo and wild beast, which had here resorted to rub their tough hides against the rough stems; there were the remains too, of old fires and on the parent trunk, high up, where the bark was smooth, the handiwork of some roving white man, who had deeply scored his initials.

"It is quite a fresh scar," said Webster, noticing the marks.

"By Jove, yes; and made within the day; for, see, here are parts of the old bark on the ground. What is it? D. H.—the initials of my uncle."

"But cut to-day!" exclaimed Webster.

"No," said Hume, who had climbed up on a huge root, which stood out like a buttress; "it is an old scar re-opened."

"Baas," said Klaas, warningly; "here come men."

They started round, snatched up their rifles, and looked about to see a small body of natives hesitating whether to advance or not.

"Advance," said Hume in Zulu.

The leading man at once stepped forward, the others following, and in a few moments six stalwart natives, armed with assegais and shields, were looking curiously at the small party of whites.

"Greeting, inkose," said the leader, in deep tones, looking out of the corner of his eye at Miss Anstrade.

"To you also," said Hume, quietly.

The men stood silent for a full minute; but their quick glances took in every detail, coming back always to the slender form of the white lady.

"I come from the great chief, Gungunhama, the strong one," said the leader, "and demand a present from the stranger."

"Demand," said Hume.

"Oh, aye, the country is his, the game in it, and the people. Inkose must pay, or take the path he has traveled."

"You have flown fast if you come from Gungunhama, for his kraal is six suns away."

"My chief is not one who sends a word to each white man who enters his country. He moves himself only when he wishes to strike, and his word is spoken to little people through his Indunas."

"So," said Hume, swallowing his wrath, "I have a present for the chief; but I must know that the man I give it to is the one authorized to receive."

"You are few, and one of you is a woman," said the Zulu, coolly taking a pinch of snuff. "So I brought only these men. If your present is large I can bring a regiment, that of Incomati, to-night, and my young men are quick to anger."

This was a veiled threat that checked Hume, who had been disposed to carry matters with a high hand.

"Sit," he said, "and eat. Klaas, give these men meat."

Klaas did as he was ordered, and the Zulus eyed him disdainfully at first, then subjected him to a running fire of criticism. Presently he answered back, and one of the younger men struck at his shins with a kerrie.

The Gaika's blood was up, and, flinging the venison down in the ashes, he ran for his sticks, while the young Zulu, with a jeering laugh, rose to his feet.

"Drop those sticks, Klaas," shouted Hume, angrily.

Klaas hesitated, and then sullenly replaced his kerries and turned away, whereat the Zulu laughed again.

"It is not fitting that we should serve ourselves," said the Induna; "let this servant wait on us."

Hume called to the Gaika to attend to the guests, but he clicked his tongue and would not move.

"Come," said Miss Anstrade, gently; "do as you are told, Klaas."

Thereupon Klaas moved slowly to the fire, placed the kettle on to boil, and made coffee, while all the time a running fire of chaff was turned on him.

"It seems they want to provoke him," muttered Webster, with an unfriendly glance at the arrogant natives.

"Yes," said Hume, "and it is contrary to their custom, for Zulus are aristocrats."

When the visitors had fed, Hume brought out from the wagon a roll of colored print, a railway rug, and a few knives, which he laid on the ground.

The Induna regarded them contemptuously, and after a long argument, Hume added a couple of blankets and a roll of brass wire to the articles. At a shout from the Induna four other men appeared, gathered up the presents, and departed. Then the Induna demanded something for himself, and receiving a quarter of what he asked, presently rose, whereupon the young Zulu, a tall and powerful savage, deliberately emptied the steaming contents of his pannikin over Klaas's bare feet. With a bound Klaas reached his sticks, and this time Hume did not interfere.

"You will not let them fight," implored Miss Anstrade.

"Yes," said Hume. "Klaas comes of a tribe who have no equals in the use of sticks, and he will teach this young brute a lesson. "Now," he continued, turning to the Induna, "you wish these men to fight; let them; but if one of you raise a hand to help I will shoot him."

The Induna smiled contemptuously.

"A Zulu is better than three slaves and sons of slaves. My man will beat him; but you must not help either. Let them battle in the open, and we will stand here."

Miss Anstrade cast one shuddering look at the two men; then, suddenly running forward, she dipped her handkerchief in the water, bade Klaas lift his foot, and made a bandage round the inflamed ankle. Then she climbed into the wagon and stopped her ears to the fierce sound of the strife.

Klaas threw his head back, and shouted the Gaika war cry, then rolled a blanket about his left arm, and moved forward with his long iron-wood kerrie outstretched. He was an older man than the Zulu, shorter, and thinner, and his much-patched clothes made his movements appear awkward when compared with the agile grace of the almost naked Zulu, whose skin shone like satin. In his left hand the Zulu held a long shield, while he twirled in his right hand a short but heavily-knobbed kerrie.

"They are not fairly matched," growled Webster; "and that fellow has a further advantage in his shield and heavy stick."

"The Gaika does not think so. Look at his face."

The small eyes of the Kaffir glistened like those of an animal, and he followed every movement of the Zulu, who was going through a performance by which he meant to strike his opponent with terror at his prowess. He leaped into the air, bounded from side to side, danced on his toes, twisted, turned, struck at the ground—all the time accompanying these antics with shouts and deep grunts.

"Enough," said the Gaika; "these are for children. Stand still and fight."

The Zulu paused astonished, then, with his shield before him, he advanced, crouching to the attack, and springing suddenly into the air struck swiftly a blow that would have settled the fate of Klaas had he not been prepared, but springing lightly to one side he rapped his enemy across his broad back.

The Zulu bounded forward out of reach, turned, and again advanced impetuously, his glaring eyeballs showing above the feathered tuft at the end of his shield.

This time Klaas did not wait, but swinging his five feet of tough kerrie he delivered, in rapid succession, three sweeping blows, one at the head, the next at the body, and the last at the bare toes, and then springing back to keep the proper distance for a telling blow. The Zulu rushed in again to be again beaten back by blows delivered with lightning rapidity, one of which drew the blood from his forehead; then he sprang from side to side, advanced, retreated, and feinted, until his movements were almost too rapid to follow, and at last bounded forward with stick uplifted.

"By jove," muttered Webster, "he will kill him."

The Gaika has his kerrie trailing from his side, and as the Zulu bounds through the air he makes a sweeping blow upwards, which, falling full on the Zulu's elbow, makes him drop his stick. As it falls, Klaas knocks it away with a back-handed blow, and springs between it and his foe.

There is a fierce cry from the Induna, a triumphant shout from the two white men, and the tall Zulu, standing with his arm at his side, looks with blood-shot eyes and curling lips at the despised Kaffir. A minute he stands panting heavily, then his hand steals behind his shield, and he draws forth a short-hafted long-bladed stabbing assegai.

"Stop!" thunders Hume.

"It is a fight," says the Induna, sullenly fingering his assegai.

"All right, my baas," says Klaas, and, with his left arm across his body, he shakes his stick.

The Zulu throws forward his shield at full length, and walks forward warily, determined to get in one stab, his right arm held back out of reach of that whirling stick.

"It is mureder," said Webster, hoarsely.

Twice the long blade darts out like the tongue of a snake, and the second time it pierces the Gaika's thigh; but the Gaika is not idle, and the air whistles to his rushing blows, and the drumming on the hard shield is continuous. Still the Zulu presses relentlessly, though the blood is trickling over his face, and his shoulders show the marks of angry blows. At last he gives his war-cry, "Zu-tu," and throwing his shield above his head he makes one fierce thrust. The blade is caught, however, in the folds of the blanket, and the kerrie comes with a sounding crack across the unprotected shins, bringing the Zulu to the ground. Klaas picks up the assegai, and throws his hand back to stab, but Hume, expecting this, has reached his side, and seizes his wrist. Then the prostrate Zulu bounded to his feet, and ran to his friends for another assegai.

"Enough!" cries Hume, sternly. "Go!"

In five minutes the little party are left alone, the Induna and his followers moved off without a word.

"Are you hurt, Klaas?" said Hume, while Webster is shaking the Kaffir by his bruised and bleeding hand.

"Neh, baas; the Zulu is no good with kerrie. Whill baas give me supje brandy?"

The Baas gives him two, which Klaas drinks with a smack of his lips, then, with his eyes still glowing, he swells out his chest, and sings his song of victory.

An hour afterward, when his wounds have been looked to, the order is given to inspan.

The oxen were grazing near the wagon when the Zulus appeared; but now they are missing. A few minutes search shows them far down the plain, being driven away, while the sun shines on the spears of a large number of blacks seated in a circle behind them.

Hume brought out the glass and examined the group.

"There is the Induna," he said, shutting the glass and turning with a set face to Webster and Miss Anstrade.

"Well," said Webster, "of course he is there—but you have paid him, and he will send the oxen back."

"No, they mean trouble. They came here prepared to kill Klaas and they have stolen our oxen so that they can attack us at their leisure. What do you say, Klaas?"

"Yoh, sieur. They think Kaffir too quick, and they want to kill him first, then kill masters after. Chief tell his people now that we hurt one of his men. That is enough."

"It is pretext enough," said Hume, bitterly; "and I should not have allowed the fight."

"We have four guns," said Webster, "and plenty of ammunition and provisions if they attack us."

"And if they don't," said Miss Anstrade, quietly, "we must leave the wagon and walk."

"I would suggest a raft," said Webster.

"We have first to think of defence," said Hume, gloomily, eyeing the wagon and the great tree. "We shall want time to talk over our plans, and get together the articles we want. They may attack to-night." He paced off the width of the tree, then did the same to the wagon. "That is it, we must draw the wagon up parallel with the trunk, leaving a space of 12 feet between, then build a turf wall with an outer fence of thorns."

This was done. After strenuous efforts the heavy wagon was drawn up, and with pick, shovel, and axe they set to work in feverish haste.

"They are moving," said Miss Anstrade, who was keeping watch, "and coming this way."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE ATTACK.

"They are coming this way," said Miss Anstrade.

"Open fire at them," said Hume, "when they come within range," and he stooped his back to widen the trench around the little camp.

Webster drove in his pick, and looked sidelong at Laura, who stood with her rifle in her hand, staring blankly at Hume.

"I may hit them," she said falteringly.

"So much the better," was the grim response.

The sod wall rose higher against the outside wheels of the wagon, and the Gaika had already looped off a large number of branches from the mimosa trees, together with some stunted wachten-beetje bushes.

"We must close up the ends with bags and boxes. Let us have them out."

"I can see the color of their shields now, and some of the men are springing into the air."

"They mean to attack, then," said Hume, pausing a moment to glance down the hill. "Put up the 500 yards sight."

"Hark, I hear them shouting."

Klaas heard, too, and as he swung the axe, he answered with a deep-chested war cry.

A moment later there was a dull report, and a bullet whistled overhead.

"By Jove, they have rifles. Shoot, Laura."

The little rifle came to the shoulder, and her white cheek was pressed to the butt, but the barrel shook, and she lowered it. She looked round at the two men and, seeing the perspiration rolling from their faces as they strained at a heavy box, she threw the rifle up again and pressed the trigger.

A deep, booming shout rolled up.

"I hope I have not hit any one," she said, anxiously.

Webster laughed; but Klaas, in his excitement at the first shot, bounded forward, swinging his axe, and hurling insults at the foe.

"Come back, you fool," shouted Hume, hoarsely.

The Gaika danced back on his toes, and at his curious antics Miss Anstrade laughed; but at the sight of the passion in his face the laugh ended hysterically.

"Come behind the boxes, Laura," cried Webster.

"I would rather stand here until you are ready," she said, while with trembling fingers she extracted the empty cartridge and inserted another. The sharp crack of her rifle rang out again, and then she began to fire rapidly.

At last the barricade was finished, and the little laager was complete, flanked on one side by the huge tree, on the left by the wagon and bank of turf, at the ends of boxes and bags.

"Now for the outer fence," said Hume, and climbing over the boxes they began quickly to draw the thorn branches, with the stems in. This outer fence left a clear space of about fifteen feet.

"Pas up, sieur," cried Klaas, as Hume walked out to cut down another tree, "there are men creeping round."

"Get my gun."

Klass sprang for the heavy weapon; and Hume stood on an ant-hill to take a look at the foe. They appeared halting about three hundred yards off with their shields before them, and their waving plumes nodding above, while their assegai blades threw off the sunlight in sparks.

"They have not moved," said Miss Anstrade, "since I fired."

But Klass knew differently, and his keen eyes had seen a few men glide into the long grass, to show themselves momentarily at lessening intervals, and when he judged they were too near to be pleasant he cried out:

"There, baas; there, my good baas, by the round bush," indicating a spot about one hundred yards away.

As Hume raised his express, a bullet struck the ant-hill beneath him, while a cloud of smoke drifted away from a rock to the right of the bush. At this there was a shout from the main body, and the enemy dashed forward.

The express covered the bush, and as the leaves shook it cracked, then, swinging his gun round, he covered one of the advancing troop and fired again.

"Hit," said Webster.

"To the laager!" shouted Hume, and the little party clambered into the enclosure.

"Lie down, Laura, there under the wagon."

"Will they get in?" she asked.

Hume fired twice.

"Too high, Jim; aim at their feet. No, they won't come within sixty yards," and he fired again.

The shouts of the Zulus rose hoarse and terrible, mingled with shrill whistling. On they rushed, right up to the outer barricade, and then, as they were brought up, and the terrible express bullets tore through them, they hurled their throwing assegais, then scattered and fled for shelter. Some of the assegais entered the little fort, and were embedded in the earth, and their hafts quivering; others glanced along the branches, and many stuck into the wagon.

"That was a warm rush," said Webster; "and if it had not been for the mercy of that fence we would have been speared to a certainty."

Hume was pasing a cleaner through the barrels of his express, and looking over the box barricade at the enemy, or, rather, for sign of them, for they had apparently sunken into the earth. He did not reply, but turned presently and looked at Miss Anstrade.

"Well?" she questioned.

"If they make another rush, having now warmed to it, two rifles will not keep them back, and then——"

"Yes."

"There can only be one end; he looked at her with sad eyes, and then added "for us."

"And for me?" she asked.

He turned away.

She came from under the wagon. "I understand," she said; "and if they come again there will be three rifles."

No sooner had she stood up than an assegai, hurled from the rear, whizzed by her head and plunged into the tree. Before they could turn, Klaas, with one bound sprang over the barricade, and, throwing his hand back, launched an assegai at a small bush beyond the fence, then quickly darted another; and, as the second spear darted rattled through the leaves a tall Zulu sprang up. Springing over the bushes he leaped towards the fence, and, with one terrific bound, cleared its bristling height, the tufted armlets and long feathers streaming behind, and as he reached the ground he thundered his war cry. Before this magnificent rush the Gaika held his ground, his body stooping, the slender assegai quivering in his fingers as he poised it, and, as the Zulu struck the ground, the weapon sped from his hand. Swift it flew and straight, so that it seemed there could be no escape from its thirsting blade; but the Zulu's shield met it, and, with a sure turn of the wrist, sent it whirring harmlessly through the thorns.

Then the Gaika, weaponless, tore the shirt from his body, baring his naked breast, and stood with folded arms. The Zulu caught the Kaffir by his arm, and, towering up a full head taller, glared down into his eyes, and raised his stabbing assegai.

At the sight the three spectators in the little fort stood horrified, while from behind numerous ant-hills there rose up men to watch the scene.

"Klaas," said a quiet, authoritative voice, "fall down, and I will shoot."

At the voice the Zulu fixed his fierce and bloodshot eyes upon the group, dwelt for a moment upon the white face of the lady, then rested with a questioning look.

"Eh, Hu-em," he cried, then drew the point of his spear across the muscular breast of the Kaffir, leaving a long red line. His hand relaxed, and Klaas, turning, was inside the laager in a moment, where he picked up another assegai.

The Zulu stood between the fence and the barricade, calmly looking at the white men, and presenting, as he stood there, the very picture of war, with courage expressed in the poise of his head, command in the fearless glance of his eye, character and will in the clear sweep of his clean cut jaws, strength in his broad shoulders, and activity in the straight limbs, all bone and muscle.

"Do not shoot him," answered Miss Anstrade.

"Shoot him! Good heavens, no! Is it Sirayo?"

"Yebo!"

Hume sprang over the boxes, and ran with outstretched hand to the great warrior, who had led the last charge at the battle of Ulundi, and had distinguished himself in a hundred desperate fights.

"Why are you fighting against us, Sirayo, my friend?"

"I was told you were bad people. So I came here to kill or die. What matters it? Sirayo is no longer a chief, his assegai is at any one's command."

"Come in, my friend. We are not bad; these people have three times tried to steal our cattle, now they would take our lives. We are but four, and one is a woman."

"Tell me the story," said the Zulu, "and I will listen."

Hume told him all that had occurred, and when he had finished Sirayo turned once more, dragged a thorn bush away, and stepping through, advanced into the open.

Hume stood anxiously waiting, and Webster, coming to his side, asked if he should shoot.

"Wait. I know this man well. There is no treachery in him, and he may prove our friend." Still he waited breathlessly.

Sirayo stopped when he was near the enemy, and then, striking his assegai against his shield, he told them they had lied. "You brought me against these people with false stories; I find they are my friends, and my shield is their shield, my assegai is their assegai. But, inasmuch as you came here thinking you had the help of Sirayo, I stand here to meet any of you hand to hand, lest you say I fled from you when there was danger."

No one took up the challenge, which was received with a howl of rage, but presently man called to man until the news was carried to Induna, who directed the attack from afar, and at his command there was a general movement towards that end of the laager where Sirayo stood.

At this the chief, not carrying defiance to the point of foolishness, returned into the camp, closing up the fence after him, and entered the laager. There was no time for talk, for the enemy appeared to be gathering for another rush, and fire was opened to check them, but when they altered their minds and drew off, Hume asked the Zulu the paramount question whether the laager was strong enough to resist a determined attack.

Sirayo stretched his arms. "You are in a hole; good if you can keep them out, but a death-trap if they enter, and when the night comes they will pull away the thorns. See this tree? I already had marked it, and meant in the dark to send six young men. They would have climbed secretly into its branches and dropped among you. No; if you would live you must steal away."

"They will be on the watch."

"No. Sit by the fires. They know you cannot attack them, and before the dawn, after they have drawn away the thorns, they will come. By that time you must be away."

Hume interpreted, and it was resolved to take the chief's advice. It was necessary, however, to get together as many necessaries as they could carry, and while Hume busied himself with this work, the others went out beyond the laager, for as Sirayo advised, it was better to show they were not afraid. They paced round and round, longing, yet fearing for the night to come, and frequently the glances of Miss Anstrade and Webster stole to the tall figure of the chief, half-doubtful still of his intentions, while the Gaika regarded him sullenly in the light of an interloper.

Presently the two natives stood silently regarding some object on the plain, and, attracted by their attention, Miss Anstrade asked what it was they saw.

"White men," said Klaas.

"White men! Oh, then, we need not fly from our wagon, our home."

Klaas shook his head. "Bad men—they."

"How can you tell, when they are so far that I cannot even see them?"

"They bad men," said Klaas, shaking his head, with the Kaffir's reluctance or incapacity to explain the reasons that led up to his firm opinion.

White men they certainly were, and presently they were met by a native. Were they friends or not? Anxiously they were watched as they leisurely approached, and when they were close enough to be distinctly seen even by the untrained eyes of the Europeans, Miss Anstrade waved her handkerchief.

"Pass op," shouted Klaas, "he will skit," and at the cry four men sprang before Laura, while a tiny puff of smoke rolled up above the strangers, and a bullet whizzed unpleasantly near. That was the reply to the salute!

Hume, who had come out at the news of the strangers, flung up his rifle and fired, but the heavy express carried wide at a long range.

"They are preparing," said Sirayo, quietly, and took a pinch of snuff, while as he held the powder to his nostrils he pointed with assegai to where the gleam of shields showed thick among the bushes.

Hume took from Miss Anstrade her light and beautifully finished rifle. Then throwing a handful of dust into the air to get the direction of the wind, he put up the 500 yards sight.

"If I can pick that brute off I may stop the rush," and he nodded at one of the two whites who stood upon an ant-hill.

"Three hundred yards, I think," said Webster, measuring the distance with his eye.

"No, the clear air takes off from the distance. Now, Klaas, see where the bullet strikes. I will shoot better beyond the fence," and pulling away a thorn he walked out to an ant-hill.

"They come," cried Miss Anstrade, as the nodding plumes of the Zulus moved forward.

Hume knelt down, and resting the barrel on the conical top of the ant-mound aimed long—so long that Webster felt tempted to rush out and pull him in. At last came the crack.

"Missed! by heavens!" shouted Webster, and he emptied his two barrels at the dark mass which was now moving on the left in a direction parallel to the camp.

"Baas shoot too strong," cried Klaas, and Hume put up 450 yards and inserted another cartridge.

"Come in, man; come in; they are running."

Sirayo moved out of the fence with the Express, after motioning Miss Anstrade to the laager.

Hume aimed again—longer than before—and the beat of the bare feet over the grass rose louder and louder, like the rush of a river in flood. At last!

"Oh, aye," shouted Klaas, "he is dead," and the man on the ant-hill, throwing up his arms, fell forward.

Then Hume, rising, took the Express from Sirayo, and, whipping round, dropped a warrior to each barrel, and Webster, firing rapidly too, caused a check, most of the men dropping to the grass to advance with more safety. But a dozen warriors, tempted by the chance of catching Hume outside the fence, leaped on, swallowing the ground with enormous strides, and twisting whenever the deadly rifle covered one of them. On they came in silence, their shields before them, and the short assegais that won victory for the Zulus, held in readiness. And now the gleam of their eyes could be seen, and now a low moan breaks from their lips as they feel their prey.

Webster gradually slips nearer to the fence with Klaas at his side, and as the Zulus come together in the last rush, the four barrels are emptied and the revolvers are drawn, for now there is nothing but a death struggle.

Now Sirayo's terrible war cry is raised, and he suddenly bounds forward; in a few strides the lean Gaika is by his side with his sheaf of assegais. There is a shock of shield striking shield, and the foremost Zulu falls with a groan, while, in the same breath, almost, the tough shield of the chief meets the thrust of the next man, and his red blade plunges deep beneath the arm.

"Eh, Zu-tu!" shouts the chief, springing back from another blow, while his third assailant eats the assegai of the Gaika. Then comes the sharp crack, crack of heavy navy revolvers, and the five surviving Zulus turn and run, while the other two shout after them.

Then they retire into the laager, having taught the enemy a terrible lesson, and then the Zulu offers snuff with his red hand to the Gaika, who takes this pledge of friendship.

"You are a great warrior," says Hume to Sirayo, "and you, Klaas, have fought like a lion."

"It is nought," says the Zulu. "I have killed ten men of the Nkobamakaas in a feud when I first got my ring as a married man, and they were warriors, every one—not men of the swamps like these, who are feeble. But it is well. They will not attack again to-night, and when the jackal calls we may go safely."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Give a Dog a Bad Name, Etc.

A boy in Kansas was pulling a dog along the road by a rope. The boy called to his dog: "Come along, Pop, you ornery cuss."

A bystander asked him why he called the dog Pop.

"For short," answered the boy.

"What's his full name?"

"Populist," answered the boy.

"Why call him Populist?" asked the stranger.

"Well, sir," the boy said, "because he is just like a Populist. He's the orneryist dog in Kansas. He ain't worth a durn only to sit on his tail and howl."

She Didn't Say Much.

"That girl can't talk a little bit."

"Is that so?"

"Sure. The only thing she said to me the whole evening was 'No,' and I had to propose to her to get her to say that."—Texas Siftings.

Which One?

"Cannot we become one?" he pleaded earnestly.

"That depends," replied the new girl. "Which one?"—Life.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

Ignorance of the 1873 Law.

F. N. D., Unity, Mo., writes: "The Congressional record shows that the following Congressmen, Allison, Blaine, Beck, Hereford, Garfield, Holman, Connon, Burchard and Kelley, did not know that the bill to 'revise the mint laws' in 1873 demonetized silver. Is it true that they did not know it?"

First—You give the title of the bill incorrectly. We quote from an official volume of our coinage laws: "An act revising and amending the laws relative to the mint, assay offices, and COINAGE of the United States."

Second—Are you certain the "Congressional record" shows this? If so, state wherein it is to be found.

Third—We do not know, of course, whether any or all these gentlemen knew the provisions of the bill or not. If they did not, they certainly neglected their duty. Can you read the statements as to the discussion, reference and printing of the bill, time and time again, without wondering how any one in Congress could be ignorant of a provision that was debated in both House and Senate?

The Gold Reserve.

H. E. D., Memphis, Mo., writes: "About a year ago I wrote you to ask you about the $100,000,000 gold reserve in the United States Treasury—whether there is a law to place and keep that amount there; and you said it was not a law. I inclose you clipping from the —— of July 9. You can readily see he says it is a law. I would like your answer."

Our answer is the same as it was before. The law does not specify the amount. The gold reserve was created by authority of the Resumption act, of January 14, 1875, which requires the Treasury to redeem in coin the legal tender notes (greenbacks), on presentation. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds to obtain the coin to do this. The amount of the greenbacks was $346,000,000. In the days of state banks, it was found, by experience, that a redemption fund of about one-third the amount of the notes was required. So the Secretary created in this way a reserve fund of $100,000,000, that being a little less than one-third the greenbacks outstanding.

What Free Coinage Is?

H. C. A., Axton, Va., writes: "It seems to me that you have, through the columns of The Blade in the Question Bureau, given two answers to the question, 'What Is Free Coinage?' Some time ago, if I am not mistaken, you said in this same column that free coinage meant that any person who had silver or gold bullion was free or at liberty to carry same to mint and have it made into standard dollars. Not that the mint would furnish the alloy and do the work for nothing, but that the person applying to have bullion made into dollars must pay the cost of the alloy used, and a certain charge for the striking or stamping of the dollars. Now in your last issue you change your expression and say that free coinage means that 'any person having silver bullion may have the privilege of taking it to the mint and have it coined into standard silver dollars free, or without expense.' This being entirely different from your other definition, I ask that you explain what grounds you take, and which statement of opinion you will stick to. Please give the exact words of the free coinage law, if there is one in existence. I like The Blade's silver discussion, and am reading it carefully, seeking information. Do the best you can for all inquiring ones."

The point you raise is entirely immaterial. The word "free" does not mean free of expense, but that a person is free to take his own silver to the mint and have it coined. It does not refer to the process of coining, but to the freedom of having it coined. It is free coinage just the same, whether the owner of the silver should pay for the alloy and actual expense of coining, or whether the government should bear that expense.

Canning Corn.

Mrs. H. C. W., Azelta, Pa., has our thanks for the following receipt: "Some time since a lady requested a receipt for canning corn, I will send one. Cut corn from cob, place in cans with a pestle, seal up tight, wrap cans in cloth, immerse in a boiler of cold water, set on stove, let come to a boil, boil three hours, take it out and tighten tin covers again, when cold put in a cool dark place. This receipt we have tried and know it to be perfect."

Children of Aliens.

P. D. L., Wogansport, N. D., writes: "Sixteen years ago a family came from England to the United States. Shortly after their arrival to this country the family was broken up and scattered. One of the boys, then aged 12 years, came west and in time took up a homestead. Will he, before making final proof on his homestead, be required to take out citizenship papers? Is he not already a citizen of the United States?"

If the father became a citizen by naturalization while the boy was yet a minor, the latter is a citizen. If not, he must be naturalized. Joining the state militia does not alter the case.

About the "Dollar."

J. N., Inka, Miss., writes a long letter in which he takes the ground that a gold or a silver dollar is not a "basic" unit—whatever he may mean by that—and then goes on to ask:

"Is not the dollar like a geometrical circle, a thing to be conceived or imagined?

"Where then is the benefit of this silver craze, when it never can be proved that either gold or silver is a standard unit?"

A dollar is not an abstract thing, like a geometric point, which has no length, no breadth, no thickness—only position. It is a concrete thing, representing value, because the metal in it has value. The thing we called a dollar might be called anything else. Its value is not in its name, but in the amount of metal in it. The German unit of value is called the mark; its value is one-1395th of a pound of pure gold. Our unit is called the dollar; its value is 25.8 grains of gold, nine-tenths fine. The blunder is wide-spread that the dollar is an abstract thing, but it is not.

If you have "cotton, corn, wheat, or any other commodity," as you say, you can get money, either by selling it, or by borrowing on its security. Your note is good if you are able to pay it, and it will not be taken if you are not. J. N. further asks:

"What benefit do I derive from an unlimited coinage of silver if I have nothing with which to get hold of the silver dollar?"

You derive no benefit. If our stock of money were quadrupled, it would be just as hard for a man with nothing to sell and no property, to get a dollar as it is now.

The Volume of Money.

W. L. W., Carterville, Mo., asks: "How, under present laws, is the volume of our money increased, or even maintained?"

There is no trouble about maintaining it, for there is nothing to reduce it. It is increased by the constant coinage of gold, which adds millions to it every year; and it is in the power of the large number of national banks which have never taken out circulation to do so, whenever the demand for money is great enough to justify them in going to the expense. Or, new national banks can be organized at any time. But there is no need of more currency now, as it is redundant. There is more money in the country than can find safe investment.

Why Flies Don't Grow.

J. H. A., Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "Please give the natural history of the common house fly. How does it winter, and why is it we never see the gentleman until he is full grown?"

The common house fly does not grow, as does a child or a bird. The female fly lays eggs in manure; they hatch out larvae, or maggots; these grow to maturity, then change into pupae, and from those the full grown fly emerges. It is believed that the swarms each summer are the progeny of a few which have survived the winter in some protected place, or those which pass it in the pupa state.

A Palpable Falsehood.

W. S. B., Anthony, Kan., asks: "Did Secretary Carlisle say, during the extra session of Congress, either to the Senate or House Finance committee, that he was frequently offered gold in exchange for silver dollars, but could not accommodate the parties, as all the silver dollars in the Treasury were deposited there to redeem silver certificates, and he could use them for no other purpose?"

We never heard the statement before. It is either a palpable falsehood, or Secretary Carlisle is an ignoramus, for the act of July 14, 1890 (the "Sherman silver law"), in section 3, provides thus:

"Sec. 3. That the secretary of the Treasury shall each month coin 2,000,000 ounces of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act into standard silver dollars until July 1, 1891, and after that time he shall coin of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act as much as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the Treasury notes herein provided for."

If any one wanted silver dollars for gold Carlisle would have been glad to pay Treasury notes of 1890 for the gold, and then redeem the latter in silver dollars.

Works on Syria.

A. A. R., Riverside, Pa.: The standard works on Syria are: "Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines," E. A. Beaufort; "Old World in Its New Face," H. W. Bellows; "Howadji in Syria," G. W. Curtis; "Observations in the East," J. P. Durbin; "Among the Holy Hills," H. M. Field; "A Family Flight Through Egypt and Syria," E. E. Hale; "Women of the Orient," R. C. Houghton; "Syrian Home Life," and "Women of the Arabs," H. H. Jessup; and "The Land and the Book," by Thomson.

We have no idea who is the author of "Give until you feel it." We never heard of or saw it before. Probably it was original with the person you heard use it.

Tornadoes, or Cyclonic Storms.

M. M. C., Halstead, Kan.: The passage of cyclonic storms across the United States is occasionally marked by winds of the most violent character, which are known under the name of "tornadoes."

Disturbances of the equilibrium of the atmosphere, in connection with cyclonic storms, take place in a manner more nearly horizontal than vertical, the currents passing spirally inward and upward. In whirlwinds and tornadoes (for whirlwinds may be considered incipient tornadoes), the peculiarity of this disturbance is that it occurs in a manner more nearly vertical than horizontal. Since tornadoes, hail storms and thunder storms are all in the same quadrants of low areas of pressure, and all likewise travel with greater velocity than the general storm center, it appears probable that the tornado is an intense development of thunder and hail storm conditions, in which the enormous force generated by the disruption of very unstable atmospheric conditions is applied to he development of violent whirlwinds, instead of spending itself in the formation of hail or in the inducing of violent and opposing electrical conditions.

The tornado follows a definite path, which, as a general rule (about 80 per centum), is from the southwest to the northeast. About 10 per centum move from northwest to southeast. The path of greatest violence varies, as a general rule, between 100 and 600 yards in width and from 1 to 50 miles in length. The specific answers to your queries are:

1. Owing to the descending air currents in the "funnel shaped" cloud, it would very naturally draw the clouds in the vicinity down into it.

2. The whirlwind motion of the tornado, or "funnel" cloud, has at its center a vacuum, and the descending currents are turned spirally inward and upward, hence draw up objects with which it comes in contact.

3. The damage is usually greatest only where the "funnel" shaped cloud strikes the earth; but damage away from its path is due to resultant high winds. In this instance the path of damage was unusually wide.

4. The gyratory motion of the cloud, and its bounding slightly from side to side, no doubt gave people the idea it was moving in their direction, which it was for an instant, and then returned to its original path.

We are indebted for the above to Mr. E. A. Hanner, the Weather Bureau observer of Toledo.

The United States Navy.

W. H. H., Cossayuna, N. Y., writes: "Would you please inform of the steps to be taken in order to enter the United States navy?"

Here is a fine example of a question of the wrong kind. We don't know what you want. Do you want to become a common seaman on a naval vessel? Or to enlist in the marine corps? Or to become a cadet at the Naval Academy, so as to get a commission in the navy? If either of the former, apply at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or write to the Commandant; if the latter, apply to your representative in Congress.

The "Gold Clause."

R. M. B., Gridley, Cal., writes: "In your answer to H. C. B., Washington, in Weekly Blade of July 11, you say, and stick to it, that the gold clause in our notes is due to the agitation of free coinage. How do you account for the gold clause in our notes ten years before the gold men stole from silver its money rights, or demonetized it?"

Gold never went out of general circulation in California during the war. The greenbacks went at their gold value—34 cents and on upward. Greenbacks were a legal tender; hence the notes, etc., made in those days, all contained the gold clause. The maker of the note got gold value, and there was nothing wrong in having him agree to pay in the same money he got. Nor is there now, if you would look at it from the standpoint of fairness and equity.

Miscellaneous.

Shannon, Hunts City, Ill.: We should think the relationship too remote in the case you mention to create damage to the minds of possible children.

J. R. B., White Cloud, Mich.: Gen. R. E. Lee resigned his commission in the United States army on April 20, 1861, three days after the Virginia convention adopted the ordinance of secession. If you expect us to answer your questions, observe the rules above, and send your full name. We have a right to stipulate the conditions on which we will answer queries, and this is one we insist upon.

J. C. S., Piqua, O., asks "how a barrel of cider may be preserved over winter, or as long as possible. I have heard of cider being kept sweet over winter, but never saw it done." If any one will send a tested and approved recipe, we shall be glad to publish it.

A. J. L., Schuyler, Neb.: The coinage of the 2-cent piece was discontinued by the act of 1873, but they have never been called in. The only ones worth more than their face value are that of 1872, worth 10 cents; that of 1873, worth 60 cents. Send your name if you expect answers.

Subscriber, Norwood, N. Y.: We do not know. Read Rule 1, above.

H. C. M., West Independence, O.: Any bookseller or newsdealer will get it for you.

S. W. K., Dunbar, Pa.: We do not know. Write to some person in West Virginia.

Ample Amends.

"Madam," said the druggist humbly, "I have come to make a confession to you. You believe that your husband, who died last week, committed suicide, but such is not the case. I cannot conceal the truth any longer—the clerk made a mistake and gave him morphine in place of the quinine he ordered."

"Oh, heavens!" sobbed the widow. "If you had only discovered the mistake before it was too late!"

"Yes, madam; I know it is too late now to rectify the mistake, but I am ready to make all the amends within my power."

"What! oh, what can you do?"

"Place yourself and children on the free soda water list."—Puck.

Keeping Everlastingly at It.

Genius is really the only power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success? As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.—Electrical Review.

It Is Not What We Say But What Hood's Sarsaparilla Does

That Tells the Story. Its record is unequalled in the history of medicine. Even when others fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

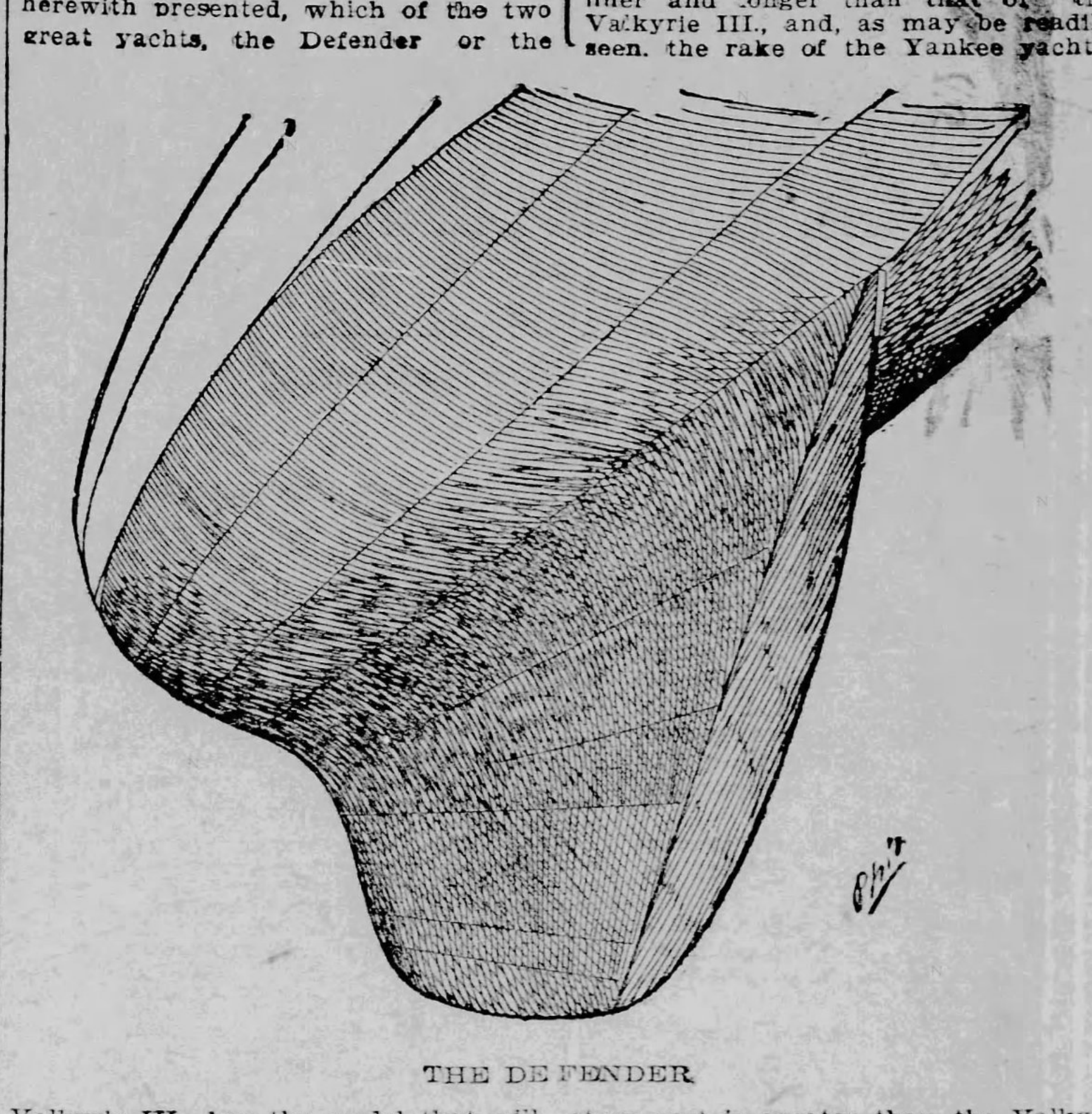
Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache and indigestion.

THE TWO GREAT YACHTS.

LINES ON WHICH DEFENDER AND VALKYRIE III WERE BUILT.

Some Comparisons That Will be of Interest to Yachtsmen.

Experts may decide for themselves, by careful observation of the pictures herewith presented, which of the two great yachts, the Defender or the Valkyrie III., has the model that will entitle her to victory in the races to be sailed off Sandy Hook in September, says the New York Sun. The two drawings are practically on the same scale. It may be that the British yacht conveys an impression of tenderness as compared with the Defender. This impression is justified by her experience in a brisk blow with the Ailsa and Britannia on the other side. She sailed for a time on her "uppers," and spilled the wind from her ample spread of sail. This defect was remedied by an addition of twelve tons of lead to her keel, and she then stood up stiffly, beating the Britannia nineteen minutes in a good club topsail breeze.

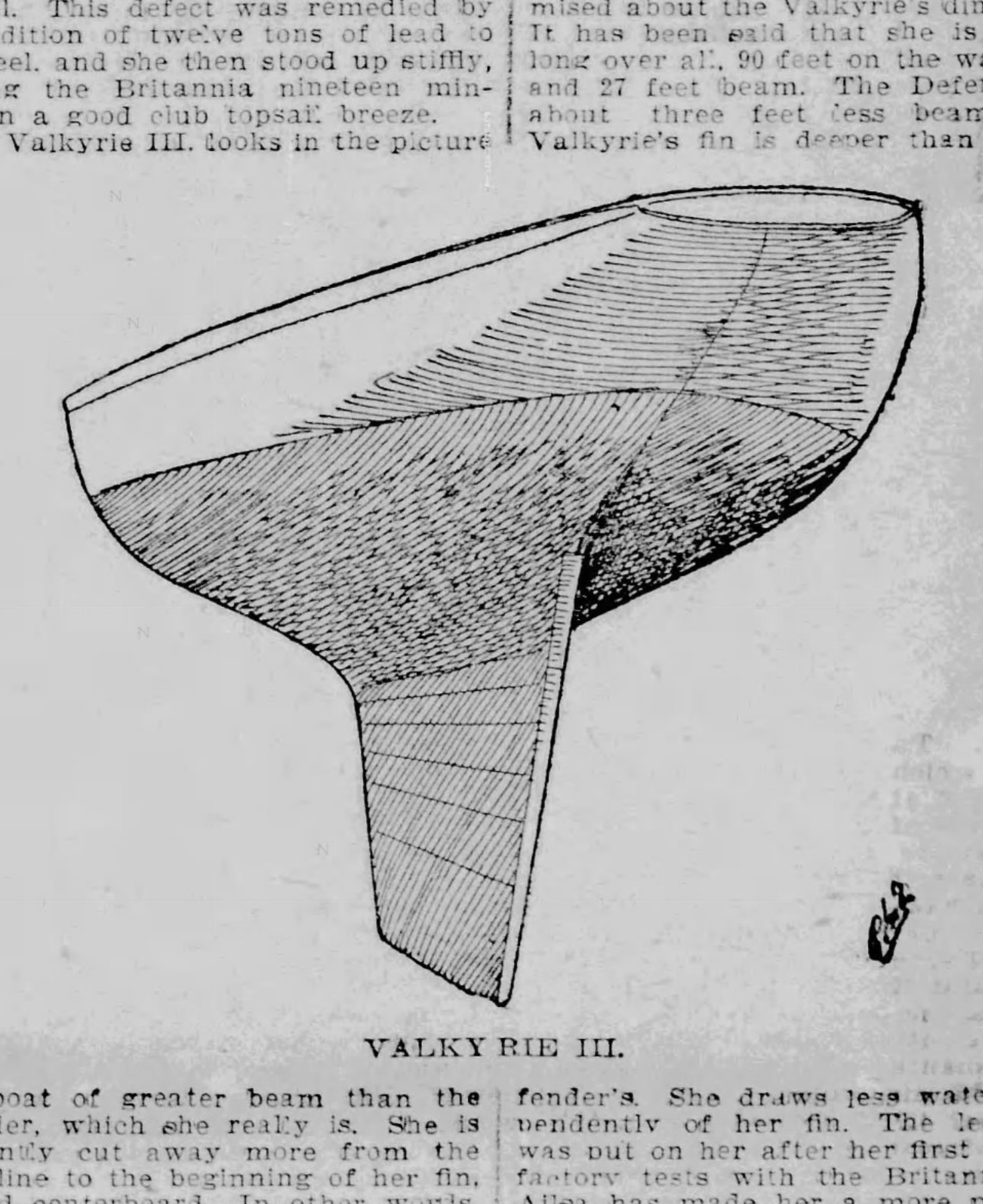


THE DEFENDER.

The Valkyrie III. looks in the picture as a boat of greater beam than the Defender, which she really is. She is apparently cut away more from the water line to the beginning of her fin, or fixed centerboard. In other words, her hull proper is shallower than that of the Defender. She resembles the "skimming dish" with a stationary board much more than does the Defender. The lines of the midship section of the Yankee yacht appear to be softer and more harmonious. She seems to have more of an aspect of power, and certainly greater stability. There is something suggestive of the Jubilee about the new Valkyrie. The fore edge of the British boat's meat-axe keel, where it joins the lead bulb, if there is a lead bulb, forms an unshapely angle. Whether or not this will affect her speed may be determined later. It is in striking contrast with the symmetrical, curving "entrance" of the Defender's fin.

The run of the Defender seems to be finer and longer than that of the Valkyrie III., and, as may be readily seen, the rake of the Yankee yacht's stern post is greater than the Valkyrie's; also, the bilges of the Defender are rounder than those of the British flyer. The underbody of the Defender, viewed as a whole, will doubtless appear, even to the eye without patriotic bias, somewhat handsomer than the immersed surface of the Valkyrie. May be, if she had her rudder shipped, as the Defender has in the picture she would look prettier.

The comparative depth of the rival boats' fins is not apparent in the illustrations. There is a good deal surmised about the Valkyrie's dimensions. It has been said that she is 130 feet long over all, 90 feet on the water line, and 27 feet beam. The Defender has about three feet less beam. The Valkyrie's fin is deeper than the Defender's. She draws less water, independently of her fin. The lead that was put on her after her first unsatisfactory tests with the Britannia and Ailsa has made her a more powerful boat than she seems from a study of her underbody. That she will give the Defender a splendid fight nobody who has read about Designer Watson's work on her has the slightest doubt.



VALKYRIE III.

HOW MOSQUITOES ARE BRED.

A PUDDLE AN INCH DEEP IS SOMETIMES GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM.

A Description of the Insects' Development.

The voice of the mosquito is heard in the land once more. She is occupying general public attention. It is therefore a good time to write about her natural history, says the New York World. The mosquito, by the way, should always be spoken of as "she," because only the female mosquito drinks blood, and that is the only one we think about.

The Sunday World has already stimulated interest in the mosquito from a scientific standpoint by its analysis of the insects' poison. At the same time that article by proving the deadly character of the poison emphasized the importance of suppressing the mosquito as much as possible.

An interesting work on the mosquito is "Dragon-flies versus Mosquitoes," a collection of essays edited by Dr. Robert H. Lamborn. It was the result of an invetigation for methods of destroying the mosquito. The general conclusion of those who contribute to it is that the dragon-fly which is very ornamental, is also of the greatest value as a destroyer of mosquitos.

Mosquitos breed commonly in stagnant waters. Almost anything damp, however, will serve them. They have been found in numbers in a puddle of water eight inches square and one inch deep. They swarm in the holes made by hoofs in boggy pastures. Gutters and ditches in gardens are favorite places. They have even been known to breed in great numbers in the cellars of houses.

For many weeks past the marshes of New Jersey have been turning out countless myriads. These, as is well-known, are among the largest and finest mosquitos known to this part of the world.

Three or four weeks are required to perfect the change from the egg to the complete insect. The female carefully selects a place where there will be sufficient water to float them during that period.

"Finding some floating shred of straw, stick or other support," says a naturalist, "the expectant mother rests her two forelegs on this, allows the next pair gently to touch the water, and crosses the third pair behind to form a sort of vise in which to hold the eggs as they are deposited. Then a long oval egg is lodged in the angle formed by the cross legs, with its longer diameter vertical; another following it is glued onto the side of the first in a similar position, and so on until some two or three hundred are fastened in a sort of a raft, or rather life-boat, as the mass is curved upward at each end. Then the little vessel is abandoned to the mercy of the winds and wavelets, and so floats about for a few days, benefiting by sun and air, till the growing embryos finding their waters too close, push open a kind of trap-door in the floor of the egg, and take a dive at once into a watery home."

The male mosquito, it appears, never goes into houses except by accident, and only drinks water. Blood-sucking is an acquired taste with the female.

It has been calculated that there are 125 species of mosquitoes, and that forty of them are indigenous to this country. A great many of the species, however, are hardly distinguishable one from another.

The mosquito has a cosmopolitan distribution. She is supposed to have her paradise in tropical countries, but she flourishes in Labrador. She affects low-lying positions, but lovers of the Adirondack mountain will recall visions of "smudges" and cheese-cloth canopies on rustic bunks and battles with swarms of culicidae amid the soughing of pines and the sweet fragrance of the balsam. She loves the interior, and many a veteran may recall the days when he hunted prairie chickens on the Plaines of Illinois with mosquito-netting round his hat and face.

The question has often been asked: "What were mosquitoes made for?" If those who have specially studied the habits of the insects are correct, they certainly render important and useful service during their larval stage by cleansing swamp lands and stagnant pools from the miasma which plague mankind with various forms of fever.

The mosquito's brief period of larval life is divided between feeding upon micro-organisms, and occasional excursions to the surface for a breath of air.

They reach their second stage by casting off the larval skin and becoming pupae. In this stage they remain rolled up like a ball, and float at the surface of the water for the purpose of breathing through the two respiratory tubes on the top of their backs. If disturbed by an unwonted agitation of the water, they suddenly uncurl their bodies and whirl over and over from side to side. This Turn Verein existence, spent with no sustaining nutriment but atmospheric air, terminates in the course of a few days. Now the little water tumblers are ready for another transformation. The skin splits on the back between the breathing tubes and a little boat is thus formed, as gracefully curved at the bow and poop as the imperial barge of Cleopatra. Out of this fairy bark there suddenly issues a winged creature. The head, the body, the limbs, burst from the opening in the hard skin. The slender legs are raised on the edges of the empty bark until, spreading its wings and pluming itself for flights in sunlight and air, the insect rises, while by the reflex of its upward bound its tiny bark is overset and sinks beneath the wave.

There are two methods of limiting the number of mosquitoes, according to the naturalists. One is by draining all stagnant waters, and the other is by cultivating certain species of dragon flies and spiders which make it a business of killing the venomous flies. Their suppression would certainly add much to the happiness of this nation and to the value of large tracts of land.

Caught an Albino Halibut.

A rare and valuable fish was caught off Half Way Rock, Me., recently, by one of the fishing boats that bring in fish to to Henry Sargent. It was a white halibut that weighed 232 pounds. The fish was in comparatively shoal water when Mr. Bibber hooked him, and for fully three hours he played him before the fish was so exhausted that Mr. Bibber was able to draw him on board the vessel. Of course halibut are not rare in these waters, but a white one of this size is, anyway. Mr. Bibber sold his big fish for $31, a tidy sum to earn before breakfast.

Ellen Terry Linen.

A new style of linen has been named after Ellen Terry. This novelty is shot, and the colorings are varied and beautiful. They are made in the best quality of thread, peach blending with gold, green with yellow, chartreuse with light blue, moss with brown, blue with red, and other beautiful combinations. Such a gown can be cleaned by the dry process again and again, and is, therefore, not very expensive.

Why She Couldn't Use Them.

This is what was heard in a theater the other night. They were in a private box, and she was both pretty and well dressed. But she was in a bad temper because she could not see the stage. "Why," said he, trying to mollify her, "did you not bring your opera glass?"

"I did, but I can't use it."

"Is it broken?"

"No, but I forgot to put on my bracelets."—Tit-Bits.

A WOMAN'S POKER PARTY

IT LASTED FIVE LONG HOURS AND THE PLAYERS DIDN'T TALK.

They Even Refused Their Luncheon—How the Game Ended.

Laura, the cook, in the Solomon house, and Nellie, the maid of all work, were on the verge of a strike before luncheon was served. That was because Mrs. Solomon, who was not usually troubled with nerves, had been in a state of fidget from the moment she emerged from her room. Nothing quite suited her, and her voice rang through the rooms and halls of the house in fretful criticism until Laura declared she wouldn't stand it any longer, and Nellie was reduced to tears and helplessness. Mrs. Solomon barely touched her food at breakfast or luncheon, but after the latter had been disposed of, she became somewhat calmer, and when Nellie cleared the things off the smoking room table and placed before her a carved oak box a happy smile illuminated her pale face, says the New York Sun.

"Mind, now," said Mrs. Solomon, "and have the luncheon served at half-past 4."

"Yes, ma'am," said Nellie, and disappeared.

Mrs. Solomon sat down at the table and opened the box, disclosing some packs of playing cards in unopened wrappers, and row after row of ivory chips, all bearing in the center the engraved monogram, "J. S.," meaning Judith Solomon. It was interesting to watch her as she picked the chips out of the box and placed them on the table. Being young and pretty, in spite of her extreme pallor, and possessing more than usual grace in all her movements, her action in sorting the chips into piles of blues and reds and whites was picturesque. There were six chairs around the table, including her own, and on the table before each chair she placed three piles of chips, consisting of twelve blues, ten reds and twenty whites.

It was 1 o'clock. A few minutes later the bell rang and the company which Mrs. Solomon had been expecting began to arrive. Within ten minutes all had come. They were most of them women of middle age, although one was grayhaired and one was still in the flush of youth. Each brought with her a small valise. The door had hardly closed behind the last comer, and greetings had been barely exchanged, when Mrs. Solomon said:

"Now, dears, come right up stairs and get ready. We haven't any time to waste."

They followed her to the next floor and disappeared within her room. When they returned to the parlor floor a great transformation had taken place in their appearance. Their street costumes had been removed and replaced by comfortable dressing gowns. No further ceremony was indulged in. They took their places around the table, Mrs. Solomon at the head. She took one of the packs of cards out of the box and placed it on the table, then put the box on a little stand behind her.

"Now, ladies," she said, as she shoved the pack over to the eldest in the party. "I have given you each five dollars' worth of chips. You had better count them to make sure. Mrs. Green, will you please shuffle the cards?"

Mrs. Green, the gray-haired member of the party, removed the wrapper from the cards, drew out the joker and threw it on the floor. Then she shuffled the cards with the skill of a professional, passed them over to the player at her right to cut them, and finally dealt them. All the players were immediately deeply engrossed in the game. There was no conversation to speak of, the only garrulous woman in the party—a very pale, auburn-haired woman—being shut off every time she started to talk by reminders from the other woman that she had forgotten to ante or that it was her turn to say what she proposed to do. The most remarkable of all the women was a very slight, dark-complexioned woman with very thin lips and a sharp, straight nose, who was addressed as Mrs. Cardozo. From the time she sat down until the close of the game she never said anything that did not pertain directly to the game. Even when she bet she said nothing, but placed her chips with a soft, cat-like motion in the center of the table. Her eyes never wandered from her cards, except when she stole a quick glance at the faces of those who were playing against her. She was cool at all times, and the most hardened gambler never concealed his cards more completely than she did.

A gambler would have called it a very quick game; that is, the cards were dealt quickly and the bets were quickly made. No time was wasted in the consideration of what might have happened had the play been different. Mrs. Solomon played the most daring game and Cardozo the most successful. At half-past 4 the game was interrupted by the appearance of Nellie, who came to announce that luncheon was served.

"Come, dears," said Mrs. Solomon with a sigh, "we'll stop now for a short time and have a little luncheon."

A chorus of indignant objections greeted this remark.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mrs. Green, "what is the use of stopping now? The game is just getting interesting. We can eat any day."

"That's what I say," chimed in another, and the winner, still true to her silence, merely glanced crossly at Mrs. Solomon.

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Solomon, "if you object, why we'll continue."

So the game went on, and there was no further interruption to the play until Mr. Solomon arrived at about 6 o'clock. He looked into the room with a quizzical smile on his face and said sarcastically:

"Well, ladies, I am somewhat of a gambler myself, but it's a new one on me to get so infatuated as to sit playing all day. It's frightfully hot in here. Don't you notice it?"

"Don't interrupt us," said Mrs. Green very solemnly, "we're in the middle of a play."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Solomon, without looking up from her cards, "do go away."

Mr. Solomon stood undecided for a moment, and then with a grin went up to his room. The play came to an end when Mrs. Green, who had bet all her pile of chips, threw down four fives and raked in the big pot, which had accumulated under the spirited betting of herself, Mrs. Solomon and Mrs. Cardozo. The last looked very spiteful as she threw down a full hand of aces on kings.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Solomon, as she showed up an ace-high flush, "I wasn't in it at all." Then she leaned back in her chair and said: "Well, I suppose we've got to stop now. Some day we must arrange to start earlier, and play after dinner, too."

The other women reluctantly admitted that they, too, thought it was time to stop, as they had to get home to dinner and knew their husbands would be waiting for them even as it was. Each counted her chips and passed them over to Mrs. Solomon, who proved to be the biggest loser of the day, and had to turn over $15 to her guests to pay her indebtedness. That amount, and $10 more, contributed by some of the other losers, went to the chief winner, Mrs. Cardozo. After the accounts had been squared the women showed that their tongues were no different from those of the average of their sex, and for about five minutes there was a perfect babel of talk as each told her vexation at not having done something that she hadn't done, which would surely have changed the fortunes of the day. Then all of them retired to Mrs. Solomon's room again and once more changed their costumes. It was nearly 7 o'clock when they said good-by and passed out of the door with the satchels containing their dressing gowns.

HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT SAVED A WOMAN'S LIFE.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

"For four years I suffered with female troubles. I was so bad that I was compelled to have assistance from the bed to the chair. I tried all the doctors and the medicines that I thought would help me.

"One day, while looking over the paper, I saw the *advertisement* of your Vegetable Compound. I thought I would try it. I did so, and found relief. I was in bed when I first began to take the Compound. After taking four bottles, I was able to be up and walk around, and now I am doing my housework. Many thanks to Mrs. Pinkham for her wonderful Compound. It saved my life."—MRS. HATTIE MADAUS, 184 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

More evidence in favor of that never-failing female remedy, *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

GET READY FOR THE FAIRS. *Send for description of the* famous O. I. C. hog. *2 weighed* 2806 *lbs. Sold* 1673 *in* 1894 *for breeding purposes. First applicant in each locality gets pair* on time *and* agency. L. B. Silver Co. Cleveland, O.

FOX TERRIER AND TROLLEY.

The Dog Showed His Grit and Won the Right to Ride.

A Chicago family moved across the lake and took with them a fox terrier. The other day the family concluded to spend the afternoon at Lake Michigan Park, where Muskegonites are wont to tramp in the sand and get the fresh breezes, says the Chicago Record.

Just as the car was about to start, Miss Laura noticed Sport scoot under the front gate. The motorman happened to have his eye in the same direction, and, quickly divining the dog's intention to follow his young mistress, he loosened the brake and turned on four notches. The car fairly leaped forward, and so did Sport. The distance to the park is seven miles, and everybody expected nothing less than that the terrier would have to take the back track.

But he didn't. In the race the dog developed the fact that he had more lives to his credit than any cat in the Wolverine state. Sport distended his little red tongue, straightened his tapering tail, and though the motorman pitted all his electric force against those slender legs, the dog ran alongside the car so close that Miss Laura could almost pat him on the head. If at times he got behind he would catch up when the car stopped at crossings.

Everybody was enjoying the spectacle, though the girl threatened to go into hysterics because of her pet's escapes from destruction. During the first four miles Sport had been run over by a milk wagon, kicked by a cow, and knocked off the track by cars running in an opposite direction, until one would think there was not an inch of him left, nor did his troubles end with these mishaps. A big brindle bull pup, probably jealous of the attention the sleek little terrier was receiving, ruthlessly pounced upon him while the latter was displaying an extra spurt.

In the melee the little fellow was thrown under the car truck. Everybody expected a lamentable finale, but it didn't turn out that way. The terrier rolled out from under the platform and immediately took hold on the bull pup. He lingered long enough to thrash his adversary, and then took after the car. Then the elated passengers insisted on taking him aboard. The conductor did not dare object, and Miss Laura jumped off, caught her pet in her arms, and held him on her lap, while every passenger offered to pay his fare.

—The best is what you want when you are in need of a medicine. That is why you should insist upon Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A. T. STEWART'S WHIM.

He Discharged a Lad for a Silly and Selfish Notion.

A story is told illustrating the determination of the late A. T. Stewart not to allow any tender consideration or any sympathetic influence to interfere with the accomplishment of his ambition, which was to build up the greatest business house in America, says the Chicago Record. Stewart was for many years the merchant prince of New York; he exerted an influence that was felt in every part of this country and was recognized abroad. What he achieved was not more by means by the genius of shrewdness than by means of the genius of pertinacity. Stewart cultivated the germ of selfishness that was in him; cultivated it calculatingly and determinedly, as we see by this little story that is told of him:

Upon entering his store one morning he sought out the man having the hiring and discharging of the cash boys.

"Mr. Libby," said he, "who is that handsome, bright-eyed little boy standing by the counter yonder?"

"His name is Mason, Charley Mason, sir," answered Mr. Libby. "He is, indeed, a handsome little fellow, and he is as bright and as well mannered as he is handsome. He is the most attentive and most promising boy we have in our employ."

"Yes, I thought as much," said Stewart gruffly. "Discharge him at once."

"Why, Mr. Stewart," exclaimed Libby, almost paralyzed with astonishment, "you surely cannot mean it!"

"Discharge him at once, I say," repeated Stewart sternly. "I'm getting too much interested in that boy. I find myself stopping and talking with him as I come in or go out of the store. His personality interests me—his candor, his intelligence, his enthusiasm, his beauty. I find myself thinking of him after I reach my desk, and when I am busy at work. I have no time and no right to become interested in anybody—I must not suffer any liking to distract me from business. Discharge that boy at once!"

Well, the little fellow had to go. Presumably he has now grown to the estate of manhood, fulfilled all the splendid promises which were indicated in his youth. We hope so. Perhaps this reminiscence of his old employer will fall under his eyes. For this is a small world in which we live.

The Lady and the Bassoon.

Once when Hans von Bulow was drilling his orchestra for a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, a high personage at court expressed a wish to attend one of the rehearsals. The conductor was greatly annoyed, but could not decline the honor. When the exalted lady and her attendants had taken their seats and the rehearsal was about to begin, Bulow called upon the bassoonist to play his part alone from beginning to end. He obeyed, and began to draw from his weird instrument a series of incoherent grunts and groans. It was the most horrible solo ever heard. Bulow occasionally interrupted the performance, demanding a repetition of certain particularly discordant passages with suggested modifications, and when the bassoonist had finished, he ordered him to play the whole of his part over again. This was too much for the great lady. She hastily rose and confessed to the conductor that the affair had been rather different from what she had been led to expect, adding that "it was very interesting, no doubt, but somewhat fatiguing," whereupon she took her departure. Bulow's face beamed with satisfaction, and he gave the signal for the rehearsal proper to commence.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Follies and Foibles.

"Well, it got above 90——"

"You're crazy."

"I've got $10 that says it did."

"I'll take you. The highest quotation——"

"Quotation nothing! What are you talking about?"

"Wheat. What did you suppose I was talking about?"

"The weather."—Chicago Post.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Bugs in Beans and Peas.

C. H. B., Missouri: The eggs are laid in the beans or peas while growing. The way to do is in the spring when planting throw the beans or peas in water. Those having weevil in them will float. Take these out and plant the sound ones. There are several ways practiced to keep worms off cabbage, but none of them are wholly satisfactory. Some people use bisulphide of carbon. A small stick of wood is run into the ground near the root and three or four drops of the liquid dropped into the hole, which must be closed at the top at once. Much caution must be observed in using this as it is very inflammable. Paris green has been used as a sprinkle at the rate of 3-4 of a pound to 200 gallons of water. There is danger in using this if not carefully done. Buhach or Pyrethrum powder is safe. It may be used at the rate of 1 oz. to a gallon of water and sprinkled on the cabbage.

Horse Has Worms.

G. B., Oklahoma Territory: If you keep a lump of rock salt where the horse may lick it at will he will not be bothered with worms after those with which he is now affected are expelled. For round worms use 1 drachm sulphate of iron, 1 drachm tarter emetic, 2 drachms linseed meal. Give this much morning and evening for six days, then give a cathartic of 12 oz. raw linseed oil, and 1 oz. spirits of sweet nitre. For pin worms use liquor of perchloride of iron, 2 ozs.; freshly made lime water, 1 quart, mix and give as an injection after cleaning out the rectum with an ordinary soap and water injection. Whatever is used to expel worms the best of feed should be given afterward, as if the system is not toned up the worms will again accumulate. A good light tonic after using worm medicine is citrate of iron and ammonia, 6 drachms. Divide into 12 powders and give one twice a day on a mash or dissolved in drinking water.

Cow Troubled With Sebarrhoea.

J. W. Mc., Kansas:—Your cow has a disease of the sebaceous glands, and the scurviness is the result of their not performing their proper functions. Give the cow 1 lb of Epsom salts in a quart of warm water in which there is stirred a cupful of molasses. After this operates, rub in well over all parts afflicted, sweet oil. Leave this on for three hours, then wash it off with strong soapsuds water. Dry thoroughly and rub this in. Mercurial ointment 2 ozs., flours of sulphur 4 ozs., unsalted lard 6 ozs. Each application should be left on for a full day, then wash off with soap and warm water. Dry the parts and reapply the ointment. The cow must have the best of food and fresh water—no slops or pond water. For the sores of which you speak, wash them well with soap and water, and apply the following with a feather: Chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. After applying, dust a little wheat flour on the sores. This should be washed off once a day and the zinc and flour repeated.

Osteo-Sarcoma.

F. C., Tennessee:—Big head, or astro-sarcoma, is a disease in which the bones swell and present a soft, spongy appearance. The bones swell from the eye to the nose. Rub the swollen parts with this: Mercurial ointment, 1 oz.; iodine ointment, 2 ozs. Mix well and rub in thoroughly. Give internally at the same time one of the following powders: Calomel, 1 oz.; iodide of potassa, 2 ozs.; pulverized gentian root, 1 1-2 ozs. Make into 20 powders. The mule must be kept dry at all times. There is no certainty of a cure, but the above has effected a cure in many cases. This disease is more prevalent in the South and Southwest than in any other section of the country. It will result from eating mouldy or unsound cornfodder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Changing Males—Fertility of Eggs—Gapes in Chickens.

How long a time should elapse before the eggs may be expected to produce chicks from the male last introduced in the pen after a change has been made is uncertain. We have removed males and made changes several times, in order to determine the matter, but the exact interval of time could not be learned. For instance, we removed a Plymouth Rock male and substituted a Houdan. The eggs from two hens, laid on the fifth day after the change, produced half-bred Houdan chicks (the hens being Leghorns), and two eggs from other hens were not true until the sixth day. The other hens in the flock were not laying. We concluded that the fifth day was correct, but the Houdan died, and the eggs that were laid two weeks after his death were fertile. The experiment demonstrated that much depended on the condition of the hens and the stage of progress of the embyro eggs. It has been settled beyond controversy, however, that the influence of the male extends beyond one egg, and that under certain conditions as many as eight or ten may be fertilized at a single union.—Poultry Keeper.

Mrs. Rorer's Recipe for Koumiss.

Where ice is procurable, nothing is simpler than to prepare koumiss at home, and the homemade product is far better than that which is bought, as its age may be known for a surety. The materials for five pint bottles of koumiss are: Two quarts of new milk, two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, one-third of a compressed yeast cake. Make the milk blood warm, or about 98 degrees, perhaps, by placing it over the fire in a farina boiler. Dissolve the yeast thoroughly in two tablespoonfuls of milk, adding this to the rest. Dissolve the sugar in two tablespoonfuls of water, boiling it until a clear syrup. Add the syrup to the milk and yeast, and stir until completely blended, then put it at once into the bottles, filling them about to the necks. Cork firmly and tie the corks down. Allow the koumiss to stand in a comfortable temperature, near 68 degrees, for 12 hours. Then lay the bottles carefully on their sides on ice for 12 hours more, when the koumiss is ready for use. It is now 24 hours old; when 60 hours old it does not agree so well with a weak stomach but keeps usually 72 hours. When too old, that is, if beginning to sour, it will curdle. When just right it is creamy and foamy. From one-half to one glassful may be given at intervals of two to four hours.—Rural New-Yorker.

Shaking Bees Off the Comb.

In answer to the question "Please tell me how you get bees off their combs when you wish to?" G. M. Doolittle in Gleanings in Bee Culture, says.

In changing combs in the apiary I always shake the bees off, or the majority of them; and with hybrids and the blacks every bee can be shaken off, providing the combs are built in the frames as they should be, so that they fill the frames full and are in a straight and even line with the frame, thus giving the bees no little holes or open space along between the bottom-bar to the frame and the comb, into which they can crowd in such shape that they can not be dislodged as long as they stay there.

After having the combs built out as above, and desiring to take a comb away from the bees, I place the projecting ends of the frame on the ends of the two middle fingers of each hand; and then with a quick upward stroke throw the ends of the frame against the ball or thick part of the hand at the base of the thumb. As the frame strikes the hand, let the hands give a sudden downward motion, which makes the shock still greater. As the frame strikes the fingers it is again thrown back against the hand, and so on till all or nearly all of the bees are off.

The principle is, that the bee is on its guard all the while, to keep from falling off, thus holding on tenaciously so as not to be easily shaken off by any motion which tends to throw it down. By a sudden stopping of the upward and a quick downward motion, the bees, are thrown off their guard, and disloged from the comb in an upward direction.

I do not remember of ever having broken a comb by shaking it as above described, although some claim that they cannot shake bees off their combs without breaking the combs more or less. In this way I have no trouble in shaking off black bees and hybrids, and if we disturb the Italians, causing them to fill themselves with honey, they can be shaken from their combs about as easily as black bees. But even if we cannot afford to wait until they are filled with honey, four-fifths of them can be shaken off.

To get off the remainder, one of the different bee-bushes, now to be had of supply dealers, will finish the job very quickly; or, instead of the bee-brushes, you can use a turkey or goose quill to fully as good advantage by trimming off about one-half of the wide side, so that the feather part will not irritate the bees. Of course this will appear a little awkward at first, but will soon be found easy enough.

In working for extracted honey I used to adopt the same plan to rid the combs of bees, and succeeded very well, although it is much harder work on account of the combs being so heavy.

With our perfect escape-boards of the present time, it is not necessary to thus shake the bees from the combs when extracting, for the bee-escape cleans the combs of bees perfectly, and is the thing to use where all the combs in any upper story to any hive are to be removed.

The Best Time to Cut Clover.

The best time to cut clover for hay is when it is in full bloom.

When is it in full bloom?

Well, a field of clover never is all in full bloom at one time. Let me modify the statement, says F. E. Hunt in the Prairie Farmer, and say when it is in fullest bloom. Some heads will be brown, some will not yet be in full bloom, but on the principal of the greatest good to the greatest number, when the largest number of heads are in full bloom is the best time to cut the hay.

What evidence is there for this statement?

The best time to cut depends upon several factors, important among which are: 1. The yield of hay obtained. 2. The quality of the hay. 3. The labor of handling the crop. 4. The effect upon subsequent crops.

1. Generally speaking an animal or a plant cannot grow without increasing in weight. If it could all be harvested and gathered, more dry substance would be obtained when the clover is ripe than at any previous period of growth. In fact, however, some of the finer parts dry up and drop off before the plant is cut, and much more of the finer and more valuable parts are knocked off by handling after cutting. The decrease in weight from the period of full bloom to that when three-fourths of the heads are dead may be one-tenth the weight of dry substance.

2. The fact that the finer parts of the plants are lost materially decreases the quality of the hay. The quality is further decreased by the fact that during growth the weedy matter is increased relatively of the more nutritious parts, particularly the albuminoid. For the reasons just noted, both the digestibility and the palatability of the hay are decreased, thus causing a further decrease in the actual good value.

3. When clover is cut too immature it is harder to cure, both because it has a larger percentage of water in it, and because the season being less advanced, the conditions are not so favorable for curing. Clover cut in full bloom may, therefore, be subject to rains, which, if cut later, would escape through the shorter period required to cure it.

4. When it is required to cut the second crop of medium red clover seed, it is desirable to cut the first crop as early as may be, as such conditions insure a better crop for seed. Were it necessary, one could afford to sacrifice something in the yield of hay on account of the subsequent seed crop. Not infrequently clover fields contain many weeds which can be prevented from seeding, at least in part, by early cutting. Last year in Ohio the clover fields were white with horse tail and white top—two common annual plants of the genus Erigeon. Early cutting would be a great help in eradicating these weeds.

The conclusions reached with regard to clover do not necessarily apply to the grasses. For fear of giving a wrong impression, I wish to state that I do not believe that full bloom is the best time to cut timothy for hay, but that it should be cut at a later period for the best results.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

Feed for Horses.

No horse will do well on poor feed. The animal may be driven by hunger to eat musty grain or hay, but it does not like to do it, and no animal system can be properly nourished if the palate rebels against the feed. Oats and corn are the standard food for American horses. Corn as an exclusive diet is not proper feed for the horse which needs a muscle forming food and not a fat forming. We have ruined millions of dollars worth of horses in this country by stuffing them with corn, heating the blood, and causing a variety of disease, including diseases of the feet. Oats are a standard horse food, but how many bushels of oats that are utterly unfit for feeding are fed to horses. Nothing but plump, bright, clean oats should ever be fed. When grain of any kind smells musty, it is affected with fungus that is injurious to the animal, especially to the urinary organs. We have always had a suspicion that the horse would do better on a smaller ration than is usually fed, if the grain is first-class in quality. Four quarts of oats is usually fed three times a day. Some feed even more. If the animal has good hay ten quarts of oats a day are quite sufficient, unless it is a large heavy horse. Barley makes an excellent food for horses, but when fed it should be mixed with oats. Those who have tried it tell us that barley, oats and wheat, in equal quantities, make an ideal ration for the horse. Both peas and beans are very strengthening to the horse. We have been told that horses that purge can be cured by mixing a few beans with their feed. It is easy of trial, and while making the trial we may be at any rate sure that we are feeding something that will do no harm, but will be beneficial on general principles.

A Swarm of Bees.

A curious incident occurred at an English dinner party recently. While a large number of luncheon parties were enjoying the delights of an open-air repast in the gardens behind the grand stand, a great swarm of bees settled down on the guests around a table in a corner. They buzzed and buzzed everywhere. Ladies had bees in their bonnets, and gentlemen found their hats turned into striking likenesses of "Catch-'em-alive-ohs." Some of the swarm settled on the cold salmon, and other members of it tumbled into the champagne cup.

In fact the bees created the greatest consternation among the ladies and gentlemen in that quarter of the grounds. They were gradually drawn off the luncheon party by a gentleman to whom occurred the happy idea of treating them to a little music on a metal tray under a tree. After the tapping or tinkling on the article had continued for two or three moments, the queen bee settled on the branches above to listen to it, and was at once followed by all the swarm. It was an extraordinary sight to see hundreds of the insects hanging like great black and bold clusters on the tree while the tinkling continued. It ceased with the luncheon, and the bees did no more harm. In the early part of the performance a lady was pretty severely stung.—Farmers' Voice.

Protection.

De shepherd of de sheep fole,
Him say, "Oh! wool is cheap,
But it's part of my religion,
That dogs shan't kill de sheep."

So he put de Page Fence all aroun'
De young an' fat, de ole an' thin,
And de dogs dey howl an' knash der teef,
For dey know dey can't get in.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.

Talmage's Sermon.

MAN DRIVEN AND TOSSED IN THE STORM OF LIFE.

Let Him Call Upon the God of His Fathers.

New York, August 5.—At this season of the year, when a large portion of the community is journeying either by land or sea, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his midsummer preaching and lecturing tour, chose as the subject of his sermon for Sunday: "Man Overboard," the text being Jonah 1-6, "So the shipmaster came in, and said unto him, what meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

God told Jonah to go to Nineveh on an unpleasant errand. He would not go. He thought to get away from his duty by putting to sea. With pack under his arm, I find him on his way to Joppa, a seaport. He goes down among the shipping, and says to the men lying around on the docks, "Which of these vessels sails to-day?" The sailors answer, "Yonder is a vessel going to Tarshish. I think, if you hurry, you may get on board her." Jonah steps on board the rough craft, asks how much the fare is, and pays it. Anchor is weighed, sails are hoisted, and the rigging begins to rattle in the strong breeze of the Mediterranean. Joppa is an exposed harbor, and it does not take long for the vessel to get out on the broad sea. The sailors like what they call a "spanking breeze," and the plunge of the vessel from the crest of a tall wave is exhilarating to those at home on the deep. But the strong breeze becomes a gale, the gale a hurricane. The affrighted passengers ask the captain if he ever saw anything like this before. "Oh, yes," he says; "this is nothing." Mariners are slow to admit danger to landsmen. But, after a while, crash goes the mast, and the vessel pitches so far "a-beam's-end" there is fear that she will not be righted. The captain answers few questions, and orders the throwing out of boxes and bundles, and of so much of the cargo as they can get at.

The captain at last confesses there is but little hope, and tells the passengers that they had better go to praying. It is seldom that a sea captain is an atheist. He knows that there is a God, for he has seen him at every point of latitude between Sandy Hook and Queenstown. Capt. Moody, commanding the Cuba, of the Cunard line, at Sunday service led the music and sang like a Methodist. The captain of this Mediterranean craft, having set the passengers to praying, goes around examining the vessel at every point. He descends into the cabin to see whether in the strong wrestling of the waves, the vessel had sprung aleak, and he finds Jonah asleep. Jonah had a wearisome tramp and had spent many sleepless nights about questions of duty, and he is so sound asleep that all the thunder of the storm and the screaming of the passengers does not disturb him, and begins to shake him out of his unconsciousness with the cry: "Don't you see that we are all going to the bottom? Wake up, and go to praying if you have any God to go to. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." The rest of the story I will not rehearse, for you know it well. To appease the sea, they threw Jonah overboard.

Learn that the devil takes a man's money and then sets him down in a poor landing place. The Bible says he paid his fare to Tarshish. But see him get out. The sailors bring him to the side of the ship, lift him over "the guards," and let him drop with a loud splash into the waves. He paid his fare all the way to Tarshish, but he did not get the worth of his money. Neither does any man who turns his back on his duty and does that which is not right.

There is a young man who, during the past year has spent a large part of his salary in carousal. What has he gained by it? A soiled reputation, a half-starved purse, a dissipated look, a petulant temper, a disturbed conscience. The manacles of one or two bad habits that are pressing tighter and tighter will keep on until they wear to the bone. You paid your fare to Tarshish, but you have been set down in the midst of a sea of disquietude and perplexity.

One hundred dollars for Sunday horse hire.

One hundred dollars for wine suppers!

One hundred dollars for cigars!

One hundred dollars for frolics that shall be nameless!

Making four hundred dollars for his damnation!

Instead of being in Tarshish now, he is in the middle of the Mediterranean.

Here is a literary man, tired of the faith of his fathers, who resolves to launch out into what is called free thinking. He buys Theodore Parker's works for twelve dollars; Renan's Life of Christ for one dollar and fifty cents; Andrew Jackson Davis's works for twenty dollars. Goes to hear infidels talk at the clubs, and to see spiritualism at the table-rapping. Talks glibly of David, the Psalmist, as an old libertine; of Paul as a wild enthusiast; and of Christ as a decent kind of man—a little weak in some respects, but almost as good as himself. Talks smilingly of Sunday as a good day to put a little extra blacking on one's boots; and of Christians as, for the most part, hypocrites; and of eternity as "the great to be," "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." Some day he gets his feet very wet, and finds himself that night very chilly. The next morning has a hot mouth, and is headachy. Sends word over to the store that he will not be there to-day. Bathes his feet; has mustard plasters; calls the doctor. The medical man says aside, "This is going to be a bad case of congestion of the lungs." Voice fails. Children must be kept down stairs, or sent to the neighbors, to keep the house quiet. You say, "Send for the minister." But no; he does not believe in ministers. You say, "Read the Bible to him." No; he does not believe in the Bible. A lawyer comes in, and, sitting by his bedside, writes a document that begins, "In the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament.' It is certainly where the sick man's body will be in less than a week. It is quite certain who will get his property. But what will become of his soul? It will go into "the great to be,' 'or "the everlasting now," or "the infinite what is it." His soul is in deep water, and the wind is "blowing great guns." Death cries, "Overboard with the unbeliever!" A splash! He goes to the bottom. He paid $5 for his ticket to Tarshish when he bought the infidel books. He landed in perdition.

Every farthing you spend in sin Satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have 80 per cent or a great dividend. He lies. He will sink all the capital. You may pay full fare to some sinful success, but you will never get to Tarshish.

Learn how soundly men will sleep in the midst of danger. The worst sinner on shipboard, considering the light he had, was Jonah. He was a member of the church, while they were heathen. The sailors were engaged in their lawful calling, following the sea. The merchants on board, I suppose, were going down to Tarshish to barter; but Jonah, nothwithstanding his Christian profession, was flying from duty. He was sound asleep in the cabin. He has been motionless for hours—his arms and feet in the same posture as when he lay down—his breast heaving with deep respiration. Oh! how could he sleep! What if it sprang a leak! What if the clumsy craft should capsize! What would become of Jonah?

So men sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound beneath every impenitent man. Plunging a thousand fathoms down you cannot touch bottom. Eternity beneath him, before him, around him! Rocks close by, and whirlpools, and hot-breathed Levanters; yet sound asleep! We try to wake him up but fail. The great surges of warning break over the hurricane deck—the gong of warning sounds through the cabin—the bell rings. "Awake!" cry a hundred voices; yet sound asleep in the cabin.

In the year 1775, the captain of a Greenland whaling vessel found himself at night surrounded by icebergs and "lay to" until morning, expecting every moment to be ground to pieces. In the morning he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of the crew, he pushed out for the mysterious craft. Getting near by, he saw through the port hole a man at a stand, as though keeping a log book. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel, and found the man sitting at the log book frozen to death. The log book was dated 1762, showing that the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were frozen among the hammocks and others in the cabin. For thirteen years this ship has been carrying its burden of corpses.

So from this gospel craft to-day, I descry voyagers for eternity. I cry, "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" No answer. They float about, tossed and ground by the icebergs of sin, hoisting no sail for heaven. I go on board. I find all asleep. It is a frozen sleep. O, that my Lord Jesus would come aboard, and lay hold of the wheel, and steer the craft down into the warm Gulf Stream of mercy! Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

Again; notice that men are aroused by the most unexpected means. If Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger he would have scoffed at the idea; but here it is done. So now, men in strangest ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church, and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," etc., goes home unimpressed; but, crosing his barn yard, and he says, "There it is now—'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,' but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark, "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house—why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

By strangest ways and in the most unexpected manner men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntingdon was convicted of sin by hearing the countess on the opposite side of the wall talk about Jesus. John Hardoak was aroused by a dream in which he saw the last day, and the judge sitting, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis: "John Hardoak, come to judgment!" The Lord has a thousand ways of waking up Jonah. Would that the messengers of mercy might now find their way down into the sides of the ship, and that many who are unconsciously rocking in the awful tempest of their sin might hear the warning, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, and call upon thy Lord!"

Again: Learn that a man may wake up too late. If, instead of sleeping, Jonah had been on his knees confessing his sins from the time he went on board the craft, I think that God would have saved him from being thrown overboard. But he woke up too late. The tempest is in full blast, and the sea, in convulsion, is lashing itself, and nothing will stop it now but the overthrow of Jonah.

So men sometimes wake up too late. The last hour has come. The man has no more idea of dying than I have of dropping down this moment. The rigging is all white with the foam of death. How chill the night is! "I must die," he says, "yet not ready. I must push out upon this awful sea, but have nothing with which to pay my fare. The white caps! The darkness! The hurricane! How long have I been sleeping? Whole days, and months, and years. I am quite awake now. I see everything, but it is too late." Invisible hands take him up. He struggles to get loose. In vain. They bring his soul to the verge. They let it down over the side. The winds howl. The sea opens its frothing jaws to swallow. He has gone forever. And while the canvass cracked and the yards rattled, and the ropes thumped, the sea took up the funeral dirge, playing wit hopen diapason of midnight storm, 'Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

Now, lest any of you should make this mistake, I address you in the words of the Mediterranean sea captain: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." If you have a God, you had better call upon him. Do you say, "I have no God?" Then you had better call upon yor father's God. When your father was in trouble, who did he fly to? You heard him, in his old days, tell about some terrible exposure in a snow storm, or at sea, or in battle, or among midnight garroters, and how he escaped. Perhaps twenty years before you were born, your father made sweet acquaintance with God. There is something in the worn pages of the Bible he used to read which makes you think your father had a God.

In the old religious books lying around the house there are passages marked with lead pencil—passages that make you think your father was not a godless man, but that, on that dark day when he lay in the back room dying, he was ready—all ready. But perhaps your father was a bad man—prayerless, and a blasphemer, and you never think of him now without a shudder. He worshiped the world or his own appetites. Do not then, I beg of you, call upon your father's God, but call on your mother's God. I think she was good. You remember when your father came home drunk late on a cold night, how patient your mother was. You often heard her pray. She used to sit by the hour meditating, as though she were thinking of some good, warm place, where it never gets cold, and where the bread does not fail, and staggering steps never come. You remember her now, as she sat, in cap and spectacles, reading the Bible Sunday afternoons. What good advice she used to give you! How black and terrible the hole in the ground looked to you when, with two ropes, they let her down to rest in the grave yard! Ah! I think from your looks that I am on the right track. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon thy mother's God.

But perhaps both your father and mother were depraved. Perhaps your cradle was rocked by sin and shame, and it is a wonder that from such a starting you have come to respectability. Then don't call upon the God of either of your parents, I beg of you.

But you have children. You know God kindles those bright eyes, and rounded those healthy limbs, and set beating within their breasts an immortality. Perhaps in the belief that somehow it would be for best, you have taught them to say an evening prayer, and when they kneel beside you, and fold their little hands and look up, their faces all innocence and love, you know that there is a God somewhere about in the room.

I think I am on the right track at last. Awake, O sleeper, and call upon the God of thy children. May he set these little ones to pulling at thy heart until they charm thee to the same God to whom to-night they will say their little prayers!

But, alas! some of these men and women are unmoved by the fact that their father had a God, that their mother had a God, and their children have a God, but they have no God. All pious example to them for nothing. All the divine goodness for nothing. All warning for nothing. They are sound asleep in the side of the ship, though the sea and sky are in mad wrestle.

Many years ago a man, leaving his family in Massachusetts, sailed from Boston to China, to trade there. On the coast of China, in the midst of a night of storm, he made shipwreck. The adventurer was washed up on the beach senseless—all his money gone. He had to beg in the streets of Canton to keep from starving. For two years there was no communication between himself and family. They supposed him dead. He knew not but that his family were dead. He had gone out as captain. He was too proud to come back as private sailor. But after a while he choked down his pride and sailed for Boston. Arriving there, he took an evening train for the center of the state, where he had left his family. Taking the stage from the depot and riding a score of miles he got home. He says that, going up in front of the cottage in the bright moonlight, the place looked to him like heaven. He rapped on the window, and the affrighted servant let him in. He went to the room where his wife and child were sleeping. He did not dare to wake them for fear of the shock. Bending over to kiss his child's cheek, a tear fell upon the wife's face, and she wakened, and he said "Mary!" and she knew his voice, and there was an indescribable scene of welcome, and joy, and thanksgiving to God.

To-day I know that many of you are seamen, and driven by sin in a worse storm than that which came down on the coast of China, and yet I pray God that you may, like the sailor, live to get home. In the house of many mansions your friends are waiting to meet you. They are wondering why you do not come. Escaped from the shipwrecks of earth, may you at last go in! It will be a bright night—a very bright night, as you put your thumb on the latch of that door. Once in, you will find the old family faces sweeter than when you last saw them, and there it will be found that he who was your father's God, and your mother's God, and your children's God, is your own most blessed Redeemer, to whom be glory and dominion throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

THE BEST
FAMILY MEDICINE
She Has Ever Known. Words of Praise from a New York Lady for
AYER'S PILLS

"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. For stomach and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled.

When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach, liver, or bowels, my invariable answer is, Ayer's Pills. Taken in season, they will break up a cold, prevent la grippe, check fever, and regulate the digestive organs. They are easy to take, and are, indeed, the best all-round family medicine I have ever known."—Mrs. MAY JOHNSON, 368 Rider Avenue, New York City.

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Highest Honors at World's Fair.
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SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
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Made Him a Sound Man.

Hancock, O., July 25, 1895.—"I highly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for the good it has done my brother. He was afflicted with malaria and heart trouble and after using several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla he is a sound man. Mrs. E. Focht."

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SOME CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Bits of Unconscious Humor and Wit From the Little Ones.

Poor little Nell found her first sewing leson a great trial. "Never mind," said Grandma Comfort, as she kissed the pricked little finger, "if at first you don't succeed, dear, try, try again."

After Nell had said her prayers that night, ending, as usual, with "And please make Nell a good little girl," she paused a moment, and then added, encouragingly, "And if at first you don't succeed, God, try, try again. Amen."

Little Mabel, aged 4, came home from her first picnic a very tired little girl.

"Did you have a good time, near?"

"Yes, auntie, we played and ate things all the time, but wasn't it queer, auntie, we didn't pick any nicks!"

"Uncle Dick started to come to see us last week, but the blizzard came, and then he couldn't."

"Why not, Jimmie?"

"Why not! Why, 'cause all the roads were brocaded up with snowdrifts."

Fresh air child enjoying his first ride in the country:

"Say, farmer, d'ye b'leeve God's everywheres?"

"Yes, Jakie. Why?"

"'Cause," chuckling, "if He is He must be hevin' an orful jolly ride in this yere waggin."

"Auntie, do you want to hear me say my verse before I start to Sunday school?"

"Yes, Robert, what is it?"

"Jesus wept over," said Robert proudly.

"Oh, no, dear, not 'Jesus wept over.' just 'Jesus wept.'"

"No, it isn't either, said Robert stoutly, "'cause I said 'Jesus wept' to mamma, and she said, 'That's nice, Robbie, say Jesus wept, over.'"

"O, mamma, I had such a lovely time at dancing school. I didn't want to dance in my class, so I went into the other room and watched the big boys and girls dance the mignonette."

"Pooh, I wouldn't live in California for anything," said Walter.

"Why not?"

"'Cause I heard your father say last night that they have reg'lar earthsqeauks out there."

When Mary first saw the snowy clusters of blossoms on the cherry tree, she rushed breathless into the house, and, catching hold of her father's hand, said: "O, come quick, papa, and see the funny Christmas tree I've found in grandma's back yard. It's covered so thick with popcorns you can't see the presents back of it."

"Herman, just look! Bridget's made a mistake and left us three cookies. One for you and one for me and an extra one. Wasn't it preporterious for her to do it?"

"Yes," asserted Herman, looking very wise," and I guess the best way to settle about that extra cooky would be for us just to monopolize it among ourselves."

"What do you think, mamma? Papa let me look at some of his real grown-up books this morning?"

"Which one did you like best, dearie?"

"Well, I liked most looking over the pictures in Short's Green History of the English People."

The morning after the rain had been frozen on the trees Margaret cried, "O, mamma, do come and look out quick. Some one's been silver plating all the trees and bushes."

"What did your mother get for Christmas?" asked Tom of Will.

"Money," said Tom. "She said this year she'd rather have money than anything else."

"Pooh! Mine wouldn't," said Will, "and so papa gave her a solid gold apendantcitis set with diamonds."

An Ancient Practice.

Bottled ale, rendered mellow by long keeping, was an accidental discovery. It was made by Alexander Newell, dean of St. Paul's, in the reign of Queen Mary.

A Bad Business.

Departing summer boarder—How did you find things this summer?

Seaside Waiter—Pretty bad. Tips were so scarce that I guess I'm done out of my fall vacation.—Truth.

—Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a uniform brown or black, which when dry, will neither rub, wash off, nor soil linen.

MARYLAND'S HEROINE.

NO DOUBT ABOUT THE TRUTH OF POET WHITTIER'S STORY.

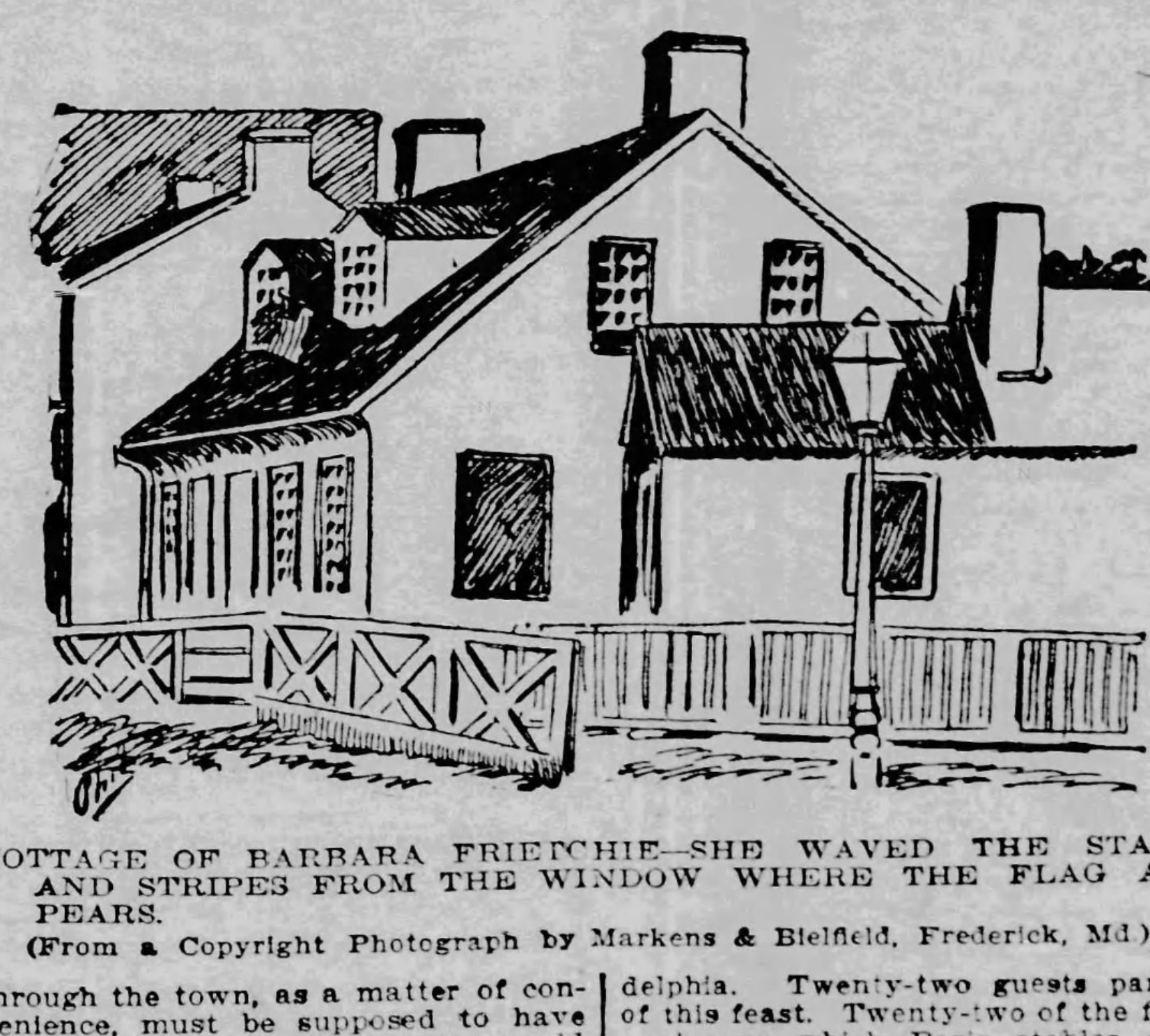
Incidents From the Life of the Frederick Patriot.

To those who may be inclined to regard the heroine of Whittier's beautiful verses as a myth, we offer in evidence a picture of Barbara Frietchie as she appeared in the material form; also a fac simile of the cottage in which she lived and from which floated the flag that gave rise to Whittier's lines and left the name of Barbara Frietchie as an illustration of female heroism for all time. Any of the older residents of Frederick today can vouch for the authenticity of both pictures, says "M. C. M." in the New York Mercury. The subject of this sketch was born ten years prior to the Declaration of Independence in Lancaster, Pa., and in early childhood removed to Frederick, Md., where the whole of her long life was spent. Her paternal name was Hauer.

Born in a time when the people were smarting under the yoke of oppression put upon them by the tyrannical English king, what wonder that the germ of patriotism planted then should long years after bear fruit. Barbara Frietchie had lived to see her country triumphant in two wars, and her experiences were such as to render her just the person to be fired with patriotic zeal at the sight of the Confederate army passing her door, and that she did crown her exceptionally long life by the act of heroism ascribed to her is beyond doubt.

It brought Frederick into very creditable notoriety, and the honor should have been better appreciated. Her people should not have depreciated stolen laurels when they were not prepared to prove them stolen.

Through the center of the town runs the old national turnpike, another historical landmark, the intersection of which is Patrick street, and at the bridge which crossed Carroll creek, at Patrick street, stands, or rather stood, the cottage shown in the cut.



COTTAGE OF BARBARA FRIETCHIE—SHE WAVED THE STARS AND STRIPES FROM THE WINDOW WHERE THE FLAG APPEARS.

(From a Copyright Photograph by Markens & Bielfield, Frederick, Md.)

The Confederate army in passing through the town, as a matter of convenience, must be supposed to have taken a direct route, which would have led them by Barbara Frietchie's cottage, and as we view the flag from the old-time dome-window, can in fancy hear the stentorian command of the renowned leader:

Halt! The dust brown ranks stood fast;
Fire! Outblazed the rifle blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

And that the loyal relict of Revolutionary times who had been nurtured upon patriotism of the most pronounced type, should have

Leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with royal will

are sentiments that the strong character portrayed in the face attest conclusively, and show that the words

BARBARA'S GRAVE.

ascribed to her, which struck shame to the heart of the Confederate chieftain, are too much within the gauge of probability to admit of doubt.

As Barbara Hauer in early life she evinced the loyal tendencies that at its close immortalized her. In 1781, when George Washington passed through Frederick and was entertained at what was then an inn or hostelry, but upon the site of which now stands the principal hotel of the place it is said that she gathered up the family china to grace the table, and some of those same relics are held today by her relatives as souvenirs of the occasion.

From all authentic reminiscences from which to corroborate the statement, it appears that John Casper Frietchie, whom Barbara married in 1806, when she had arrived at the meridian of ordinary life, found his strong-minded, sterling spouse one whom it would have been dangerous to have treated with the levity incident to more degenerate times.

From all accounts of her, Barbara commanded the deepest respect of the community in which she lived. She is recorded as an honored wife and neighbor, and the crowning act of her life was but the reflex of that time,

THE FLAG.

when, as a daughter of the Revolution the early seeds of patriotism were sown.

Her remains lie in the churchyard of the Evangelical Reformed denomination, of which she was a consistent member. The spot is marked by an unpretentious stone. Future generation of patriots may, in time, erect a more imposing testimonial, but while Whittier is read and appreciated as his merits deserve, no more fitting monument will be needed to keep alive the memory of that heroic woman.

The cottage in which she lived and died has long since disappeared, and in its stead a tin shop or some other equally insignificant mart of merchandise, stands, showing the aptness of the mercenary to triumph over the hallowed. Everything portable of the original structure was carried off as mementoes by the admirers of John Greenleaf Whittier and the subject of his charming poem.

They both sleep, the patriot woman and the equally patriotic poet. "Honor to her," and may no skeptic ever again arise to cast doubt upon the story so sweetly told, and which redounds to the credit of both patriot and poet, and also to the little city

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

that is "green-walled by the hills of Maryland."

Barbara Frietchie lived, and the crowning act of her life was the natural sequence of a life cradled in those stirring times that tried men's souls and brought the best specimens of loyalty to the front. What wonder that the end should be crowned by an act of self-abnegation that courted the rebel bullet?

THIS DINNER COST $20,000.

John Wanamaker's Son, Rodman, Gave It in Paris.

The people of Paris will talk for many a day about the wonderful dinner party given on Thursday night at the Pavilion d'Armenonville, a famous restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, by Rodman Wanamaker, the son of the merchant and ex-politician of Philadelphia. Twenty-two guests partook of this feast. Twenty-two of the finest equipages which Paris stables could produce called at the same moment at the residences of the guests, and then brought them to the banquet hall. The list of guests included Count Bryas, Count de Chazelles, Count la Rochefoucauld, Baron van Zuylen, the son-in-law of Baron Rothschild, and the artist, Roland Knodler, of New York. The decorations of the dining room were marvelously beautiful. Luminous fountains, planted upon great blocks of ice, kept the air cool.

The dinner itself showed a splendid disregard of cost. It was not one dinner, but twenty-two independent dinners, separately served, one to each guest. There was none of the meanness of the Europeans, who are not ashamed, even when wealthy, to make a roast of fish do duty for the whole party. Each guest had before him a whole leg of mutton, a whole salmon, truffled fowl, a basket of peaches, and a double magnum of champagne, besides bottles of wine of sacred vintage and fabulous cost. After the desert had been served the waiter brought around a black silk bag, into which each guest thrust his hand and drew out a souvenir. The souvenirs were pearl and emerald pins, ruby links, gold cigarette cases, inlaid with diamonds, and other trifles of substantial value. It is asserted that the cost of the entire affair was close to $20,000.

Young Wanamaker succeeded to his own satisfaction in demonstrating that American hospitality, when measured by the cash standard, quite distances effete European customs. Some comments on the affair, in which Frenchmen and foreigners are indulging, do not have a pleasant sound in the ears of other Americans in Paris, and some protests are made that young Wanamaker is not a typical American host.

For Indigestion

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. DANFORTH, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "It is in daily use by my acquaintances and patients, principally for stomach troubles, indigestion, etc., with the best of effect."

THE TRAINED NURSE.

Her Apprenticeship in Hospitals is Certainly Trying.

What a mass of contradictions is one single slender woman. Frightened at a mouse, yet she dares to face a madman. Almost in hysterics over a wild-eyed cow, she will with greatest fortitude pass the still watches of the night by the bedside of one who is consumed by a fever that may momentarily attack her. Woman's sympathy and tenderness are almost divine, and never are they better exemplified than in the white-capped, low-voiced sister of mercy who comes to our homes in times of sickness and is known as the trained nurse.

How deft the hand, how soft the tread, and we look on and wonder at the capable manner of a woman who still may have the trusting innocence of childhood in her tender eyes or may betray the lines and furrows of care, betokening a tempestuous buffeting with life's trials. Whether she be young or old, does it ever occur to us to imagine where she received her apprenticeship that makes her the efficient woman we so much admire. Long before the pleasant task of nursing in comfortable homes is reached, the rigorous schooling in hospital, and the course of medicine must be thoroughly instilled, and it is in this particular that the pluck and stick-to-itiveness of these frail women is most especially surprising. They have no choice of patients, old and young, poor and dirty, as a rule, sane or raving with delirium—it matters not, they one and all are a part of the great lesson to be learned. Yet is it not surprising that during these days of trial many do not back out and let their woman's nerves get the better of their merciful desires? Especially remarkable is this when the alms house calls them to duty, there to soothe the brow of some drunken pauper, to dress the wounds of a vagrant imbecile or assiduously wait on the lowest of the low wasting away with consumption. Yet there comes never a murmur from these willing martyrs, many of whom are women of advanced refinement, whose dainty hands have never touched aught to soil them, yet which in their chosen profession must come in contact with that which is revolting even to the thoughts. Women are mysteries that are past finding out, and the greatest riddle, yet withal one of the most attractive, because so utterly contradictory, is the one that comes to us in sickness under the garb of that human blessing known as the trained nurse.—Philadelphia Times.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, New Athens, Ohio. Only $140 a year. Catalog free.

The Sunday School.

LESSON 7, AUGUST 18, 1895.

The New Home in Canaan.

Golden Text: Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.—Deut. 8:10.

LESSON TEXT.

(Deut. 6:3-15.)

3. Hear therefore, O Israel, and observe to do it; that it may be well with thee, and that ye may increase mightily, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee, in the land that floweth with milk and honey.
4. Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:
5. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.
6. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:
7. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.
8. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.
9. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.
10. And it shall be, when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildest not,
11. And houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten and be full;
12. Then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage.
13. Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shalt swear by his name.
14. Ye shall not go after other gods, of the gods of the people which are round about you;
15. (For the Lord thy God is a jealous God among you;) lest the anger of the Lord thy God be kindled against thee, and destroy thee from off the face of the earth.

Illustrative Applications.

By A. F. Schauffler, D. D.

Remind the class of the experience of the Israelites since they left Egypt. If the people had not sinned against God, they would have marched straight from Mt. Sinai to the land of promise. It was only a journey of a few weeks at the utmost. But they rebelled against God, and the consequence was that they had now been wandering for thirty-eight years from place to place, and all who were twenty years old and upward when they left Egypt had died (except Joshua and Caleb). Now they were once more on the borders of the land, and Moses knew that they were soon to pass over. He also knew that God would soon call him away from the people. But his heart was full of anxiety lest the people whom he so loved should again fall into sin, and lose the fulness of the blessing that God wished them to have. So, in bidding them farewell, he gave them such counsel as his experience of forty years with them seemed to call for. Part of this counsel is found in the text of the lesson for to-day.

Now let the teacher take up the verses of the lesson, and draw from them the practical truths that they contain. Notice that the Israelites were going into the land of their enemies, who would do all that they could to resist their advance. Under the circumstances, we might naturally have supposed that Moses would have given them advice about having their swords and spears sharp, and their various weapons of war ready. But he said nothing to them about these things. All that he spoke of was spiritual. What he urged upon them was obedience to the law of their God. He seemed to have been more afraid that Israel would forget that than he was that all the tribes of Canaan put together would oppose them. And for this he had good reason, for was it not just because they had disobeyed God that they had been kept out of the land for thirty-eight years? He remembered well what God did to Pharoah's horses and chariots, and knew that God was more than a match for the tribes of the land, if he chose to put forth his power. But he also knew that God would refuse to put forth this power if the people rebelled against him. Therefore he urged them more than anything else to be careful to obey, and to remember the great commandment of the law, which was that they should love the Lord their God with all their hearts.

But more than this. There were in that camp many thousands of children. The older ones had had bitter experiences of wrong-doing, and could easily remember them; but the children were inexperienced, and Moses was anxious for them. So he gave instructions regarding them. These are found in verses 6-9. Taking upon himself the functions of a "board of education," he gave directions with regard to the education of the rising generation. It is noteworthy that he said nothing about geography, arithmetic, physics, or any of these secular studies, but said much about the training of the children in the knowledge of the word of God. He was far less anxious that they should know about Egypt and its history than that they should be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The great lawgiver had no idea of a secular education, and of a divorce between the secular and the religious in public instruction. He knew that the Egyptians knew far more than the Israelites, but that, none the less, they were, religiously, a bad lot. Moses had enjoyed all the educational advantages that Egypt could afford, so that he took the stand that he did, not because he was a religious man, but because he was just the best instructed man of his day. Household teaching and household religion were what he inculcated as the basis of all national greatness.

Alas that we should have gone so far astray as we have in this regard! We seem to think that if you store a child's head full enough, all will be well, and that it makes but little difference how empty his heart may be. So, in our public schools, we have totally divorced religion from education. The result will be seen, before long, in a crop of young men and maidens who are no credit to the nation, and only a menace to the welfare of the republic.

Moreover, the heart of Moses was burdened with the thought that when the people should be in the land, having gained possession of it, they would grow proud, and would, in their prosperity, forget the Lord who had brought them out of Egypt, and forsake him. He knew well that they would be tempted to adopt the manners of the nations round about them, and become idolaters. As a matter of history, that is exactly what happened. So he warned them solemnly against that, and bade them "beware lest thou forget" the Lord thy God; for he knew that so long as they obeyed God all would be well, but that as soon as they departed from following his commandments all would be ill. This was proved to be true by the subsequent history of the people. Indeed, to this day, the Jews are suffering from the doing of just such things as Moses warned them against.

The apostle says "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Either this is true or it is false. Which is it? If it is false, then the sooner we throw godliness to the four winds the better. If it is true, then the sooner we bring godliness to the fore the better for us all. But we know that it is true. Therefore in all our thoughts we should take to ourselves the warnings of Moses, which the course of more than thirty centuries has tested and found good, and see to it that they are carried out in our lives. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," said the Master: and those that do that shall find that in so doing they are more blessed than they could be in any other way.—A. F. Scauffler, D. D., in S. S. Times.

There Was Another Way.

A conjuror was recently performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy, in fun: "I say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course she can," replied the boy.

"Why, how is that?" asked the conjuror.

"She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.—Richmond State.

A HOPELESS CASE.

He was just a common sinner,
But he'd buy a tramp a dinner,
An' he'd sort o' try to put him on his feet;
An' a feller might be needy
An' his raiment worn and seedy,
Yet he'd stop an' visit with him in the street.

He made no ado about it—
Wouldn't brag around ner shout it,
Yet he did a heap to help his fellow men;

THEY KNOW'D THE DEVIL GOT HIM.

When he'd find a fallen brother
In some easy way er other,
He would make him organize himself again.

He had money an' he spent it,
Er he give away er lent it;
Seemed ez if the more he lost the more he got.
Made all sorts o' big donations,
Helped support his poor relations,
An' he bought a orphan school a house an' lot.

Never heard o' him a-shoutin'
Ner a-settin' 'round a-spoutin'
'Bout the everlastin' wickedness o' things;
But he jest went on a-findin'

HE'D BUY A TRAMP A DINNER.

Deeds to do, an' never mindin'
Much about a crown er harp with golden strings.

Yet the deacon's folks (it's very
Hard to say it) they was merry
When at last death came an' caught him in the lurch,
For they know'd the devil got 'im,
An' it served 'im right, dod rot 'im!
For he never had united with the church.

—Nixon Waterman.

NAPOLEON'S STOMACH-ACHE.

It Played an Important Part in the Defeat of the French.

Suddenly, in the midst of an order to General Vandamme, who was to head off the retreat near Kulm, 100 miles to the north, the emperor gave a sharp cry, clapped a hand over his lower waistcoat buttons, and doubled up completely, unable to think or act.

Napoleon had the stomach-ache.

You laugh at this; but let me tell you there is nothing so demoralizing as pain. Headache and indigestion have wrecked more than one great cause. Men who can withstand armies have surrendered to the toothache. Napoleon was never victorious on the sea because he was always too seasick to command in person. Napoleon could not endure pain, and lost his crown through a stomach-ache. For the cramp that caught him that day at Pirna kept him from pursuing his routed foes, and with that failure to act began the conqueror's downfall.

At all events, he gave up his plan of conducting the pursuit in person. He returned to Dresden. Disaster fell upon his generals whenever they fought without him. Oudinot was beaten at Grossbeeren; Macdonald was overthrown at Katzbach; Vandamme was captured at Kulm; Ney was routed at Dennewitz. The Allies turned back. With fresh troops swelling their recovering ranks, they drew about the man they had sworn to destroy.

His vassals forsook him; his tributaries deserted him. France was left alone, and, yielding to the advice of his marshals rather than following his own wise judgment, Napoleon gave up his plan of marching upon Berlin. His enemies drew about him, they inclosed him in a ring of steel; and on the 16th of October, 1813, the emperor and his men stood at bay under the walls of quaint old Leipsic—a handful against a host.

That bloodiest battle of modern times has been called the Battle of Nations. It was France against all Europe. For three days it raged. Ninety-four thousand men were killed or wounded. Then the Saxons in the ranks of France went over in a body to the enemy. Retreat was a necessity. Napoleon was beaten.—July St. Nicholas.

Groves of orange rich in perfume,
With their odors freight the breeze;
SOZODONT, in healthful fragrance,
Cannot be surpassed by these.
Teeth by it are snow white rendered;
Take no substitute if tendered.

A PAMPHLET ABOUT TRILBY.

Trilbyana is a Sort of History of Du Maurier's Famous Novel.

Everybody knows that Du Maurier's novel "Trilby" has been more talked about than any novel of this generation. A new proof of the extraordinary interest in it is the publication of a good-sized pamphlet entitled "Trilbyana." It is compiled by Col. J. B. and Miss J. S. Gilder.

The pamphlet contains the history of Whistler's amusing quarrel with Du Maurier over the character of Joe Sibley and much interesting personal history of the characters in "Trilby."

It begins with a review of "Trilby" and follows with chapters on Du Maurier as a draughtsman, on "Trilby" on the stage, on personal anecdotes of Du Maurier and Whistler, on "Trilby" entertainments, on songs, on a search for sources, on Nodier's "Trilby," and other subjects.

It contains some interesting illustrations. The frontispiece is Du Mourier's first drawing for Punch. Others are a portrait of Du Mourier by himself, Du Mourier's house on Hampstead Heath, and The World's cartoon entitled "Platt, the New Svengali."

Sympathy.

Magistrate—And why did you roam about in the streets during the night?

Defendant—I was afraid to go home.

Magistrate—Are you married?

Defendant (joyfully)—Oh, Your Worship, I suppose you know what it is, too.—Tit-Bits.

FITS CURED
(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)
Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

It seems strange that people will not improve their opportunities; they all want to get rich, but have not enough enterprise to succeed. I believe any man or woman can clear $10 a day in the Dish Washer business, as it is just booming now; but not one in 500 has push enough to enter the field and reap the harvest. I have been in the business over a year, and have cleared over $20 every day without canvassing any. I have examined all the Dish Washers, but none equal the Climax. Address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, and they will tell you how to proceed, and you can do well in city or country, as every family wants a Climax Dish Washer. When we know of opportunities like this, I think it our duty to inform others, as this is a chance for all to make money honestly and easily.

A READER.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Lehmann, Pattison & Nesbit Washington, D. C. Examinations Free. Send for circular.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PEEP at other mysteries. Effects of a sporting life. 60 page book for men, 20 pictures true to life. Sent sealed in plain wrapper for 10c silver or stamps. A. J. HENDERSON, Drawer W, Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED--AN IDEA. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED
(PATENTED)
The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.
PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO.
Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

MEDICAL.

RUBBER GOODS—Sealed particulars sent married persons only. Gem Co., Kansas City, Mo.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED [illegible] O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D. McVicker's Theater Building, Chicago, Ill.

TURKISH HAIR ELIXIR Grows a Heavy Beard, a Glossy Moustache, Beautiful Eyebrows [illegible] TREMONT MAN'G CO., Sta. A, Boston, Mass.

LADIES A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address The Women's Medical Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN BE MANLY We send you the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges and Emissions, CURE Varicocele, Spermatorrhea and RESTORE Lost Vigor. Use it and pay if satisfied. Address VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SELF-ABUSE And Shrunken Organs. FREE PRESCRIPTION. I will gladly send to any man the RECEIPT with full directions sealed, FREE, which cured me of SEXUAL WEAKNESS, Night Losses, Nervousness, Small Weak Parts, Self Abuse, etc. Address THOMAS SLATER, Box 973, Kalamazoo, Mich., Shipper Famous Celery.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand. PENNYROYAL PILLS Original and Only Genuine. SAFE, always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.

FREE TO WEAK MEN Manhood Restored, small, weak organs enlarged, Night emission, exhausted vitality, nervous and physical debility, and effects of self-abuse quickly and permanently cured. I will send (sealed) free the recipe of this simple remedy, which cured me after everything else had failed, and will cure you. Address, C. H. MULLER, Box 804, Kalamazoo, Mich.

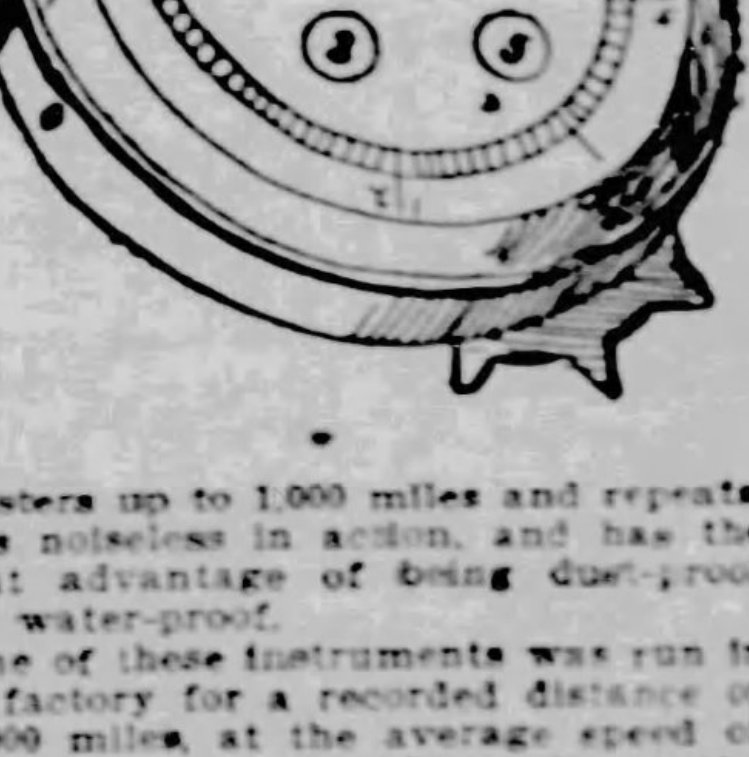
FREE PRESCRIPTION for the cure of Small Weak Sexual Organs when caused by SELF-ABUSE OR SEXUAL EXCESSES. I will gladly send to any man, the RECEIPT, with full directions sealed, FREE, which cured me of SEXUAL WEAKNESS, Night Losses, Nervousness, Small, Weak Parts, Self-Abuse, etc. Address C. J. WALKER, Box 1004, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A NEW CYCLOMETER.

Still Another Invention for the Convenience of Bicycle Riders.

The accompanying illustration shows a very simple and compact distance-measurer for the use of bicyclists. It is made of aluminum, with a satin-finished dial, and presents a very handsome appearance.

This cyclometer is made by a watch company in Trenton, N. J., and is said to be absolutely accurate. It weighs only two and one-quarter ounces, and



registers up to 1,000 miles and repeats. It is noiseless in action, and has the great advantage of being dust-proof and water-proof.

One of these instruments was run in the factory for a recorded distance of 130,000 miles, at the average speed of a mile in four seconds, and not the least sign of wear was observed.

It may be attached to a wheel in a minute, and the dial may be read at a glance from the saddle.

AN ISLAND LAKE WITH TIDES.

Peculiarities of Kildine Described by Russian Scientists.

Russian scientists have lately been studying the curious island of Kildine, off the coast of Russian Lapland, and separated from it by a narrow strait. This island has a lake that has no visible connection with the sea, but is affected by tidal movements. To be sure, the tides in the lake rise and fall only a few inches, while those in the surrounding sea rise and fall several feet. The periodicity of the lake tides make it plain that the lake has some subterranean communication with the sea.

The water on the island is of three kinds, fresh water from rains and from brooks at the highest points; a little lower, salt water like that of the sea; at the lowest point sea water, surcharged with free sulphuretted hydrogen. The fresh water is inhabited by the animal life usual in the fresh water of that region. The salt water has sea creatures, sponges and the like, while the water surcharged with sulphuretted hydrogen has neither vegetable nor animal life. The phenomenon of this free sulphuretted hydrogen has its counterparts in the depths of the Black Sea, where the presence of the gas destroys animal and vegetable life.

Another Japanese Joke.

"My dear," said Mr. Nubbs to Mrs. Nubbs, "what name did I understand you to call the new servant?"

"Japan," replied Mrs. Nubbs, sweetly.

"And pray, why such an odd name, my dear?"

"Because she is so hard on china, love," and the domestic felicity remained serene.—Tit-Bits.

Fashionable Anyhow.

First Clerk—That's all the thanks a fellow gets. Here I've had my pay reduced after making a horse of myself.

Second clerk—Well, there's one satisfaction to you. Docked horses are considered extremely stylish.—Boston Transcript.

Cuban War News.

Watts—What is the latest from Cuba?

Potts—The insurgents are about ten telegrams ahead, I believe.—Indianapolis Journal.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE...............Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK. 129,000

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have been asked if we will accept renewals, for three months more, of the three months' subscriptions about to expire. We answer, most emphatically, NO, because in the beginning we only proposed to take one set of three months subscribers at 10 cents, in order to make a large number of new readers acquainted with the Blade.

We shall be glad to receive a renewal for one year from all the three months subscribers now on our books; and we may possibly make a special proposition to them. However, be it understood, that we will take all of the new three months subscriptions at 10 cents that may be sent in before September 1, but the renewal of these must be for one year.

OUR NEXT SERIAL.

Within a short time we propose beginning the publication of another serial story, in addition to the one now running in our columns. It is a story of American life of the present day, deeply interesting, and bearing a lesson which will be of benefit to every reader. It is entitled:

AN ENEMY'S WORK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Mr. Rexford is a well-known American writer, and his writings are favorites with the great mass of intelligent readers. This story was not prepared for the general literary market, but was written expressly for The Blade, with an eye single to its vast army of readers who find in it their ideal type of family newspaper. Mr. Rexford has known The Blade for years, and was a contributor to its columns in the past. His thousands of old friends among our readers will be glad to welcome him back again.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

A HAPPY IDEA FOR ALL OUR CLUB RAISERS.

These Prize Offers Do Not Conflict With the Offer Elsewhere.

Scores of our subscribers write us that it is very exciting and interesting to take three months' subscriptions to the Weekly Blade at ten cents. They start out to raise a club of ten, and usually become so interested in the work that they secure fifty, one hundred or even more names the first day. Then they continue the work to see what they can really do.

We notice that a number of club-raisers are selecting books consecutively, beginning with No. 1 on the list. This shows that they have an idea of sending in names enough to get the entire series of books, or else are interested to see how high up in the list they will get before September 1.

This is a good idea, and we are determined to encourage it. Therefore, we propose to announce another list of ten prizes, which will in no wise conflict with the other, but will be in addition thereto. By this we mean that it will be possible for any one person to obtain a prize from both lists.

First—We offer a Blade sewing machine to every person who will secure, during the three summer months, the whole list of sixty-eight books as premiums. This premium is worth $18.

Second—We offer a hunting-cased gold watch—described as No. 1 in The Blade list—worth $15.75, to every person who will secure, during the same time sixty premium books.

Third—We offer a hunting-cased coin silver watch—described as No. 27 in the Blade list—worth $10, to every person who will secure 58 premium books.

Fourth—We offer a Blade china dinner set, 108 pieces, valued at $9.25, to every person who will secure 56 premium books.

Fifth—We offer an open-faced coin silver watch—described as No. 26 in the Blade list—valued at $6.50, to every person who will secure 50 premium books.

Sixth—We offer an open-faced nickel silver Elgin watch—described as No. 4 in the Blade watch list—valued at $5.50, to any person who will secure 48 premium books.

Seventh—We offer one dozen of table knives, described in the Blade list, and valued at $4.25, to any person who will secure 45 premium books.

Eighth—We offer one Blade china tea set, 56 pieces, valued at $4.00, to any person who will secure 43 premium books.

Ninth—We offer one dozen nickel table spoons, described in the Blade list, valued at $2.35, to any person who will secure 40 premium books.

Tenth—We offer one dozen nickel tea spoons, as described in the Blade list, valued at $1.25, to any person who will secure 30 premium books.

We call particular attention to the fact that the above offers are NOT merely offered to the FIRST persons securing the above number of books, but to ALL who reach the required number. This offer, therefore, does not mean merely ten prizes, but it may possibly mean 100 prizes, as we apprehend a very large number will, during the season, secure the above prizes.

Be SURE and number your lists of names consecutively, so that we can tell, at a glance, how your list stands on September 1. Many of our readers are already advanced toward some of the above premiums, and hundreds more can very easily secure the same prizes, if they go at the work at once.

The Louisiana Senators are said to have declared, in a conference with Secretary Carlisle, that Louisiana will be carried by the Republicans if the sugar bounty now withheld is not paid to the planters. Louisiana has had her fill of free trade foolishness and should enroll herself permanently in the Republican column.

THE NICHOLSON LAW VOID.

Judge Taylor, at the Circuit court, at Terre Haute, Indiana, on August 1, rendered a decision which rends void the famous Nicholson liquor law of that state. His decision was that the sections which prescribe the hours of selling, etc., are inoperative. The court declined to consider the question of the constitutionality of the law on the ground that it was unnecessary. Nor did the court touch upon section 9, the local option section. The latter can not be tested until after the September meeting of the county boards of commissioners, when licenses are to be granted.

The decision is based on the faulty manner in which the law itself is drawn. The penalty clause of the law reads: "Upon conviction of the violation of this or either of the foregoing sections of this act the defendant shall be fined in any sum not less than $10 or more than $100, to which may be added imprisonment in the county jail, etc." It will be seen that this language is plain. The accused must be convicted of the violation of some section of the law. But in the second section of the act there are three separate and distinct offenses charged; in the fourth section there are four separate and distinct offenses. Hence the court holds—and rightly, too—that "a count drawn under section 2 of this act to be sufficient must charge the violation of the whole section, including its three distinct offenses, and the same as to section 4, including its four distinct offenses."

It is possible that the intent of the person who drafted the law was that the penalty should apply to each charge of each section; but the law does not say that. The penalty clause should have been made to read, "upon conviction for the violation of any of the provisions of this or of either of the foregoing sections." But whoever wrote it merely said "upon conviction of violation of this or either of the foregoing sections." Hence the court held that the law has no penalty for an offense under any section unless the indictment charges a violation of the whole section. This it would be, as a rule, utterly impossible to prove, and hence the law is worthless, because convictions would generally be impossible under it.

The fault is of course with the legislature. It was a bit of gross carelessness to pass a law defective in the penalty clause. It was contended at the trial that the intent of the legislature was plain, and that the court should have construed the law in accordance with that intent. This the court declined to do, Judge Taylor's decision saying with regard to the point:

> It is well enough for laymen to stand and abuse the courts for failing to sustain laws passed by the legislature though what these laymen are pleased to dominate technicalities, but it is far better that men's rights and liberties should be protected by the integrity of the courts, by holding strict construction in passing upon the provisions of criminal enactments, thus rendering the criminal laws of our country stable and uniform, than that a species of carelessness and looseness, or of ignorance in many cases, be upheld in legislators, who have come, it seems, in later years to regard more, it is feared, the interests of private concerns or sections and too often some party advantage or other rather than the interests of the general public which they are sent and sworn to represent.
>
> If the public wish, and it is right they should, that a malady such as this one should be regulated and restrained, they must send representatives to make their laws with both the capacity and integrity to draft them and the moral courage to enact them when properly drafted, and until this is done let no man censure courts of justice.
>
> That there is a demand throughout the state of Indiana for a better regulation of the liquor traffic in the state entitled to a more honorable appellation than that of 'popular demand' will be admitted by even the better class engaged in that business, but that this would be done by false and strained construction by the courts in the absence of a square-shouldered, honest effort on the part of the lawmaking power in the discharge of its function, no wise, well-minded citizen will claim.
>
> If the act as it is here written does not express the legislative intent, then all the courts can do, in the language of an eminent comedian, is to say to the legislature "Come again," and if the people send the same men who made the first blunder the second will be theirs, and not that of the men whom they send, and whether there shall be a second blunder or not, neither the first nor second must be charged to the courts.

The lesson is a plain one. Those who are interested in temperance legislation should see to it that no such loophole is left in the language of a proposed law, so that all the trouble and delay incident to its amendment or re-enactment may be avoided. We do not say that this weak spot was purposely left in the Nicholson bill. Perhaps it was ignorance or inattention on the part of its supporters. But it is wise to watch for such things, as there are plenty of men who would commit such a blunder in order to defeat the purpose of those who desire to Pulverize the Rum Power.

U. S. COINAGE LAWS.

The Reform club has just issued, as No. 17 of its "Sound Currency" series, a careful compendium of the coinage and currency legislation of the United States from 1792 down to the present time. The work covers three distinct fields—laws relating to coinage, government currency, and bank currency respectively—and in this pamphlet of 48 pages is contained the full text of all important federal legislation upon these subjects.

The whole is carefully annotated and provided with a comprehensive summary of the coinage provisions and an index. It is absolutely correct, as we know from personal examination. The pamphlet can be obtained by sending five cents to the Reform club office, 52 William-st., New York city. Every reader of The Blade interested in the financial discussion should send for it.

When you write, mention that you saw this notice in the Toledo Blade.

GO TO CHICKAMAUGA.

Every citizen of Ohio who can possibly do so should attend the dedication of the battle monuments, commemorating the valor of the state's brave sons, on the field of Chickamauga, on September 18, the anniversary of the sanguinary struggle on that historic spot.

Ohio had more regiments in action there than any other state, and each and all bore themselves with honor. There are fifty-three monuments to be dedicated, and be formally turned over to the national commission in charge of the park.

The ceremonies will take place at noon on Snodgrass hill. General John Beatty, who is president of the Ohio commission, will place the monuments in custody of the state government, represented by Governor McKinley, and the latter will turn them over to the United States government, which will be represented by Secretary of War Lamont.

Every surviving Ohio soldier who took part in the fierce struggle of Chickamauga should be present, and every patriotic Ohioan who can possibly do so should be there to aid in paying tribute to the valor of Ohio's sons.

The stock of ex-Presidents is very low, and Mr. Cleveland should see that it is replenished at the end of his present term.

NEXT WEEK

WE SHALL BEGIN OUR GREAT SILVER DISCUSSION.

The First Paper to be That Prepared by Mr. Edward Atkinson.

Though we have not yet finished our arrangements for other papers, we shall, in next week's issue of The Blade, begin the publication of the series of papers by eminent authorities on economic questions on the silver issue.

We shall open the discussion with the article entitled

"THE SILVER QUESTION."

This paper is a general review of the entire subject, and is from the pen of Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, who is an eminent authority on economic topics, both in this country and in the Old World. His writings are deemed of the highest authority, and received with respect by all.

The other papers we have in hand are named below. The first mentioned is on the free silver side. It is called

"THE FREE COINAGE SIDE OF THE SILVER QUESTION."

From Mr. GEO. A. WHITE, of Framingham, Mass., who will take the affirmative side of this question: "Resolved, That the United States should immediately adopt the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, without waiting for action by any other nation." Mr. White's friends say his arguments on this point have never been satisfactorily answered. We also hope to secure others on this side of the question.

Another addition to our list is a very valuable paper on

"FREE COINAGE A PRETEXT—BIMETALLISM A MYTH."

By Hon. JOHN DEWITT WARNER, formerly a Representative in Congress, and well known in the political field as a debater of the first class.

The other papers now in our hands for publication are the following:

"THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THE DECLINE IN THE VALUE AND USE OF SILVER."

This is written by Hon. DAVID A. WELLS, one of the leading economists and thinkers of the world. He has been for years an authority on all economic subjects on both sides of the Atlantic.

"FIAT MONEY."

The author of this is Mr. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well known political economist. He is a trenchant writer, and his clear and luminous style makes his argument very plain.

"OUR BANK NOTE CIRCULATION."

The author of this paper is Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

"THE EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE AT 16 TO 1."

This is from the pen of the Hon. A. B. HEPBURN, formberly comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, and now President of the Third National Bank of New York city. Mr. Hepburn is an authority on financial matters, and he discusses the question from the business man's standpoint.

These papers we have on hand. We are in correspondence with the other gentlemen whose names have been given in former announcements, and as soon as the papers are in our hands will add them to the above.

The Blade will discuss each article editorially as it appears. Nothing like such a discussion, by notable men, has been attempted by any other paper, and it will be the most valuable contribution to the settlement of the question.

CORN IS KING.

Corn is king this year in the United States. The estimate of the railways is a total crop of 2,400,000,000 bushels, while those who figure on the basis of the government reports put it 25,000,000 less. It is at least a quarter of a billion bushels ahead of the largest crop of the golden cereal ever harvested before in this country. Though the crop is not yet harvested, the possibilities of damage that would alter the above figures are small.

Nearly two and a half billion bushels of corn, and almost all of it will be consumed in the United States in feeding live stock and as human food! Our exports of corn are but trivial when compared with the enormous quantity produced. In 1890, with a crop of 2,112,000,000 bushels, we exported a little over 103,000,000 bushels, which was but 4.85 per cent. of the total crop. The per cent. of the crop exported was 2.15 in 1891, and 3.72 in 1892. The larger the yield the larger the export, as a rule—which goes to show that we carefully keep what we need, and the surplus only is sent abroad.

The Chicago Chronicle, in discussing the volume and price of past crops, takes a very sanguine view as to the price of the coming crop, despite the enormous production. It says:

> The larger the crop the lower the price as a general thing, though the average price for the great crop of 1892 was nearly as high as for the minimum crop of 1888. It is true that the total value of the maximum crop of 1890 was nearly $160,000,000 less than that of the far smaller crop of 1891, but on the other hand, the total value of the great crop of 1892 was $82,000,000 greater than that of any other year. Experience, therefore, does not necessarily discourage the expectation that the growing crop will bring more than any former crop brought, while the fact that last year's yield was the smallest since 1874 goes directly to encourage such an expectation. It is not impossible that the value will average 35 cents even if the crop reaches the 2,400,000,000 bushels estimated by railroad men, and in that case the total value will be no less than $840,000,000.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We desire to send specimen copies of the Weekly Blade to thousands who are not regular subscribers. We want everybody to know the special features announced for publication this summer, as well as the low price we make for clubs. Will our readers please send us addresses of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies? And we desire especially those who want to raise clubs, to write us for all the specimens they need.

A party of African explorers have discovered flying mice in the Cameroons country. Thus is a new horror added for the new woman to combat. A chair would not be a coign of safety to femininity against a mouse with bat's wings.

THE WALLER CASE.

It is to be hoped the statement from Washington is correct, that the state department has cabled to Ambassador Eustis to push the demand to be furnished with full and complete record of the proceedings in the Waller case, that this government may be satisfied that the ex-consul has had justice done him, and that a refusal to furnish this will be deemed a denial of justice.

As this case promises to become a grave matter of international diculty, a brief review of the facts will prove timely. John L. Waller is a colored man, born in slavery in Missouri. When 11 years old, in 1862, he was freed by the Union army, and sent to Iowa. He educated himself, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and engaged in practice at Topeka. Here he was deputy county attorney, and was chosen Presidential elector on the Harrison and Morton ticket. President Harrison appointed him United States consul at Tamatave, Madagascar, in which position he served until February 28, 1893, when he was succeeded by Cleveland's appointee, Edward T. Wetter.

Waller had made himself friends in Tamatave, and he remained in the country after leaving the consulship, engaging in business, but remaining an American citizen. Early in 1894 he obtained from the Hova government a concession of some 200 or 250 square miles of land in the southern part of Madagascar, and was preparing to take possession when arrested by the French.

A treaty between the Hova government and the French, signed in 1885, gives permission to the French resident general and a small military escort to reside at Tamatave. The French claim that the foreign relations of the island are under their protection and regulation. This alleged French "protectorate" was recognized by Great Britain in 1890. But the Hova government has always refused to recognize the protectorate, or to admit any right of France to meddle with its foreign affairs. The present hostilities between France and the Hovas are over this very question. The latter say the treaty granted the colony of Diego Suarez, at the northern extremity of the island, to France, but deny any protectorate. The Queen, Ranavalona III., who is a Protestant Christian, has appealed to the Christian nations of the world to save her kingdom from the grasp of France, which certainly has no shadow of right to attempt to make it tributary to herself.

There is no doubt that Waller's sympathies were with the Hovas and their queen. He was arrested on a charge of giving the Hovas information of the military movements of the French. He was court martialed, convicted, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, which he is now serving at Marseilles. Waller's statement denying the charges in toto, and explaining his actions, which was prepared for his trial, was not read, the court martial refusing to hear it. He thus was practically denied the right of defending himself.

It is clear his arrest was because of the concession granted him. He had formed a syndicate with several English and Americans, and was preparing to lease it in tracts. The object was to get this enterprising American off the island, as it was feared his proceedings might interfere with France's designs. She wants Madagascar, and wants none but Frenchmen interested in its development.

The demand of this government is a proper one and France should be compelled to concede it. Waller is an American citizen, and the flag of his country should protect him in all lawful enterprises, no matter what his color.

The increase in the national debt, for the two years and three months of the present Democratic administration, as shown by the official records of July 31, 1895, has been $295,054,075.

OUR WOOLEN INDUSTRY.

The woolen manufacturing business in this country is in a parlous state. Raw wool was put on the free list by the Democratic tariff law and the duties on all kinds of woolen goods reduced, though in an irregular and unmethodical way. The question whether the woolen industry will be able to maintain itself against English competition is now attracting attention.

The question is—as is the whole tariff question in its last analysis—simply one of wages. For example, the weavers at Olneyville, R. I., receive from $9 to $12 per week. The English weavers in the Yorkshire mills doing exactly the same kind of work receive from $2.40 to $3.60 per week. This broad difference in the wage rate runs through all departments of the work, from the time the raw wool is received in the mill until the finished cloth leaves it.

Raw wool costs the same at the mills. It costs from three to four times as much, in wages, to manufacture it in the United States as it does in England. With free trade in these goods every woolen mill in the United States would either have to close its doors or the workmen agree to take the same wages paid in England. The problem now to be solved is, whether the duties remaining are high enough to make up the difference between English and American wages.

During the ten months since the Democratic tariff law went into operation on imports of woolen goods have doubled. This shows that our manufacturers are "hanging on by the eyelids," and that the tide is going against them. The American manufacturers have only the hope of a Republican Congress and President in 1896 to encourage them to make a fight to hold their trade. A proper revision of the woolen schedule would then again put them on terms of equality with their English rivals.

Talking of the "good roads" movement, the people in the neighborhood of Pittsburg have evolved a new idea—that of a composite road. It is to consist of a macadamized track 12 feet wide, with an earth track of the same width alongside. That is to say, one-half the width of the road will be macadamized. An earth track is ideal in dry weather, the other during a wet spell. The chief advantage is cheapness of construction, as this combination road will cost about half what it would were it macadamized the full width. The plan is worth some experimenting.

By holding back such expenditures as could possibly be staved off, the Treasury deficit for July was held down to about $9,000,000. Verily, this Democratic tariff is a splendid success as a deficit-producer!

Carlisle's declination of the Presidential nomination was hasty. He should have waited until somebody knew he had been mentioned for it.

Mr. Gorman seems to be much in evidence in Maryland these days.

THE NEXT SENATE.

As the United States senate now stands the Republicans lack one of a majority over both Democrats and Populists, counting Dupont, of Delaware, as an uncertainty. They will need the two Utah senators, if there is no hitch in the admission of that territory as a state. This gives national interest to the question which has been raised in Utah as to the right of the women to vote on the adoption of the new state constitution.

The act of Congress provided that the people of Utah should hold a convention, adopt a state constitution, and elect officials thereunder; and that this is being done to the satisfaction of the President, he shall issue his proclamation admitting Utah into the family of states. The convention was held, and a constitution drafted, which is to be submitted shortly to the voters of the state for ratification. The point of doubt is this: The new constitution gives the women of legal age in the new state the right of voting. But have the women the right to vote on the question of the adoption of the new constitution itself? This is what is puzzling the Utah leaders.

Now the control of the senate depends upon the admission of the Utah senators yet to be chosen, and Mr. Cleveland may not care to allow the Republicans thus easily to obtain control of the upper branch of Congress if it be in his power to prevent it. If the women of the budding state should go ahead and vote on the adoption of the constitution as they now intend doing, and thus raise a doubt as to the proper compliance with the provisions of the enabling act, the President can, if the election does not go to suit him, refuse to issue his proclamation of statehood.

He may not be able to more than delay the admission of the state, but he can certainly hang the matter up for a year or two, and possibly compel the passage of a new act, thereby preventing two senators from taking their seats next winter. The temptation to prevent the Republicans from gaining control would weigh heavily on Cleveland and, if a reasonable excuse could be raised for refusing the final formality perfecting the state organization who can say that he will not fail? He is a strong partisan, and it will grieve him to see his party set upon the senate back shelf. The situation is a most interesting one, indeed.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Don't fail to turn to the second page of this copy of The Blade, and read the Question Bureau. You will find some things there of interest to you, and very probably something you did not know. Hosts of Blade readers declare it the most interesting and valuable department of the paper. Try reading it regularly, and see for yourself.

CONCERNING A THIRD TERM.

The Washington Post publishes an article repeating the shop-worn announcement that, "in proper season," Cleveland will make known to the American people in general, and to the Democratic party in particular, that he does not want a third term of the Presidency.

We might remark right here, with a strict adhesion to truth, that the vast majority of the American people, including the bulk of the Democratic party, do not want him for President, either; and that, if he were so bitten by his greed of power as to attempt to secure a nomination and election, he would be the worst defeated man who ever entertained that aspiration.

Passing that self-evident fact by, however, we will return to the Post's article, which, without mentioning its authority, declares that three years ago, the President was in the same position as, it is alleged, he is to-day, and that he was on the point of writing a letter at that time withdrawing his name from the Presidential list of candidates. But—and there is a big but in this instance—the President saw that such a thing would have played so completely into the hands of the Hill faction in New York that it would have been embarrassing to his friends, and so he yielded his own convictions and reconsecrated himself to his party.

This immediately raises the question whether the same combination of circumstances does not exist at the present time, and whether Mr. Cleveland, in order to avoid embarrassment to his friends, may not feel constrained to a new "consecration" of himself as a Presidential candidate? Looking at the whole situation, we are inclined to the theory that the article is a "feeler," put forth to bring out Democratic opinion on a third term.

This view is strengthened by the probability that Hoke Smith is the Post's authority for the statement. The story goes in Washington that Hoke gave the tip to the Post. Now, he is one man whose whole political existence depends upon Cleveland's remaining in office. He has nothing to hope or expect from the Democracy of Georgia or of the nation. With Cleveland's retirement from power, Hoke will drop into oblivion. This is utterly repugnant to the Georgian's feelings. He enjoys amazingly the prominence of a Cabinet position. Hence we adopt the hypothesis that he is using the Post as an instrument whereby to test the views of his party on a third term. We pity Hoke when the conviction forces itself upon his mind that nobody but a few federal office-holders and the corporal's guard of cuckoos support it.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

The British Parliamentary elections are practically over, and the result is a sweeping victory for the Conservative cause. There have been elected 341 Conservatives and 70 Liberal Unionist members—making a total of 411 for the Salisbury government. The opposition has elected 174 Liberals, 83 Nationalists and 2 Labor members, making a total of 259. Thus Lord Salisbury has a majority of 153 votes over the opposition, and of 12 over the combined forces of the opposition and his Liberal Unionist allies, should the latter leave his standard on any division.

The magnitude of the political revolution in Great Britain can be seen by comparing the above figures with those of the election of 1892, when Mr. Gladstone was sustained by the election of 269 Liberals, 82 Nationalists and 4 Labor members—a total of 355. The other side elected 269 Conservatives and 47 Liberal Unionists—a total of 316. Gladstone's working majority in the Commons was 39. Now the other side has 153—a net change of 192 seats out of a total of 671. It remains to be seen, however, how long Salisbury's diplomacy and the policies he will develop will hold his forces together.

Oregon horse-meat canners say an equine which is worth only $3 or $4 on foot is worth $36 to $40 when canned. If this be true, the industry will spread rapidly.

NASBY ON SILVER.

The following letter was published in The Blade in July, 1878, and refers to the wild agitation at that time of all kinds of visionary financial schemes, pending the resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1878, as ordained by the Resumption Act of 1875.

The Commune at the Corners.

Confedrit X Roads,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky),
July 1, 1878.

The finanshel condishn uv the Corners is and hez bin terrible sence the tyrant Linkin emansipated our niggers, and the tother tyrant Grant refoozed us the control of the fedrel patronage. The people saw that gradually the entire wealth uv the Corners wuz centerin in the hands uv the blotid monopolists, Bascom and Pollock. Bascom wuz gradooally absorbin all the capitle uv the Dimocrisy, for he delt in the goods they yoose, and our march to beggary was stiddy and inexorable. We coodent work, becoz the native white Kentuckian iz averse to work, and likker he must hev. We kin git on with a very little bread, but likker is a prime necessity, and there is no escape from it. And so, ez we wuz perdoosin nothin, and must live, Bascom hed get mortgages on to all our property, and he wuz gradooally absorbin everything uv valoo. How to prevent this hez bin the problem wich we hev discussed between drinks, for yeers. And lately, ez Bascom hez abandoned the credit system, and insists upon cash jist before takin a drink to prevent mistakes and misunderstandins, we hev hed plenty uv time to discuss these pints.

The Communists uv Noo York solved the problem for us. The idee uv dividin up all the property ekally, and abolishin at one sweep both the creditor and the debtor class, uv hevin everybody share ekally not only all the property, but the gains uv biznis, struck us ez precisely wat we wantid, and we determined to karry it into effect.

Deekin Pogram objectid at first, for he sed he didn't quite see why he shood give up his farm; but I showd him ez Bascom held a mortgage onto it for more than it wuz wuth, that it wood, under the present nefarious and oppressive system, inevitably pass into his hands in a few short months, it woodent make any difference anyhow. He consented, ez did Isaker Gavitt, whose mortgage falls due in a month, and so did Capt. M'Pelter, wich hez recently borrowed a large sum uv a Noo England inshoorence company.

Bascom objectid and Pollock objectid, and we felt it necessary to yoose force. We organized, and after resolvin that capital wuz robbery and whoever possessed more wealth than any one else wuz a thief, we moved onto Bascom and Pollock. Me and Isaker Gavitt and Deekin Pogram wuz appintid a committee to divide the property up ekitably.

It wuz a very simple process. There wuz exactly four hundred present wich we considered entitled to dividends, and all we hed to do wuz to inventory their goods, and divide em up. And we did it.

Bascom hed on hand eggsackly two barls uv likker, beside wat wuz in the bottles on the bar, wich the committee consoomed to support 'em doorin the division. This wuz eighty-four gallons uv likker, to be divided into four hundred. In two barls there's a trifle over a pint and a half to each Communist. We divided it up, eech man gittin his pint and a half, wich wuz promptly drunk on the spot. For an hour after the last drop disappeared the citizens wuz enthusiastic over the idee and Communism wuz votid a great success.

At Pollock's we hed more trouble. He hed about four hundred yards uv calico on hand, wich we divided up givin eech man a yard. There wuz only two hundred pares uv shoes so eech one only got one shoe apiece. The sugar and molasses didn't do em very much good, ez it wuz wastid largely in drawin. The woolen goods wuz divided up like the calicos, and give em about a yard apeece. The agricultooral implements we divided up by raffle, ez ther wuzn't plows enuff to go around, and we coodent divide a plow.

We got Bascom and Pollock communed in about an hour, and the Corners postponed dividin up the real estate till mornin.

The citizens met at Bascom's early in the mornin to finish. The Dekin called upon Bascom to set em up, ez he hed sold a plow wich he had won at the division uv Pollock's property, to a nigger farmer for four dollars, and he triumphantly showed the money so that Bascom shood hev no hesitashen in settin uv it out.

"How kin set out likker," answered G. W., "when I ain't got none? Yoo divided it up yesterdy afternoon."

"But yoo wuz agoin to hev a fresh lot in from Loolsville, last night," returned the Deekin.

"I wuz," replied Bascom, "but I countermandid the order. I shan't keep no more likker in the Corners, till yoo git some settled noshuns uv finance. I don't like like this dividin biznis. Yoo hed better turn around and find some one who didn't drink his pint and a half, and make him divide with them ez did consoom ther share. I don't see how yoo kin stop this noshun, after its once startid."

That wuz hopelis. Every mother's son uv em hed drank his share on the spot, and ther wuzn't a drop to be hed for love or money. And ther wuz four hundred men, all uv em waitin for their mornin starter, and not a drop to be hed. And ther sot Bascom, the only man wich cood furnish it to us, smilin at our agony, ez calm ez a summer mornin. And when he pulled a pint flask from his pockit, and took his drink with the remark that he hed bin prudent enuff to save that, it stung us to madnis.

Finelly Bascom sed that the likker that he hed ordered wuz reely in the Corners, but that he hed conceeled it till he cood know suthin uv wot wuz to happen to him. And we compermised. We agreed to return to the old ways—to compensate him for the likker we hed consoomed the nite afore, and to postpone the regenrashun uv the world, at leest six months, and to give him a month's notis afore we commenst agin. On these condishns he rolled in a barl, and the Corners wuz irrigatid.

We are gittin on very well now, by tradin what we commooned from Pollock to Bascom for likker. The yard pieces uv calico and woollen he takes for likker and sells em in Louisville to cheep clothin men for vest patterns, and the other goods he takes at a fair valyooashen. Bascom ain't hard to deel with ef yoo hev got anything with wich to pay him.

I don't know how a commoonity fixed ez we are kin hev communism in its purity. We are in the iron grasp uv capital, and don't apeer to be able to git out uv it. Ef we cood divide Bascom up, and then the minnit wat we took uv him wuz gone, hev another man come in with a stock to divide up, and so on, ad infinitum, it wood work, but deelers in nessaries, as the Deekin remarks, is sordid, and when they diskiver the kind uv a markit the Corners wuz he wuz afeerd they wood be too selfish to come in any great numbers. While we uv the Corners wuz edjucatid up to the great prinsiples uv communism, he didn't bleeve them ez hed goods wuz.

And so ez the idea wuz a faleyoor, we are wunst more in the grasp uv Bascom and his capital. He hez means and can dictate to us wich hevn't. And ez we hevn't any nigger laber we perdoose nothin, and ez we are constitooshenally opposed to laber, we are likely to remain in thraldom. It's a cold world, and will be till the Government pays us for losses doorin the war.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Communist, in theory.

WELL KNOWN NAMES.

Pierre Loti is about to start on a journey through India.

M. George Hugo has been made subdirector of La Nouvelle Revue, of which Mme. Adam is in charge.

Henry M. Stanley thinks that the world needs a railroad through Africa from the Mediterranean to the Cape.

Professor Shanborn, who is teaching school in Winnebago to the Indian children, says that in one generation the Indians will be as intelligent as are the whites.

A colored man who was formerly a porter on a Pullman car is the inventor of the Reynolds ventilator now used on all the parlor and sleeping cars of the Pullman company.

Horatio Alger, jr., a favorite author of children's stories, who has written over 60 books and 20 serials since he wrote "Ragged Dick," is taking a vacation at Old Orchard, Me.

The bishop of Coventry, England, who recently got married, made everybody laugh on his return form his honeymoon by preaching a sermon on the topic, "The Penitent's Return."

Dr. Ibsen is to have a monument erected in his honor during his lifetime. It is to be by a well known sculptor, Herr Stephen Sinding, and will stand in front of the Royal theater at Christiania.

Sir Joseph Renals is the eighth lord mayor of London to receive a baronetcy in the last twenty years. The others are all knighted except Lord Mayor Nottage, who died early in his year of office.

Joseph Manuel, aged 98, and his wife, aged 96, have just celebrated, at Kennebunkport, Me., the seventy-fifth anniversary of their wedding. For 80 years he has followed the sea as a fisherman.

A man named Aaron Nutt, for many years a citizen of Springfield, Mo., prepared his own coffin about a year ago, but never found it necessary to use it until a few days ago, when he died at the age of 90 years.

Kossuth once said the two most wonderful men in the world are Bismarck and the Emperor of Japan. Bismarck's day is past, but Mutsuhito is still in the prime of life. He is 43 years old, and at the very summit of his remarkable powers, which need not suffer any decline for the next twenty years.

Pierola, the rebel leader, who has been elected president of Peru, is a handsome man, tall, erect and well proportioned. His hair is slightly tinged with gray, and at the top of his forehead is a white lock that is in singular contrast with the rest. He is a son-in-law of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide.

Prince Bismarck was recently the recipient of a handsome present in the shape of a chessboard, inlaid with alternate squares of yellow and milk-white amber, laid on an under surface of gold. The figures, which are marvelously carved, are also amber, and each minute detail is faultlessly carried out.

Frank Taes, of Moline, Ill., has on his bicycle an electric bell, and all he requires to sound out his alarm is a slight pressure of the little finger. He carries the bell on the top bar of the machine, with a small battery underneath in the tool bag, and rings it by means of a push button in the left end of the handle bar.

Just as a man was writing his name on the register of a hotel not a thousand miles from Galesburg, Ill., a huge bug appeared on the page. The man paused and remarked: "I have been bled by Knoxville fleas and bitten by Monmouth graybacks, but I'll be cussed if I was ever in a place before where the bed bugs looked over the register to find where your room is."

The Webbs, of Wisconsin, have been at the front most of the time for a generation. The fact that the three brothers have risen to the bench is somewhat peculiar. Their original habitation was at Wautoma, and from there two of the brothers, William C. and Henry G., were elected time after time to the legislature, until finally their political power was broken soon after the war of the rebellion.

Robert L. Shape, captain of the Cornell crew, is a Milwaukee boy. His father, G. H. Shape, was once manager of the Wstern Union Telegraph office in La Crosse, and left for Milwaukee with his family in 1872 or 1873. The young Cornell athlete is 23 years of age, 6 feet 2 inches tall. His father made a moderate fortune in the beer-bottling business, went to Germany to enjoy it, and died of lonesomeness in less than two years.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Francois J. Trubert, who has been appointed second secretary of the French embassy at Washington, is 38 years old. He has been fifteen years in the French diplomatic service, first as an employe of the foreign office at Paris, from which post he was transferred to Constantinople as an attache. M. Trubert gravitated for nearly a decade between Paris and Constantinople, until his appointment some time ago as third secretary of embassy at Vienna.

Under the lead of Dr. C. E. Stroud of Sandusky, O., physicians over the country are being urged to assist in a movement to erect on the campus at the University of Michigan a bronze statue of the late Dr. Corydon L. Ford, America's greatest anatomist. There should not be a physician or dentist in all the land who ever listened to the words of this wonderful man that would not consider it a great pleasure to contribute his mite for so desirable and worthy a cause.

General Edward F. Jones of Binghamton, who is known to fame as the man who pays the freight and as the Democratic lieutenant governor who persisted in being a candidate for governor when the bosses told him not to be, has another claim to fame. Reading in a paper that a small boy in Binghamton had been arrested for swimming with no trunks on, he went out and bought 500 articles of that description, hunted up 500 boys and made them a speech and gave each a pair of trunks.

At one time the duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders and asking him where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say: "Carry me home, carry me home," and so he used to be brought home half-dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door.

Rev. Dr. George William Douglas has just been elected rector of Trinity Episcopal church, New Haven, Conn., to succeed Dr. Harwood, retired. He was born in New York about forty-three years ago and his parents now reside in Rochester. He was graduated from Trinity college, Hartford, Conn., in 1871. After leaving New York he became rector of St. John's, Washington. He resigned this office about three years ago, and has since been actively interested in the project of erecting an Episcopal cathedral in Washington.

Nelson's and Hood's names are both humiliated by Viscount Bridport, the grandnephew of the two great admirals and the bearer of Nelson's Sicilian title of duke of Bronte, offering for sale at public auction the medals and other relics of England's naval hero. They include the ten medals and orders he wore when shot down on the deck of the Victory, the gold sword hilt presented to him by his captains after the battle of the Nile, the diamond aigrette given to him by the sultan, the jewels from the sword of honor given by the king of Naples, his inkstand and the gold casket presented with the fredom of the city of London.

DENOMINATIONAL NAMES.

The Basilians have their name from St. Basil, their founder.

The Buddhists took their name from Buddha about 600 B. C.

The abbot takes his name from the Syriac word abba, meaning "father."

The Scotists were the followers of John Scotis, born 1272, died in 1308.

The Presbyterians took their name from a Greek word meaning "Elder."

The Donatists were the followers of Donatus, the Bishop of Numidia.

Calvinists are named from their leader, John Calvin, born 1509; died 1564.

The Monothelists were so called because of their belief in one God and but one.

The French Huguenots were named from a French religious teacher named Hugh.

The Servites was a religious order founded by seven Florentine merchants about 1283.

The Albigenses were named from the principal town in their district, a city called Albi.

The Puritans were so named in derision at their professions of being purer than other people.

The Brahmin's faith was thus called because it was supposed to be originated by Brahma.

The Wycliffites took their name from Wycliffe, an English reformer, born, 1324; died, 1387.

The Luciferians, an early Christian sect, took their name from Lucifer, the Bishop of Cagliari.

The Old Catholics were so called by the German doctor Dollinger, born in 1799; died in 1890.

The Cistercian Monks took their name from Citeau, where their order was first established.

The Franciscans, or Gray Friars, took their name from St. Francis, the founder of the order.

The White Quakers, a sect founded in 1840, took their name from the color of their clothing.

The Labadists, a body of German religionists of the seventeenth century, were named from their leader, Labadie.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TERSE TELEGRAMS.

The bank of Salisburg, Mo., ordered closed by state bank examiner.

Dollar Savings bank at Kansas City quit. No money in it.

Rainfall about Winfield, Kan., greatly improved corn crop.

Mount Adams, in Washington, has been found to be 12,902 feet high.

Strive of Denver journeymen plumbers ordered.

The Berlin senate has passed the new tariff bill.

Colorado City bank voluntarily closed. Couldn't make the old thing pay.

Menominee, Michigan, fire subdued. The loss reputed to be millions, boiled down, turns out $350,000.

Col. E. K. Silbey's sudden death in a hospital at Victoria, B. C., is announced.

The death in India from cholera, of Rev. and Mrs. August Kullman, missionaries, is announced.

The chamber at Paris has voted confidence in the cabinet almost unanimously.

A reporter for a New York newspaper named Vilardell died in Havana of yellow fever.

The London Chronicle declares that the report that England has abandoned the island of Trinidade is unfounded.

The rainy season has stopped military operations in Cuba.

A Paris dispatch to the Times says that the continued rains are causing serious enxiety for the vintage.

Slight shocks of earthquake occurred at Florence which caused much alarm in view of the city's recent terrifying experience.

A Pennsylvania engine struck a carriage at a crossing near Scottsburg, Ind., killing Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Close and two horses.

Keystone National bank of West Superior, Wis., has closed. The cause was the failure of the Superior bank. People became panic stricken and caused a run on the bank. The Keystone will reorganize.

The Reading Iron company to-day increased the wages of its puddlers to $3 a ton, an advance of 25 cents. The 275 employes of the company's rolling mill also received a 10 per cent. advance.

On account of the unwillingness of some of the largest distillers in Kentucky to close down, the movement to close all the Kentucky distilleries for one year will probably be a failure. The reason these distillers refuse to close is that they made no whisky last year.

Right Hon. A. B. Forwood, conservative, M. P., for Ormskirk division of Southwest Lancashire, has been made a baronet.

The Chronicle's Rome correspondent says that the McBride presentation copy of declaration of independence for the pope has arrived at the vatican.

Serious street disturbances have occurred in Lisbon in consequence of rumors that priests have been guilty of child stealing. In a number of instances priests have been attacked by mobs and several of them have been injured.

The English cabinet has decided not to oppose the re-election of Hon. William C. Gully, as speaker of the House of Commons.

A dispatch from Berlin says that a severe earthquake has occurred at the Russian town of Krasnovodsk. It is reported that 12 persons were killed.

Dispatches from Havana announce that the insurgents have been defeated with heavy loss in the Sagua district, and that the insurgent leader Rodiguez was killed.

The new ministry has been formed at Santiago de Chili, with Senor Recabarron as minister of the interior; Senor Vegara as minister of foreign affairs; Senor Valdes as minister of war, and Senor Maciver as minister of finance.

The London Daily Telegraph's Berlin correspondent says that the Rt. Hon. Sir E. F. Malet, British ambassador to Germany, has resigned, and that he desires to retire from actual service in October, probably on acount of bad health of himself and wife.

R. E. Whitlock, postmaster at Roodhouse, Ill., confessed to a shortage of $1,000.

Dr. A. E. Robinson, gold cure magnate, at Moberly, Mo., suicided. Loss of money.

Vicar General J. J. Kennedy has been invested with the title of Monsignor, by Pope Leo XIII.

William Pickler, awaiting trial for implication in mint bullion shortage, found dead in his cell at Carson, Nev.

While tamping in a charge of giant gunpowder in St. Louis quarry, exploded, killing two men and injuring others.

The Right Rev. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, died at his summer home in Bristol, R. I.

Mr. Eckels, the comptroller, has returned to Washington from Illinois.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars gold will be shipped by the steamship Saale to Europe.

The puddlers in the York, Pa., rolling mills have been notified that on and after August 12 the rate for puddling will be increased from $2.75 to $3 per ton.

Robert Scott, ex-tax collector and treasurer and collector of Jacksonville, Fla., has been arrested, charged with embezzling more than $3,000 of the city's funds.

At Potts' Camp, Miss., Joel Gattin, a politician, shot and killed Ed. West, a telegraph operator, for not hurrying satisfactorily in sending a message for election returns.

The Fall Brook irrigation directors have announced their intention to appeal to the Supreme court from the decision of United States District Judge Ross declaring unconstitutional the Wright irrigation law.

Frank Miller, a pioneer merchant of Redding, Cal., was killed in his store by his wife, who attacked him with an axe as he was stooping. The wife, who acknowledges the murder, has been considered insane for years.

Wage increases were made by the Ashland Coal and Iron Railway company at 5 per cent to 250 men and by the Norton Iron Works of 10 per cent to 125 nailers and heaters. This last increase being the second advance since their late resumption. All of the iron plants are having better work than in

Globe Investment company, of Boston, enjoined from doing business. This is preliminary.

H. M. Fooler, messenger for the Great Northern Express company at Butte, Mont., is missing, also $1,000.

Senator H. D. Heller, who operates the Hellertown, Pa., blast furnace and stone quarries, has advanced the wages of his employes 10 per cent.

United States Commissioner Fairchild has ordered the deportation of Ming Hank and two other smuggled Chinese who were apprehended in Buffalo.

On the fourth day of the Colored Woman's conference in Boston an organization called "The National Federation of Afro-American Women" was organized.

Daniel G. Hatch, chief of the inspection division of the bureau of Animal Industry, died at the Homeopathic hospital of typhoid fever, at Washington.

The management of the Republic, Mich., mine has announced an advance in pay ranging from 1 to 25 per cent a day for men on company accounts, and a raise averaging about 15 per cent for contractors.

A contract has been awarded to the Meneely Bell company, of Troy, for placing a peal of bells aggregating [illegible] pounds in the tower of the new city hall and court house of Minneapolis, Minn. This will be, it is said, the largest chime of bells in this country.

The Mingo Iron & Steel company of Pittsburg, has signed the Amalgamated scale for 1,200 men in the steel plant.

Philip Roundtree, wife murderer, was hanged at Haynesville, Ala. After shooting his wife he cut her to pieces with a knife.

Four children of M. S. Trimble, who lives in Bayou Rapids, La., were poisoned by morphine, given them by their mother in mistake for quinine. Two have died.

The enormous plant of the Pottsville Iron & Steel Co. will resume operations in about three weeks after a practical idleness for many months. About [illegible] hands will be employed.

At Grand Canon of the Colorado, Blatchley Porter, from Stanford, Conn., sought shelter under a huge boulder during a thunder storm. A thunder bolt struck the rock and he was instantly killed.

The malting house of the Municipal brewery at Bohemia, was burned, with a damage of a million florins. One workman was killed and two firemen were injured.

Advices from Foo Chow are that a telegram received there on the third says that a fearful massacre of Christians has occurred at Ku Cheng. Five foreign ladies are among the murdered.

The Auchen Harvie colliery at Saltcoats, a town on the bay of Ayrs, has been flooded. Sixty men have been rescued and 14 are entombed in the mine and it is believed that they have perished.

A telegram from Sofia states that M. Matchkieff, an intimate friend of the late M. Stambuloff, and leader of the Liberal party at Tatar Basardjik, Roumelia, has been attacked by assassins and fatally wounded.

The frontier dispute between Argentine and Chile has been settled. It was at one time feared that this dispute would lead to war between these two countries and would also involve Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador.

The Odessa correspondent of the London Daily News says that the St. Petersburg Sviet and Viedomosti profess to know that Prime Minister Salisbury intends to form a coalition with the triple alliance for the purpose of investigating Austria with a plenary mandate for the occupation of Macedonia, including Salonica.

The Weekly Blade Three Months

Only Ten Cents!

In Clubs of Ten or More Names at a Time.

With Valuable Premium for Each Ten Names,

And Ten Grand Prizes Besides!

Read the Following---The Best Offer The Blade Ever Made:

Referring to the several announcements on the fourth page of this paper, of our intention for special educational matter on the silver question, presented in a plain way for plain people, we think every reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade will agree with us that we should have at least a quarter of a million additional readers during the next few months.

And we are determined that the Blade shall have the largest circulation it ever had in its history. Not for a matter of profit, but for the general good of the public. At the price we announce we will not be paid for the white paper, postage and labor, but we shall at least make the Blade well talked about in every county and village of the whole Union.

Our plans this summer contemplate the publication of matter which will be of absorbing interest to every voter in the United States. Every one must have HONEST information on the silver issue previous to the great Presidential campaign next year. We believe we can set forth this subject in such a manner that the busiest person may become perfectly familiar with the entire subject, so that he will understand which side he should take when the question comes up for decision in the next political campaign. On the fourth page we have clearly stated our intentions on this matter.

Besides this, we shall publish a very interesting family newspaper, with one or two serial stories, and lots of other interesting and useful matter for all members of every family.

Now we propose to offer the Weekly Blade, in clubs of ten or more at a time, for only

Ten Cents for Three Months.

This offer is made during the months of June, July and August only. For every ten names sent us, we shall give the sender of the club a 25-cent book, such as he may select from the list given elsewhere.

We want every reader of The Blade, every person who receives a sample copy of it, and every person who may otherwise receive from us this announcement, to do what they can toward sending us clubs from their respective localities.

There is no postoffice in the United States so small but can send in at least one club of ten names. An ordinary village or thrifty town can supply dozens of such clubs, while large towns can send in names by the hundred.

We desire all clubs made up of at least ten names; but should the club run larger, a book will be sent for each multiple of ten. Whoever sends a club of sixty names, for instance, can select six books from the list, and so on.

You see it will therefore be possible, during the three summer months, to obtain nearly, or quite all, the sixty-odd books we announce. It will be observed, we pay for these clubs as fast as they are sent us, by mailing one book for each ten names. We allow no cash commission, and ten cents net must be sent for each name.

Remittances must be made in current funds. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks. Send a draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or send postoffice order or express order or currency by registered mail.

In addition to the above premiums we offer for these clubs, we will also give

Ten Grand Prizes

To be awarded at the close of the summer season, which will be on September 1, to the ten persons who send us the largest number of subscribers during June, July and August.

1.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending the largest list of names during the summer. Price, $18.

2.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the second largest list. Price, $18.

3.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the third largest list. Price, $18.

4.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fourth largest list. Price, $15.75.

5.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fifth largest list. Price, $15.75.

6.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the sixth largest list. Price, $15.75.

7.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the seventh largest list. Price, $9.25.

8.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the eighth largest list. Price, $9.25.

9.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the ninth largest list. Price, $9.25.

10.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the tenth largest list. Price, $9.25.

Number Your Names Consecutively.

Be sure and number the names consecutively, from No. 1 on your first club, down to the total number in your last club, so that we can tell at a glance, on September 1, how many names you have sent during the summer.

You see you will get your pay in books, as you go along, for all the names you send us, and besides you also stand the chance of getting one of these prizes. Hence the importance of numbering the names as you send them in.

With each club that you send, we want one of our coupons inclosed, as an evidence that you are entitled to the book premium. Those who receive our postal card announcement, may return the postal card with their first club. With all subsequent clubs be sure to inclose a coupon, which will be found at the end of this advertisement. This is important, in order to insure the mailing of your premium book.

You will find it easy work and full of exciting interest, to take names for the Blade at 10 cents. Some member of every family can find time for this work, and in setting out for a club of 10 you will be surprised to see that 40 or 50 names can easily be obtained in a few hours.

Sample Copies.

Send for all the sample copies of The Blade that you want for this work. Send us the names and addresses of all your friends, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies.

We want everybody, men of all parties, to read The Blade this summer. How many scores of names can be obtained in your town? Drop us a postal card and tell us what you think can be done in your neighborhood. We would like to hear from everybody their ideas of the success of this offer in their neighborhood.

We suggest that you send, within a week, the first club of 10 to 20 names, and afterward follow up the matter with at least one club every week during June, July and August.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND INCLOSE WITH YOUR CLUB.

Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Good for a choice of One Book for EACH TEN NAMES.

BOOK PREMIUMS FOR THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

As announced elsewhere, for every ten three months' subscribers sent us between now and September 1, we will mail a choice of the following list of books. They are not trashy cheap books, but printed with large size type on good paper, substantially bound in enameled paper covers. Furthermore, they are all of a high grade of literature. We first offer "The Nasby Letters" so long as our stock lasts. We have but a few hundred copies left. Or, the choice of any of the following 67 books. Name your selections when you send your clubs, and books will be immediately forwarded postpaid by mail.

1.—The Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
2.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay.
3.—A Tillyloss Scandal, by J. M. Barrie.
4.—The House of the Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5.—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
6.—The Coming Race, by Lord Lytton.
7.—Dream Life, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
8.—Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus. Mrs. Shelley.
9.—A Book of Golden Deeds, by C. M. Yonge.
10.—Mosses from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11.—The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
12.—Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.
13.—Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
14.—Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15.—Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.
16.—Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner.
17.—Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Wm. E. Aytoun.
18.—Lucile, by Owen Meredith.
19.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
20.—Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
21.—One of the Profession. White.
22.—Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle
23.—The Idylls of the King, by the late Lord Tennyson.
24.—The Pleasures of Life, by Sir J. Lubbock, Bart.
25.—The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott.
26.—Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
27.—Rab and his Friends, by Dr. John Brown.
28.—Whittier's Poems, by J. Greenleaf Whittier.
29.—The Greatest Thing in the World and Other Addresses, by Prof. Henry Drummond.
30.—Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore.
31.—Longfellow's Poems.
32.—In Memoriam, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
33.—The Princess, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
34.—Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson.
35.—Selections from Robert Browning.
36.—Past and Present, by Thomas Carlyle.
37.—Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius.
38.—Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thos. Carlyle.
39.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. First Series.
40.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. Second Series.
41.—Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
42.—Queen of the Air, by John Ruskin.
43.—Premium Cook Book, by Marian Harland and Others.
44.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 1, by George Eliot.
45.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 2, by George Eliot.
46.—Romola. Part 1, by George Eliot.
47.—Romola. Part 2, by George Eliot.
48.—Lowell's Poems, by James Russell Lowell.
49.—Emerson's Essays, First Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
50.—Emerson's Essays, Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
51.—Ethics of the Dust, John Ruskin.
52.—Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.
53.—Lorna Doone. Part 1, by R. D. Blackmore.
54.—Lorna Doone. Part 2, by R. D. Blackmore.
55.—The Light of Asia, by Arnold.
56.—Last Essays of Elia, by C. Lamb.
57.—Vanity Fair. Part 1, by Thackeray.
58.—Vanity Fair. Part 2, by Thackeray.
59.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron.
60.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 1, by Susan Warner.
61.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 2, by Susan Warner.
62.—Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin.
63.—John Halifax. Part 1, by Mulock.
64.—John Halifax. Part 2, by Mulock.
65.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 1, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
66.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 2, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
67.—Discourses of Epictetus, with Notes translated by George Long.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 [illegible]
½ dozen table knives	2 20
dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

A Usefull Waterfall.

The street cars of Sacramento City, in California, are now run by electricity generated by the falls of the American river at Folsom, twenty-four miles away. The river has been dammed, creating a reservoir three miles long, with a flow of 85,000 cubic feet a minute. After turning the turbine wheels at the dam the water is not allowed to escape further service, but is used for irrigation. Sacramento City expects soon to be warmed and lighted by the river.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS IT ADVANCES,

And a Discussion of the Propositions It Lays Down.

On the fifth day of Coin's mythical school, some space was given to the discussion of the theory of money. We will quote a few of his statements which give his position, and show wherein they fail of the truth. The first to which we call attention are these:

> The total value of all the property in the world is about 450,000 million dollars (p. 95). The available silver and gold money of the world combined is about 7,500 million dollars. The available gold money in the world is about 3,750 million dollars, or at most, 3,900 millions (p. 98).

We have not taken the pains to ascertain whether these figures approximate the truth or not, nor does it really matter. His argument is that the total value of all the property in world is 60 times the total amount of all the silver and gold in the world, which is twice the total amount of gold in the world. That is, the total value of all the property in the world is 120 times the total amount of gold money in the world.

Well, suppose this to be true? What is the argument in that? There is ample money in the world for all its exchanges. Here is the rule whereby you can tell whether the volume of money is sufficient or not:

When men have staple articles to sell, and there are other men ready to buy at the price demanded; men who are able to pay, but who can not complete the purchase because money is too scarce—THEN there is not enough money.

We do not mean when there are men willing to buy, but have no means. A man may be wealthy, and still not have five dollars in actual cash. But he can use his credit to get it, or dispose of some property for money. When such a man can not raise money, because of its scarcity, and for no other reason, then there is not enough money to transact business.

But who, of this generation, ever saw that time? No one.

A man may have something to sell, but there be no buyers—no demand for it. Increasing the money would not help him, it is plain. Another man may want to buy, but have nothing to buy with, and nothing to sell to obtain it; an increase in the volume of money will not help him, either.

It can be set down as a fact that there has not been a time in the United States when the volume of money was not ample for all purposes, since the suspension of specie payments in 1862.

There may have been localities short of money for temporary reasons—in a mining camp, or in a settlement on the frontier; but the most of such cases will be found either to be that there was nothing to sell for which there was a demand, or that the inability to buy was because of lack of means, rather than for lack of money.

Remember always that wealth (or means) and money do not mean the same thing. Money is one kind of wealth, not all kinds. The man of property can always convert it into money, if he needs it. The man who has money can readily convert it into other forms of property.

Another thing: There is no hard and fast relation between the amount of property in a country and the amount of money needed to carry on the buying and selling. A commercial nation needs more than an agricultural one; a manufacturing or mining state needs more than a farming state.

Business is not proportioned to the amount of money in circulation, but in proportion to the quickness with which it circulates.

In a city, a dollar may make five, or even a dozen exchanges in a day, aiding in buying something or paying a debt each time. Out on a farm, it might be a month in a farmer's pocket-book before it was used.

Now, no one will contend that the amount of our primary money should be equal to the total value of all the property in the United States, nor anything near it. There is no possible rule of determining with any degree of correctness how much money is needed for the exchanges of property (By "exchanges" we mean buying and selling.) Nor is the same amount necessary at all times. In 1891 and 1892 we needed far more than we did in 1893 or 1894; yet there was plenty for all business needs in the two former years, and too much in the two last years. There is no question but that we have an ample volume of money for all our needs.

Coin then goes on as follows:

> In estimating the wealth of the world, property in some countries has been measured in a silver standard, in others in a gold standard, and in others in a standard gradually shifting from a bimetallic to a gold standard. All are based on figures of 1890.
>
> The value of the property of the world, as expressed in money, depends on what money is made of, and how much money there is.
>
> The exchange value of primary money for the property of the world, and vice versa, fixes the comparative value of the two. So if the quantity of the money is large, the total value of the property of the world will be correspondingly large as expressed in dollars or money units. If the quantity of money is small, the total value of the property of the world will be correspondingly reduced.

The second paragraph of the above is next to be considered. Look at it carefully: "The value of the property of the world, as expressed in money, depends on what money is made of, and how much money there is."

Be very sure you give due weight to the clause, "expressed in money." Don't fall into the error of supposing that the value of property depends on money at all. We fear "Coin" intended you to understand him that way because he afterwards makes these statements:

> We express values in dollars, the unit of our monetary system (p. 111). That unit now is the gold dollar of 23.2 grains of pure gold, or 25.8 grains of standard gold. If we were to cut this amount in two and make 11.6 grains pure gold a unit or dollar, we would thereby double the value of all the property in the United States, except debts. If we were to double the weight of the unit or dollar by putting 46.4 grains in it, we would thus reduce the value of all the property in the world, as expressed in dollars, except debts, as they call for so many dollars.

Now, here is the same artful confusion of ideas. To cut the dollar in two, and make it only 11.6 grains of pure gold, would not change the actual value of any article of merchandise in the slightest. It would only change the price as expressed in dollars.

Let us illustrate the point we wish to make clear in this way: A sewing machine of a given make and finish is priced in the United States at $25; in England at £5; in France at 125 francs. Its value is exactly the same in all three countries; its price is the same, for $25, £5, and 125f. are equivalent. The denomination in which the price is named is different, that is all.

In halving the value of the dollar, we would double the number of units in the price, not double the value at all. Coin, in this place, evidently is playing upon the idea which obtains among some people that the dollar is an abstract thing, and that it makes no difference what it is made of, how small or how large it is. Its value depends upon the worth of the pure metal in it. Halving the amount of this pure metal makes the dollar worth only half what it was before. It will buy only half as much.

What possible good could come from this? Why not adopt the French franc for our unit? Five francs equal a dollar in value. By adopting the franc, we would make a thing now worth one dollar worth five francs. Would that increase its real value? Would it be of the slightest use to our people to change the unit to only one-fifth its present value? Then what is to be gained by changing to an unit just half its present value, even though it is called the same thing—a dollar?

There would be no advantage in it to any honest man in the United States. And, it would injure hundreds of thousands of honest men—every man who works for wages. How that would work in the general overturning of values, is well illustrated by the words of the President of a Mexican railway, a few days ago, to Secretary of the Interior Smith. The railway man is in favor of free coinage of silver at 16 to 1; and his reason, Smith says, was

> that in Mexico his railroad hands received in Mexican dollars about the same number of dollars that he had to pay for similar work in the United States; that the Mexican dollars are worth only half as much as the dollar in the United States, and that therefore by free silver he is enabled to get his labor for half what it would cost in the United States.
>
> The same railroad president added that by the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 in the United States the pay of employes in factories and railroads, while it would amount in Mexican dollars to as much as it does now, would really be reduced one half, because the dollar would be worth only half, which would be a great benefit to, and was necessarily in the interest of, stockholders of such enterprises. When asked why the companies did not at once reduce wages if this was to happen, the railroad president replied: "The labor unions are too strong to let us reduce the pay in dollars, but it would take a long time for them to force up the pay in the new cheap dollar to twice as many dollars as they now get."

There is the reason every workingman in the country should oppose the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 by the United States alone. It would inevitably cut the value of the dollar in two, and the state of things set forth by the railway president, as given above, would inevitably come to pass in this country.

To a farmer, it would do no good. He would pay double the number of dollars he now pays for things he buys. A $75 buggy (present price) would cost $150; he would get 11 pounds of granulated sugar for $1, instead of the 22 pounds he now gets; he would get double the number of dollars for his crops, and pay double for all he buys.

There is one thing that would not double; and that is a debt. Instead of being doubled, it would be halved. A man has $100 in a savings bank. It is gold value now. It is a debt the bank owes him. But his certificate of deposit calls for "dollars." He would, under free coinage, get 100 "dollars," but they would be actually worth only what $50 are worth now. Half his money would thus be stolen from him.

An old soldier is receiving $12 a month pension now. Under free coinage he would get 12 "dollars," but they would buy only as much as $6 will buy now. Half his pension would be stolen from him.

The man who has his life insured would have the value of his policy cut into half. There are eight million people insured in life companies in the United States, and the aggregate value of their policies is about $8,500,000,000. The persons to whom this money will eventually be paid are poor people, widows and orphans. Free coinage at 16 to 1 would destroy half the value of these policies. Those eight million people, who are paying premiums on their life insurance, are not in favor of a step which will destroy half their worth.

Every fire insurance policy would thus call for the same number of dollars, but they would only have half the value. Then a man would have to double his insurance, or run the risk of getting only half as much, in actual value, as he would now, in case of loss by fire.

And so we might go on multiplying instances. These are enough. Now, as to other debts.

There is not a personal debt in existence in the United States to-day that was not contracted on a gold basis, and the debtor received gold value. There is no injustice, no hardship, in his paying gold value back again. And this brings us at last to Coin's next point—that the prices of everything have gone down since 1873 because of the dropping of the silver dollar from our coinage.

U. S. COINAGE LAWS.

The Reform club has just issued, as No. 17 of its "Sound Currency" series, a careful compendium of the coinage and currency legislation of the United States from 1792 down to the present time. The work covers three distinct fields—laws relating to coinage, government currency, and bank currency respectively—and in this pamphlet of 48 pages is contained the full text of all important federal legislation upon these subjects.

The whole is carefully annotated and provided with a comprehensive summary of the coinage provisions and an index. It is absolutely correct, as we know from personal examination. The pamphlet can be obtained by sending five cents to the Reform club office, 52 William-st., New York city. Every reader of The Blade interested in the financial discussion should send for it.

When you write, mention that you saw this notice in the Toledo Blade.

MY CHOICE.

If Maude were a little lady,
Who did no work at all;
And if Kate were a little housemaid,
Who did the work for all;
And if my little lady
Were sad the livelong day;
And if the little housemaid
Were always glad and gay;
I'd rather be the housemaid,
And do the work for all,
Than be the little lady,
And never work at all.
—Della Hart Stone, in St. Nicholas.

An Embarrassing Question.

"Why have you got such a bare neck, Mummie?"

"I'm going to a dance, darling. One has to dress like this for a dance!"

"Do the ladies dance in one room and the gentlemen in another, Mummie?"—George Du Maurier in Punch.

THE FOURTH GENERATION

FIRST BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' GRANDSON.

The Interesting Genealogy of the Royal Family of England.

It is by an odd coincidence that the two greatest Teutonic nations of Europe should each within the last few years have been governed by a family whose succession to the throne is assured to the fourth generation. The deaths of the Kaiser William and the Kaiser Frederick placed the third generation of the German Imperial family upon the throne of the Fatherland, and the fourth generation rising from the position of distant, if certain, possibility of succession to that of heir-apparent. In England the birth of a son last June to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York not only altered the succession to the crown, but insured the continuation of the purple in a direct line from the Queen's eldest son. There has seldom in history, and very rarely in the annals of our sovereigns, says the St. James's Budget, been a similar instance of the birth of a great-grandson while his great-grandparent wielded the scepter, and as the son of the only son of the Prince of Wales, the little Prince Edward occupies a position of paramount importance with regard to the political future of the country.

The death of the Duke of Clarence, three years ago, drew attention to the genealogy of our royal family and to the eventualities that would occur should the direct line fail. The fact of Prince Edward's existence certainly removes those descendents of Her Majesty who are nearest the steps of the throne one life further off, but it does not materially alter the order of succession. For instance, failing Prince Edward, the crown would pass to the Duchess of Fife. From her it would go to her children, the sons taking precedence. The two daughters of the Princess of Wales stand next, the Duke of Edinburg and his children being practically their heirs and successors apparent. Should all the Queen's sons and their children, including the child Duke of Albany, die, the Empress Frederick would stand next, transmitting her right to the Emperor William II of Germany. Thus, if certain extremely remote, but at the same time possible contingencies came to pass, the throne of England could be occupied by two Grand-dukes of Germany (of Saxe-Coburg and Hesse), a Prince of Roumania, a German Emperor and a Crown Princess of Greece, all of whom would be in the direct and legal line to Queen Victoria through one of her sons and her daughter. The ultimate marriages of the Duke of Connaught's children, those of the late Duke of Albany, and of the children of Princess Beatrice would add to the complexity of the situation. Certain of these personages would, of course, never be allowed to succeed from motives of public policy, but foreign nationality or the possession of a foreign crown does not of itself vitiate their rights. But on the other hand, it is within the bounds of possibility that a Marquess of Macduff might step direct from the House of Commons or the Guards to the throne, since the crown descends to the nearest heir of the last occupant of the throne. The individual passes, but the family remains to represent the national unity, and in the case of the House of Hanover the family is happily so numerous that its total extinction would seem impossible.

PRINCE EDWARD, HEIR TO THE BRITISH THRONE.

Apart from the descendants of the Queen, there are those of George III, first of whom stands the Duke of Cumberland, the Duchess of Teck and her children standing last upon the total list of heirs. In 1892 the Duchess of York stood seventy-second upon the list of succession, as the Princess May of Teck; now she is second by virtue of her marriage. The families of two of George III's sons being thus united, Prince Edward is a lineal descendant not only of the Duke of Kent, but also of his brother, the first Duke of Cambridge. The baby Prince, of whom we give a photograph, was a year old on June 23 last. He rejoices in the names of Edward, Albert, Christian, George, Andrew, Patrick and David.

CREATING A KNIGHT.

Ceremony Transforming a Plain Citizen Into a Nobleman.

Some time this month the knights of the birthday honors list will repair to Windsor to receive their formal investiture at the hands of the queen, says the London Sketch. It is an interesting circumstance that knighthood alone carries this special distinction. Your mere peer or baronet takes his patent and no more said or done; but the knight receives his honor direct from her majesty by the literal laying on of hands. The ceremony is curious. The knights go down to Windsor and are entertained by the lords-in-waiting at luncheon. If there is any time to spare they are conducted about the castle for an inspection of the state apartments and other curiosities. Then they are assembled in an ante-room and special care is taken to impress on each the importance of following the right man in the prearranged order.

When, let us say, Henry Irving's turn arrives he will be ushered into a room where her majesty is seated, attended by some of the princesses and ladies-in-waiting. He will make a profound obeisance, advance toward the sovereign, and kneel on the left knee. The queen will take a sword and touch him lightly on the shoulder, uttering the words "Sir Henry," not "Rise Sir Henry." The "rise" has no existence except in historical romances. Sir Henry will not rise just then, but will place his right arm on his right knee in such a position that her majesty will lay her hand upon his arm to be kissed. Then he will rise and bow himself gracefully out of the room backward.

Her majesty is very particular about this kissing of her hand. She will not have it done in the illusory fashion practiced by witnesses in a police court when they are presented with a greasy testament. Sir John Rigby, when he was knighted, was thinking of the testament, and neglected to kiss the royal hand, whereupon he was sternly called back and compelled to go through the ceremony over again. The queen's word in the matter of titles is absolute law. Were she to address a bystander inadvertently as "duke," a duke he would remain, unless she revoked the honor.

Brief Essay on Chumps.

A woman who has to work for a living has no time to work the men, and the men are such chumps that they have to be worked to be secured. A girl who neglects her work to curl her hair and bat her eyes at the men stands a better chance of winning a husband than the girl who makes her daily work her first object. This is not complimentary to the men, but men are great chumps.—Atchison Globe.

THE LATEST INDIAN UPRISING.

MY SHIPS OUT AT SEA.

All my ships are out at sea;
And my harbors empty lie,
Desolate beneath the eye,
While the waves so fresh and free
Toss my ships upon the sea.

And I know not which are lost,
Buried deeply in the sand;
Neither know I which will land
Worn and altered, tempest-toss'd—
Mine—though dear has been the cost

Sailing, sailing, year by year—
Some whose value was but small
Now are prized before them all,
Now have grown to be most dear—
To my heart of hearts most dear.

Some on which I counted most,
Deeply laden, went to sea;
But they come not back to me—
So I fear me they are lost,
Stranded on some alien coast.

Could I stretch a saving hand
To the ones I hold most dear,
I would keep it back in fear,
I would wait for them to land,
Standing, watching on the strand.

For my ships are not all mine;
One by one they came to me,
Sailing slowly o'er the sea;
One by one, in rain or shine,
Find I which are His, which mine.

So I know that I must wait
Humbly still and patiently
For my ships to come from sea—
One by one, or soon, or late,
Sailing through the Golden Gate.
—Mary W. McLain.

IS WOMAN HAPPY?

Josephine Gro's Idea as to How Happiness is Attainable.

The New York Recorder recently asked its lady readers "What is Woman's Ideal Existence?" Mrs. Josephine Gro, the well-known composer, in answering the query, says: "I think that, way down in their hearts all womanly women's ideas of an ideal existence are similar in the main points.

"Almost every woman wants to belong to a good man and wants him to belong to her. Most of us feel the need of a strong masculine arm, and it is seldom that we married women strike out for ourselves unless we see that the strength of that arm is waning.

"It is the mission of our sex to bear children, and our duty to physically and mentally fit ourselves to bring healthy and mentally well-endowed children into the world.

"True happiness is found in thorough unselfishness. We can all testify to moments, at least, of this happiness, when at times, we have done purely unselfish things, just for the good of others. Now, if we could keep that up right along I have no doubt that we could continue to be ideally happy.

"To return to our mission. We find our greatest happiness and be the means of greater happiness to others, if we train our children, who should in turn teach theirs, to realize the duties of each to each, thus living up to the rule of 'do unto others,' etc.

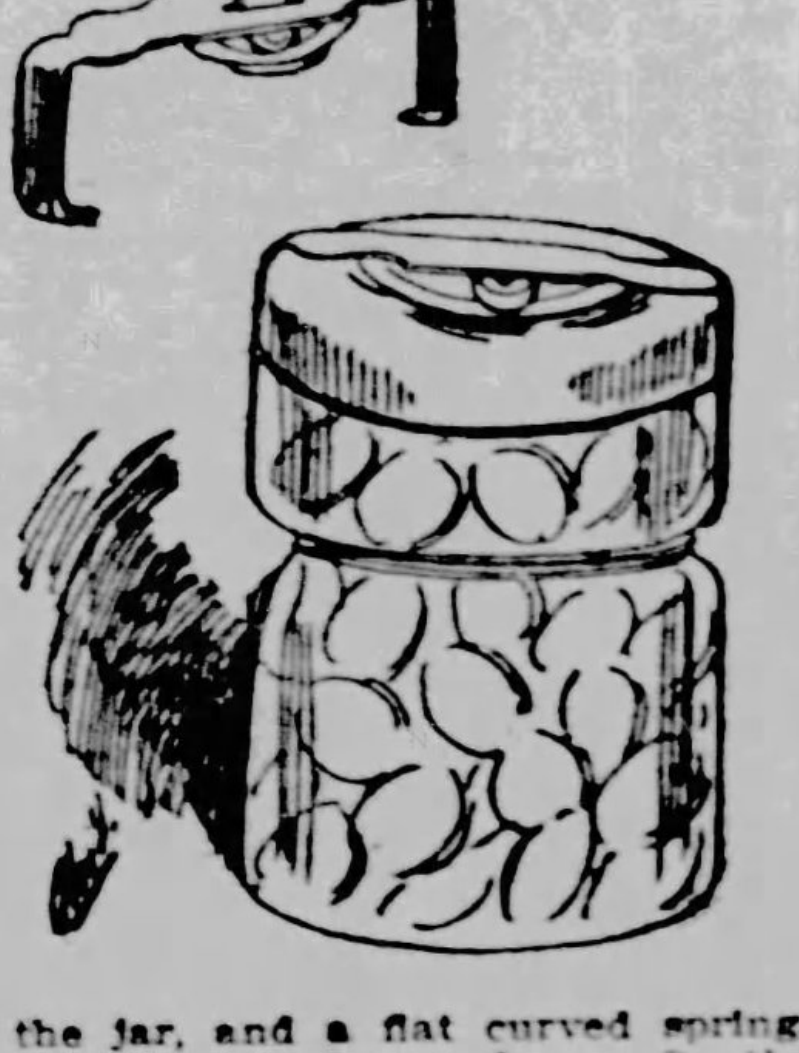
"My idea of happiness for my personal self would be, the possession of perfect health and money and time enough wherewith to retain it; a good, kind husband; two or three children, whom I should expect to rear to be useful men and women, the gratification of my ambitions in the field of music, and to all these I would unite all the honest employment that life could give me."

A NEW FRUIT-JAR CLAMP.

Makes a Watertight Seal, but Allows Gas and Steam to Escape.

The clamp shown in the accompanying illustration is strong an inexpensive, and is readily adjustable to the ordinary fruit-jar. It has a yielding fastening device that permits any gas or steam that may be generated to escape, but it may be quickly adjusted to make a perfect seal.

The main clamping piece has inturned flanges, which fit under the rim of the jar, and a flat curved spring, which is operated by a lever. On the under side of the spring is a cushion, which prevents the spring from coming into direct contact with the cap of the jar.



The device is so arranged that it prevents water from entering the jar when it is submerged for cooking or other purposes, but the pressure is not great enough to retain the gas and steam; that escapes without breaking the jar.

Sweet Clover.

Sweet clover, in which the roadsides in some parts of the country abound, is a fragrant delight for a whole year if used to fill couch pillows. Dry it in bags of very coarse, loosely woven cheese cloth; then make the outer covering of Swiss muslin, with a wide frill, or of linen in pale green or white. Bunches of the clover in cases of the cheesecloth also perfume closets and bureau drawers delightfully. In perfuming laces with rose leaves line the bureau drawers with thick white paper, then put in a thick layer of rose petals that are just gathered, then the lace, another layer of the leaves, and cover the top with tissue paper. Keep the drawer closed for a day. The roses should be gathered as soon as the dew has dried from them in the morning. Cut the roses for this purpose that have just opened.

THE BANNOCKS.

Traits of the Tribe—Version of New and Old Grievances.

The Bannock Indians, who are reported to be on the warpath because of the settlers interfering with their killing of elk, occupy the Fort Hall reservation, in Southeastern Idaho, with the Shoshones. The Shoshones are more numerous than the Bannocks, who in 1894, were 772, all told, 132 being males over 18 years of age, while of 1,745 Shoshones there were 288 males above 18 years of age. The Bannocks belong to the general family of Shoshones or Snakes, which family also includes the various tribes of Utes, Commanches, Moquis, Chemehuenes, Cahuilla, and the Kechi, Kizh, and Netolo tribes of California. Their tradition is that they came originally from the far East, and their language, which is so different from that of the Western Shoshones, resembles that of the Comanches, whose home when white men first found them was about the head waters of the Brazos, the Colorado, and eastward to those of the Arkansas and Missouri rivers.

The main tribe of the Bannocks was first found near where they are now established at the Fort Hall Agency, in Oneida county, in the southeastern part of Idaho, along the Snake river valley. They are taller and straighter than the mountain Indians round about them, and have the reputation of being more warlike. They are nearly all able to speak the language of the Shoshones, but the latter do not speak the Bannock tongue. This is the same as that of the Piutes, and the latter say that the Bannocks split off from them. Before the Bannocks got horses they were expert in the use of the bow and arrow. They are distinctly a hunting tribe, and look upon work as an everlasting disgrace, except for squaws. They view themselves as the salt of the earth. They have earned a reputation for bloodthirstiness, and are said sometimes to kill their aged parents when the latter begin to become a burden.

The only purpose for which the Bannocks appear to be preserved is to vex and annoy the Shoshones, who take more kindly to labor, schools and the use of other clothing than blankets than do the Bannocks, who have appeared to be incurably opposed to civilization for themselves and other Indians. The two tribes have been thrown together for many years on the same reservation, and while the Shoshones have manifested a willingness to accept the benefits of schools and instruction in the use of implements of agriculture, the Bannocks have assumed a superiority because of their refusal to be civilized, and have taunted the Shoshones as "squaws" because they embrace the opportunities for improvement held out by the government. The Shoshones are peaceful and industrious. There were raised and sold for the reservation during 1893 more than $15,000 worth of agriculture products, of which it is safe to assume that the Shoshones produced a very considerable share. The reports of the Indian agent show that of all the Shoshones and Bannocks on the reservation only 140 can speak enough English to be understood in ordinary conversation. The degree of civilization to which these Indians have reached is indicated by the statement that there was one marriage during the year, and fifteen chiefs were living in polygamy.

The United States last had trouble with the Bannocks in 1878. The war was hot and short, and it cost $556,636.19. Twenty-four soldiers, thirty citizens and seventy-four Indians were killed before it stopped. Gen. Nelson A. Miles was in command of that district when the outbreak occurred, and captured the war party that started out. Gen. Miles says that the cause of that trouble was like the cause of every other Indian war—deceit, double-dealing or injustice on the part of the whites. A treaty had been entered into at Fort Bridger on July 3, 1868, in which it was agreed that the Indians were to have a portion of the Port Neuf Valley and of Kansas prairie. The Indians understood that they were to have the whole of the Port Neuf country and of the Comas prairie, there being no such country there as the Kansas prairie. In June it was the custom of the Bannocks to go to the Comas prairie, where the women dug up roots and dried them for winter use, whilst the men traded horses and gambled with other visitors from the tribes of the Nez Perces, Amatilas, Piutes and Sheepeaters.

Gradually white men came into the prairie, and finding it well adapted to the raising of hogs, turned thousands of these animals loose in it. The hogs ate up the roots which had supplied the Indians' winter needs, and they complained of this as a great injustice. This led to bad blood between themselves and the whites, and in 1878 a party of the Bannocks went on the war trail, killing settlers and stealing horses. They went along the trail, which Chief Joseph and his band had followed the year before, driven to war by just such causes.

Gen. Miles, with 100 men and seven scouts, went after them, and at daylight on September 4, 1878, surprised them in Clark's Fork Pass, on Clark's Fork. Eleven of the Indians were killed in the battle which followed, and the rest, nearly 100 all told, including women and children, were captured. Capt. Andrew T. Bennett, of the Fifth infantry, was one of the killed among the soldiers. This party of the Bannocks were held as prisoners several months, their stock was taken from them, and they were returned to their reservation. They have made no trouble since. The loss of their grounds for the supply of roots was not so serious to them as the loss of their hunting grounds.

The game in the Yellowstone park has undoubtedly attracted them now, and it appears to Miles as if a party of irresponsible settlers or cowboys had gone after a hunting party and captured it. Speaking of the reported killing of these Indians, Gen. Miles said that probably many an innocent settler would pay with his life for the acts of these men. Scalps and horses are the two things which the Bannock is taught to crave.

Pacific Coast Prefers Gold.

Gold and silver are much more extensively used in the West than in the East. On the Pacific coast the gold and silver almost supplant the paper money as a circulating medium.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

South Dakota reformers are organizing a co-operative colony.

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E. M. MARTIN, Key West, Fla.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by Request.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child,
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look yet keen,
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And hope you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir,
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold.
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old)—
So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took—oh, was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spake the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from their faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

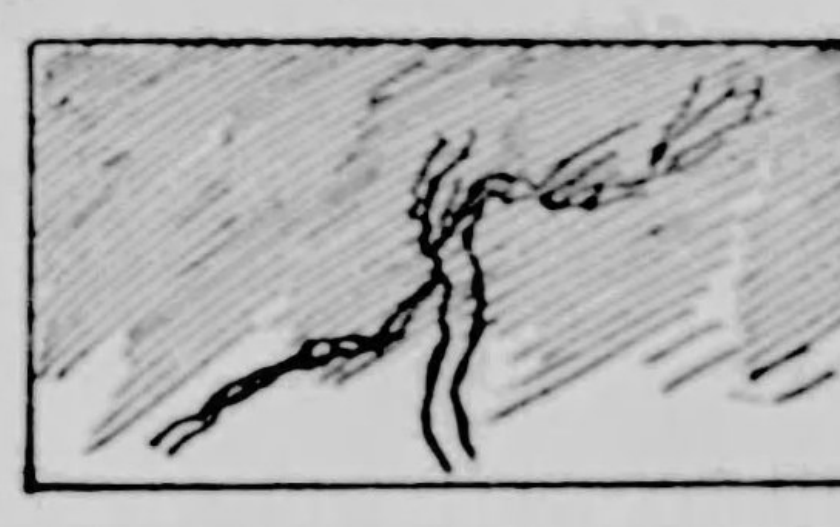
The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law.
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words they heard,
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself, the "guilty" child.

A FREAK OF LIGHTNING.

Strange Phenomenon Witnessed and Photographed in Texas.

An Austin, Tex., correspondent of the Scientific American sends it a photograph of a queer freak of lightning taken by his camera on the night of May 5, when one of the most violent electric storms that he ever witnessed passed over his city.



The illustration represents the course of the stroke. There were three distinct bolts of lightning at the same time. One of them, after seeming to coil itself about one of the others, darted off to an electric light tower, which stands 150 feet in height, near the Institution for the Blind.

This is one of the most remarkable cases ever noted, and there is no ready means of explaining it.

HER FACE AN INSPIRATION.

Not for Its Particular Beauty, but It Looks so Bright and Happy.

There is a face which I frequently meet on the street, says the New York Herald. It is not a particularly beautiful face, but it is so bright and so happy that the atmosphere always seems clearer after it has passed. Its owner is evidently a working girl, for each morning she takes a car at a certain corner, and she carries a lunch. And I feel like congratulating the firm which has captured that ray of sunshine to light up some dingy office or beam across some dreary dry goods counter at the impatient customers. I am sure she is worth her weight in gold to her employer.

Her face but puts in contrast the multitude of gloomy, weary, worried, sorrow-stricken countenances one sees passing up and down the city streets, and leads one to wonder why there are not more of these exceptions. It is possible to cultivate such a disposition as shines out through that pair of laughing eyes, there's a deal of blame attached to those people whose faces have the effect of an August thundercloud on the community.

The Parrot Punched His Check.

At a light lunch cafe, near Ninth and Market streets, each waiter is supplied with a package of printed tickets upon which he cuts out with a punch the figures representing the amount of the patron's purchase, says the Philadelphia Record. The cafe also has a parrot. One day last week a young man entered the cafe and took his noon day meal. He was a very light eater, and his check amounted to 15 cents. On his way to the cashier's desk to settle up the young man passed the parrot, which sat gnawing a cracker on its perch. The young man began to tease the bird, poking the meal check at it tantalizingly. The bird made a sudden dive and jabbed its pointed bill through the thin paper. The young man snatched the check away, however, and, shaking his fist at the bird, went jauntily on to the cashier's desk.

He laid his 15 cents down with the check and started to walk out. The cashier called him back and demanded 45 cents more. The young man was astonished and refused to pay. The cashier pointed to the check with both "15" and "60" punched out. The waiter was called, but he didn't remember what the young man had eaten. It was only after a deal of wrangling that the young man convinced the cashier that the parrot's bill had punched out the "60."

The Thirteen Superstition.

The conversation turned upon the fatal number, Friday, salt-spilling, and other superstitions.

"It is not well to make too much fun of such matters," gravely remarked Brichanteau. "For instance, I had an old uncle who at the age of 77 committed the imprudence of making one of a dinner party of thirteen."

"And he died the next day?" Le Ribi inquired.

"No, but exactly thirteen years afterward."

A shudder ran through the audience.—Le Gaulois.

New Use for a Shaving Brush.

A lady in Bangor, Me., bought a can of paint the other day with which to brighten up the shabby woodwork of the interior. After squaring herself for a first-class job she found that she was minus a paint brush. The difficulty was soon overcome, however, for when her husband returned home for his evening meal the good housewife was still hard at work painting the back of a chair, using his shaving brush with the skill of a practical sign painter.

THE HOME IS THE HEART OF THE WORLD
THE HOUSEHOLD
MRS EMILY S. BOUTON EDITOR

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

Like some school-master, kind in being stern,
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates
And calling "Help me, master," yet helps not,
Since in his silence and refusal lies
Their self-development, so God abides
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;
He hears, and strengthens, when He must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums;
But should He dry our tears, and give the key,
What would it profit us when school were done
And not one lesson mastered!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOME TALKS.

SOPHONISBA ENTERTAINS HER FAMILY AWAY FROM HOME.

Its Members Come to Grief Through Lack of Decision.

Sophonisba was struck with a brilliant thought not long ago. Not that this is an exceptional condition with her, but this particular thought had an amusing outcome which I want to tell about to-day. Let me say in the beginning, however, that there is no especial moral lesson to be derived from the narration. It is simply a little bit of reading for hot weather.

Sophonisba has a theory. It is that people get into "conditions" because they need a change, a variety, and when she sees symptoms, she at once casts around for some way to gain the remedy. At this particular time she concluded that the family, and the family's guest, would enjoy life better if they were entertained away from home, and in winning accents she issued an invitation to sup at a watering place a few miles away, the supper to be followed by an entertainment in the evening.

The family accepted gracefully. It is true, the masculine member of the household looked rather dubious, but as he only "looked," and that for a fleeting moment, Sophonisba concluded her arrangements, and pleasant anticipation was the order of the day.

Right here I want to make an observation, apropos of nothing I have been saying, but that it happens to occur to me. When we accept an invitation, it is our bounden duty to see the bright side of it; to look for pleasure; to refuse to dwell upon possible discomfort, or to expect unpleasant happenings. Insist that we are going to have a good time; that the occasion will be a red-letter one in our lives, no matter how ordinary it may seem to look, and doing this, we have gone a long way towards making it so. This, of course, applies especially to invitations of doubtful outlook, but which, for reasons, we feel that we ought to accept.

You may imagine from what I have just said that we were dubious about this proposed entertainment of Sophonisba's, but this, I wish to affirm, was not the case.

The day came, beautiful as only a summer's day can be. Never were the skies more blue, and the shining light of the sun shimmered through the trees, and upon the green grass of the pretty lawns which we passed, as our car rolled onward to our destination. Toledo is pre-eminently a city of homes, not of the magnificent, millionaire kind, but of those which bespeak the general comfort and prosperity of her people.

Into every cup of pleasure must always come some drop of sadness. Ours was the sight of a gathered throng around the lifeless body of a little girl who had accidentally stepped in front of an advancing car, and in almost the twinkling of an eye, had gone from the seen to the unseen. Still living, but vanished out of the bruised body which but a moment before, unmarred, represented her to those who loved her, she was to them one who had been but now was not, and the tragedy of this sudden outgoing with the thought of the grief of the bereft, could not fail to cast its shadow over all who looked upon the scene. The realization, that there was absolutely nothing which we could do for her or them, made us force our thoughts away to the gladness which lay outside of this terrible happening.

It was just as the sun was sinking low in the West that we reached our destination. Walking slowly onward towards the place where we were to satisfy the wants of the physical, which are usually insistent about meal time, a pretty scene met our gaze. The water, slightly rippled by the breeze that touched it in passing, stretched away until it met the blue sky in the distance. Afar off to the left, were low lands that looked like misty lines just above the undulating surface; while nearer, on the right, wooded shores along which gleamed lights told that human life was there. Incoming and out-going steamers added to the beauty of the sight, and above all was the glory of the summer sky.

Presently we went into the dining room to have our supper. Sophonisba announced that each one was to order whatever appealed most to the individual appetite. Here came a ripple in my enjoyment. If there is one thing more than another that I abominate, it is the wading through a bill of fare to pick out what I want to put into my stomach. I feel a distressing indecision while my eyes wander upon the list, helpless, up and down, over and across, backwards and forwards, while I am miserably conscious of the scorn and disapproval of the waiting colored gentleman at my elbow. A constitutional aversion to meat increases my troubles. Usually I end by ordering the simplest things on the list, and heave a huge sigh of relief when the task is over. This time my selection was hashed potatoes, buttered toast, and coffee.

Sophonisba declares that I heard the closing part of her order, hence my selection. I scorn to reply to her accusation. She had no hesitation in her choice and the masculine member of the party, whom we call General for short, made quick work of the matter. I only noticed the earnestness of the tone in which he called after the waiter, "You bring potatoes with the meat, don't you?"

As to the Guest, my observant eyes had noted a little indecision in her manner, then my attention wandered to something outside, but I heard her say finally in a chirpy sort of way, "Oh, yes, I'll have that too!"

Then followed that season of waiting when every body tries to be agreeable to every body else, and is yet conscious of a growing expectancy as the moments wear away that finally becomes almost painful. At last the coming man dawned upon our vision, and with a sardonic grin upon his face filled up our table. Heavens! What an array! I can see it now. In the middle was a platter of buttered toast, enough for a regiment! Charging down upon it from every side were dishes of potatoes cooked in all styles. There were hashed potatoes done brown; creamed potatoes; Saratoga chips; fried potatoes; and the General had two kinds flanking his meat. There was a blank look of dismay upon our faces as one dish after another, always potatoes, were set down, but no word was uttered. In a silence that was audible, we went to work. Once the General lifted up his voice to remark that our table seemed to be an object of curiosity to the passers by, and Sophonisba gently replied that it might be because we were so Irish!

We worked industriously and gradually the potatoes grew less, and the pile of buttered toast was perceptibly smaller. The Guest, with an air of determination, asserted that the creamed potatoes were remarkably good! Nobody disputed her, for each was busy with his or her own reflections and — potatoes. Sophonisba quietly paid the bill, feeing the waiter generously because he had looked so carefully after our wants, and we rose and went forth, fuller and wiser!

Promenading up and down with measured steps, we conversed about the sea and sky and air, about things above and things below, about the past and the future, and still no word was said of the supper, until Sophonisba paused, and in solemn accents exclaimed:

"No pent up Utica contracted 'my' potatoes!"

Then came an explosion of laughter while she went on:

"Did you ever in all of your life see such a supper? If I had known you were all so hungry for potatoes I could have supplied you three times a day for weeks upon what those ordered cost."

"What was the matter with you," we retorted when we managed to get our breath from laughter. "It was your order that suggested potatoes, and you were the hostess."

Sophonisba refused, however, to be responsible, though her entertainment has since become a standing joke. What followed that supper is but dimly impressed upon my memory. I hear faintly the strains of music, and know that we saw an amusing comedy before coming home, but most prominently before my mind's eye is that array of potatoes.

I said that my recital had no lesson in it, but there is a bit of one that I am taking home to myself, which is that decision is quite as important in ordering a meal as in all other affairs of life.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

N. B.—Sophonisba insists that there was something else on that table besides toast and potatoes, but they, especially the latter, were so multitudinous, that I have no memory of any other edibles.

WEEKLY HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Shall We Have Another Corner?—All in Favor Please Say Aye.

Several members of the Household have written this week expressing their wish for a new department, one especially cozy corner where they may exchange news and experiences in an informal manner. Mrs. Elsie M. Chadwick suggests that we call it "The Housekeepers' Rest," as she is certain it will prove a restful place for all of us. Others have suggested as an appropriate title, "Mother's Corner." The intention is to make this new department essentially useful to all members of the Household, and we wish to have a name for it that will be at once comprehensive and original—something that will be especially a Blade Household name, even as we hope to make it especially a Blade Household work.

Inquiries and answers in regard to making and mending the family clothing; the especial experiences that come to every housekeeper, literature, art, and all things of interest will be incorporated in this department, and our friends are most cordially invited to send us contributions and suggestions also for its name. Write as briefly as possible, and in an informal manner, as if talking to your friends.

We expect to have an especial head for this column which shall illustrate the various subjects considered. All of this and more the editor will do if enough of the Household express a wish for it, to make it advisable, and will assist in making it a success. We have sufficient talent among our members, if only they will use it for the benefit of others to assure this. Let us hear from you at once, friends, so that we may commence the new work soon.

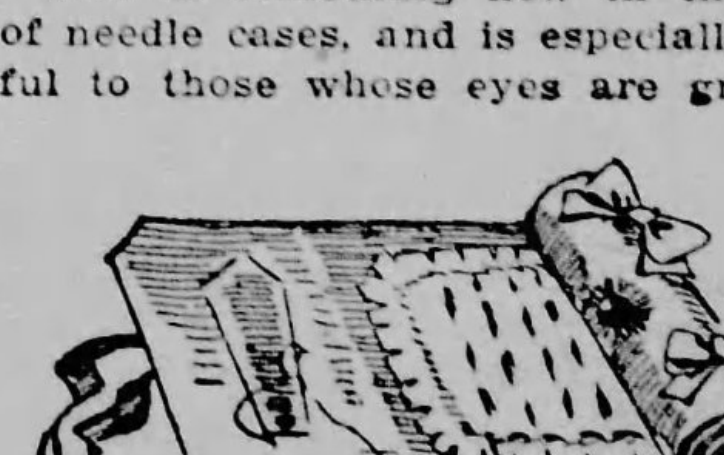
In a private letter to the editor, "Mary," whose practical articles have been so helpful to the members of the Household, tells of the total destruction of her house, furniture, clothing, etc., by a cyclone that visited the town last month, knowing that there are many who would be glad to show their appreciation of "Mary's" assistance to them, in some practical manner, contributions of clothing (new, or that may be made over), bed clothes, house-furnishing goods, canned fruits and meats, etc., or money in small or large sums for expenses that must be met, would be a good way to do this. Write to the Editor of Household what you wish to send, and she will answer at once, giving necessary information as to the way of their sending.

S'MORE PRETTY THINGS.

Suggestions for Several Cozy, but Not Costly Contrivances.

For Thread and Needle.

This is something new in the way of needle cases, and is especially useful to those whose eyes are growing just a little dim, since the needles are put in already threaded:



Take a strip of morocco or kid three and one-half inches wide, and seven and one-half inches long, line it with light colored satin and bind the edges with narrow ribbon, matching the color of the kid. The upper end is rolled round and fastened, and in the cylinder thus formed are inserted two spools of thread, a space remaining between them for the thimble. Below the roll fasten flannel or chamois leaves for needles, of which there should be about twenty, ten inserted from the right side and ten from the left. The thread from each of the spools comes out through an eyelet-hole in the roll, and passes continuously through all the needles on one side, which can be taken out and used one by one.

A small scissors pocket is cut from the kid, lined and bound and fastened below the needle-leaves. Ribbons are attached to the upper end of the case by which it is fastened when rolled up, and two little fancy bows decorate the thread-roll.—B. H.

Unique Work-Basket.

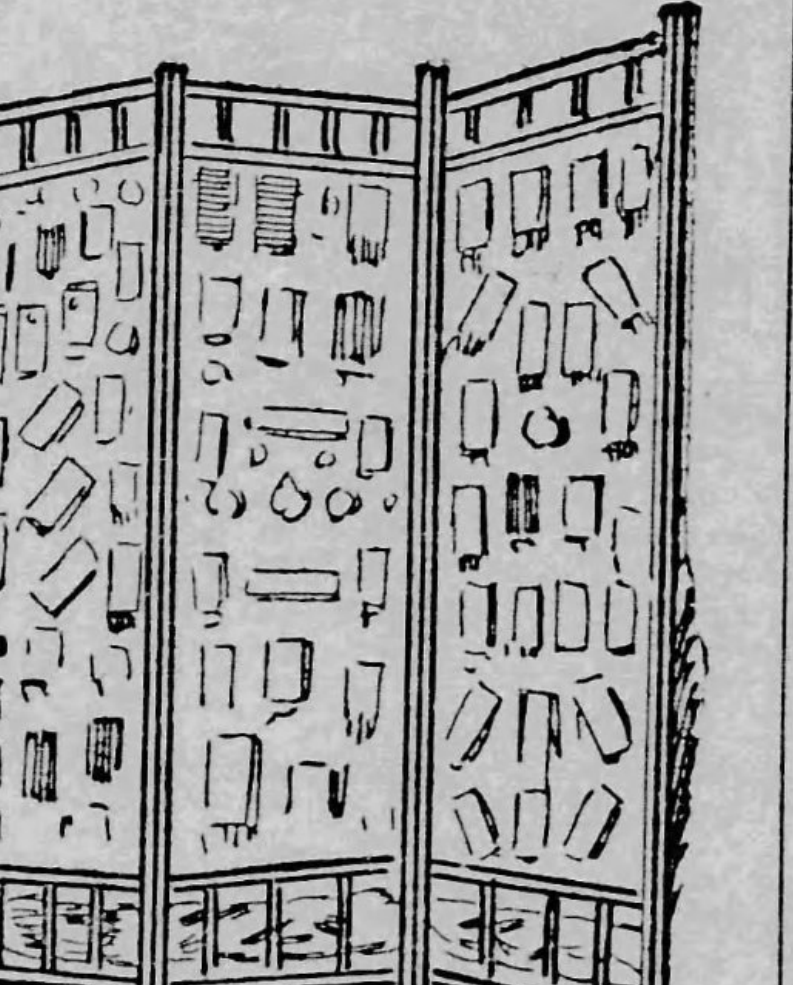
Get a milking-stool in the natural soft pine or bass woods, unpainted and unvarnished. Turn it bottom upward, and fasten any pretty box or basket in the tripod formed by the three legs. Then shellac and varnish stool, basket and all. Line the basket with silk in any preferred color, and finish with ribbon bows. If you like, a second stool standing upright on its legs, may be screwed to the first before the basket is put in place, thus making a standing basket which for many purposes is most useful.—H. T.

Souvenir Screen.

Several weeks ago some one asked how she could preserve a number of badges, medals, etc., obtained from time to time at various conventions and other meetings held by the societies to which members of her family belonged.

Having recently seen a screen decorated with such souvenirs, I will describe it for her benefit.

It was a three-paneled affair, six feet high. The panels were covered respectively with red, white and blue silk, stretched very tightly to form a smooth surface, and stiffened with crinoline. On these were arranged with due regard to their color, size and importance, a collection of mementoes of public gatherings in every part of the United States. At the top and bottom of the screen was a narrow fret-work into which was woven red, white and blue ribbons. The effect was very gay as well as patriotic, but for people of quiet taste, a similar screen covered with darker silk would be preferable. The badges may be either pinned or basted in position until all are arranged, and then caught with fancy stitches in silk at the four corners or across the top. Each panel when completed is to be lined at the back with silk or fine silesia.—Mrs. Thomas.

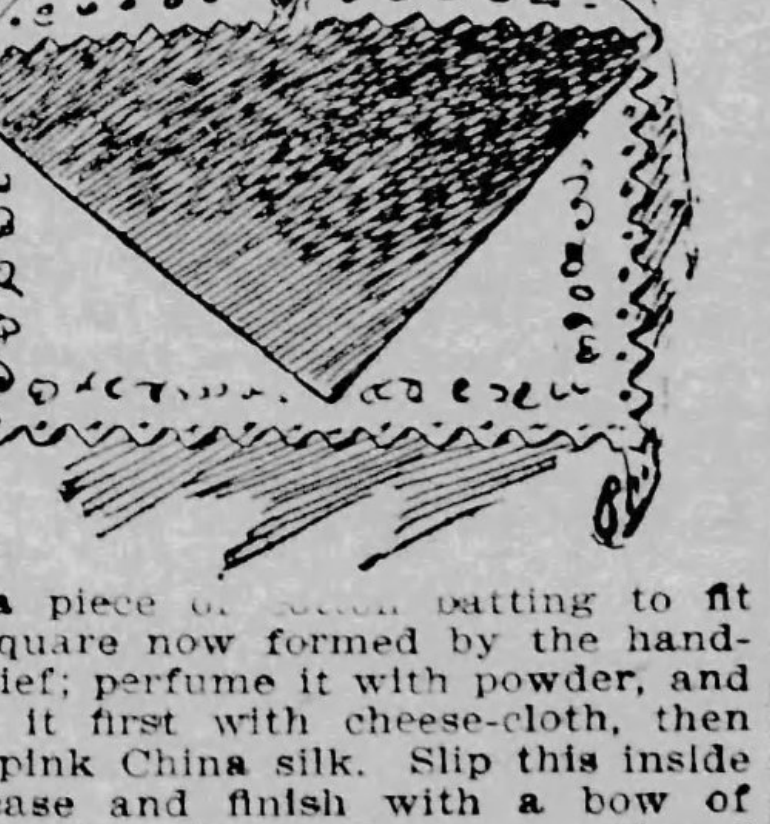


Music Receptacle.

This is a wooden box of any convenient size and shape, stained to imitate cherry, and ornamented with brass nail-heads. To do this, draw a simple geometrical design on paper, taking care to measure so that the distances between the figures shall be equal, and the spaces for large and small nails of a proper proportion. Lay the pattern on the part of the box you wish to ornament and with an awl, make holes through the paper on the board, large holes for the large nails, and smaller for the smaller size. In driving the nails use a nail-guard or some folded paper to keep them from being marred. Silver and gilt nails combine well, and produce a good effect when nicely arranged. Have divisions inside the box for bound music and a couple of shelves for loose sheets, and be sure the cover is strongly hinged and perfectly fitted to keep out all dust.—Plano.

Handkerchief Sachet.

Take a muslin handkerchief having scalloped or pointed edges; lay it upon a flat surface, and bring the four corners together in the center. Once arranged, you will understand how they are to be sewed. If the handkerchief is folded evenly the points will meet and these are to be daintily caught together with needle and thread, leaving several scallops at each end free.



Cut a piece of cotton batting to fit the square now formed by the handkerchief; perfume it with powder, and cover it first with cheese-cloth, then with pink China silk. Slip this inside the case and finish with a bow of satin ribbon fastened at one side of the opening where the handkerchiefs are to be put in.—Salan.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Last Letters on the "Bird" Question and Some Other Letters.

Ignorance No Excuse.

There can certainly be no law of right by which this cruelty to birds may be squared. All the laws of God, all the principles of ethics, as compiled by man, rise up in condemnation. Several centuries have gone by since the rack for human torture was dropped into the past, a monument to Spanish heartlessness, and, in this day of progress shall we inflict upon the helpless birds a torture no less severe because more brief?

I think we surely find excuse for this existing evil in the fact that only the few have realized it to be an evil, while the large majority have used the articles thus obtained without a thought of the acute pain endured by the little creature while giving up his coveted dress. Having once recognized the cruelty of this practice our first duty should be a refusal to wear the ornaments bought with such a price, for as long as women find pleasure in using them the market will be supplied and the pitiless war be waged unceasingly. But the style would soon fall into disrepute if she should use her influence to stay the destructive wave, and the sprightly warblers would find future protection from their present greatest enemy.

As a second duty we should carefully teach the little boys and girls to respect the privileges of those weaker than themselves.

It is our individual duty and privilege to cheerfully lend a helping hand to all persons who may need our aid. Christianity bids us "scatter seeds of kindness" in every soil, and to plant new hope in every discouraged heart by pointing to the upward way and to the blissful, restful life beyond. And under its influence every creature may expect our kindness, mercy and protection. The tiniest worm that crawls has a right to live, and it becomes ours to destroy that life only as it interferes with our higher plans.—Dew Drop.

Miss Bouton's Four Questions.

First question—"Is there any law of right by which such killing can be squared?" I know that we are safe in firmly saying, no.

The tender, pitiful Christ not only said "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your heavenly father's notice," but He considered the faithful care of a hen for her chickens a fit illustration of His love and yearning for His people, and can any one for a moment believe that He will regard without righteous anger, the spectacle of those created in His own image, murdering by thousands the tiny creatures so much more tender and beautiful than the hen to satisfy man's greed and woman's pride? Surely it is not right in the sight of God to do a useless, cruel thing for money or for pride.

Second—"Have we a duty in this matter?" We have as in every other question of right and wrong.

Third—What is it?" It is to lift our voice against this crying evil whenever we have opportunity to do so. Nor this alone. But to set an example by our own conduct in refusing to purchase or wear any thing of the kind. By teaching our children that it is a crime to needlessly kill any living thing for selfish adornment.

Fourth—"How should we, as individuals, regard all living creatures?" Since God our own Father has made all things, all should be sacred in our eyes. While it is often necessary and right to slay the creatures over whom He has given us dominion, it should be done with no unnecessary suffering for them and only for some good purpose.

It is very evident that "Cecillia" does not know all about the bird traffic, for while it is true that many of the bird ornaments are artificial it is also true that many thousands of them are not only real, but that in order to preserve their utmost beauty and lifelike appearance, the birds must be skinned alive. Nor is this all. Many of the most beautiful ones are so shy that they can only be caught while brooding their young, so that after the parent bird is deftly skinned and the living, throbbing body is flung down, sometimes to suffer many moments in unutterable agony, the nestlings are left to starve.

Think of it sisters, that lovely ornament on which you pride yourself, has perhaps cost not less than six innocent lives. Will that thought add to your pleasure?—Laura A. Chupp.

No Doubts in Her Mind.

The time was, I blush to say, when I wore birds, or parts of their mutilated bodies upon my hat, and supposed that by so doing I was adding to my appearance. My eyes were opened to the sinfulness of the act by reading an article in the Union Signal which described the manner of preparing the birds for use. I read the article to my scholars and promised God then and there that never again should the corpse of a bird be worn on a hat or bonnet of mine.

Who was it said "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father?" Was it not He who taught that love should be the motive for our every act? Wherein is the love that says birds should be skinned alive in order to preserve the brilliant hues of their plumage, for this is done, and where only wings are wanted they are cut or torn from the body of the live bird. George MacDonald says "God attends the funeral of every sparrow." If He so cares for the birds, let us care for them.—Mace.

Taking Great Risks.

I read the following article recently and would like to know the opinion of the ladies as to whether it was a proper thing for any woman to do, if she was a young woman or an old one:

"A young lady working in a soap factory inclosed with a cake of soap, in a wrapper, an invitation for correspondence with a view to marriage. This fell into the hands of a widower with seven children. He answered it, and after a short time he visited her once. She then came to his home and was married to him without any further knowledge of his life or habits."—H. C. Purple.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Column Where Many Questions Are Asked and Others Answered.

Adaline Wells:—A thorough search through all of the drawers and pigeon holes of the editor's desk failed to give any trace of the poem you say you sent. We are very sorry that we cannot find it, as you were so kind as to take the trouble you did to procure it for The Blade. If it ever comes to the light, rest assured it shall be published and a copy of the paper sent you.—Ed.

Lizzie Cutting:—The Blade was first published in 1836, fifty-nine years ago. The editorial management has changed many times during that period, but it has always held its place as one of the best papers in the country.—Ed.

The words of the following songs are requested by as many different persons: "Gerald," "My Own Native State," "Aileen Allanna," "Wild Zingarella," and "People Will Talk." "Bitter Sweet" sends the words of "Afton Water," and "May Flower" sends a copy of "Father Abbey's Will," with the addition of one more verse than was given last week, and would like to correspond with "Stephen' on the subject. If "Stephen" wishes to write, let a postal with his (?) full address be sent to the editor of the Household, who will forward it.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me, first, how to take grease out of a hard wood floor; second, what will make a canary bird sing, and, third, what will stop my hair from falling off?—Ethel.

Will some one send, at once, recipe for pickling cucumbers by the barrel, for the market?—W. L. Wells.

Will some one send recipe for making elderberry wine, and wine from rhubarb or pie plant?—George Degitz.

Will some one send recipe for making sauerkraut?—S. M. M.

Will some one tell how to remove ink stains from marble?—Mary W.

Answers.

Hard Times:—Black pepper sprinkled on the heads of cabbage in the morning while the dew is on will surely prevent worms. One pound of ground black pepper was sufficient to treat four times over 150 heads of cabbage last year, in my garden. Get a bottle of root beer at your drug store; make it according to directions; keep it where it is warm, and you will have the best vinegar you ever used, at least I had good luck.—Ellen Linn.

Nancy:—A good powder for polishing tinware is made of the soft white cinders found in coal ashes. Crush them into a fine powder, and apply to the clean tin with flannel. The powder is so fine that it polishes without scratching the tin.—Louise Andrus.

Troubled:—Your china bowl can be neatly mended provided you have saved all the pieces. Make a solution of gum arabic, and stir into it enough plaster of Paris to make it of the consistency of cream. Apply with a brush the edges of the china and join carefully. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place.—King's Daughter.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Some Easily Prepared Dishes, Which Are Likewise Very Good.

Maccaroni for Luncheon.

Boil in plenty of water one-half pound of macaroni from 20 to 30 minutes; drain and mix with it one cupful of grated cheese, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, two-thirds cupful of sweet milk, salt and pepper to taste. Bake in a moderate oven until brown and serve very hot.

Cauliflower.

Pick the flowerets apart after removing the leaves, and wash them well in cold water. Put it on to boil in a saucepan with plenty of cold water and a small handful of salt and let it cook for 30 minutes after it begins to boil. Drain it and put in a baking dish. Make a cream sauce by mixing one tablespoonful of flour with two tablespoonfuls of butter, stirring in two cupfuls of milk, with salt and pepper to taste. Let the sauce cook ten minutes, add three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and pour it at once over the cauliflower. Sprinkle over it three more tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of fresh bread crumbs and a few bits of butter. Bake in a quick oven for 25 minutes and serve hot.

Apple and Indian Pudding.

(By Request.)

Pare and core 12 medium sized, sweet apples and place them in a deep baking pan. Scald one quart of milk, stir it into one and one-half pints of fine yellow cornmeal, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful molasses and one-half cupful of chopped beef suet. Pour over the apples and bake three hours in a moderate oven. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.—Ellnor G.

Cinnamon Rolls.

Into ordinary biscuit dough work a little butter and sugar, roll out into a sheet one-fourth of an inch thick, spread plentifully with sugar and powdered cinnamon, roll up compactly, cut in two inch pieces, place in a buttered tin, sprinkle sugar over the top of each and bake. Children are very fond of these, and older people can be easily persuaded to eat them after once having tasted them.—Polly B.

Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
—Pope.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS.

This is the Title of Mr. Howells's Recent Volume.

I have been much amused and interested by the various comments upon Mr. Howells's Literary Passions published by the Harpers recently. To some it seems an incarnation of egotism; to others a graceful description of the ways and by-ways by which one of the most popular writers of the day reached his present place in the literary thought of the time. To me it appears not exactly the one thing or the other, but rather something written without any definite purpose other than the pleasure which it gave to himself to retrace his steps in literature and recall the sensations to which they gave birth. I cannot see any trace of egotism in the offensive sense of the word. It is written in the first person, it is true, and naturally the "I" frequently appears. How could it be otherwise? The style is easy, cordial, confidential, as if the writer felt sure of the sympathy of his readers, and for those who perceive this the book makes pleasant reading.

"When I began to have literary likings," he says, "and to love certain books above others, the first authors of my heart were Goldsmith, Cervantes and Irving." Of these he finally became conscious that Goldsmith came first. About the same time he grew interested in the Greeks and Romans, and conceived the desire to be like them, "or at least to turn them to account in verse, and in dramatic verse at that. The Romans," he says, "were less civilized than the Greeks, and so were more like boys, and more to a boy's purpose."

One pleasant thing about the whole book is that the author nowhere attempts to present any learned criticism of works which interested him, but, throughout, it is their effect upon himself and of what their reading made him think and feel, which appeals to our interest. To be sure our preconceived notions occasionally receive a little shock, but he is always and everywhere so genial and kindly, that we take no offense. And the naive way in which he tells of how in the early days of his boyhood he fully intended some day to surpass Shakespeare as a poet is very amusing.

And then his first story, written as he says, or rather composed at his printer's case, its style imitating Ik Marvel, and published in the village paper upon which he was employed! "It was all very well in the beginning, but I had not reckoned with the future sufficiently to have started with any clear ending in my mind, and as I went on I began to find myself more and more in doubt about it. My material gave out; incidents failed me; the characters wavered and threatened to perish on my hands."

Finally he overhears an old farmer say that he did not think much of that story, and this put the finishing touch upon his distress. "Somehow," he says, "I managed to bring the wretched thing to a close, and to live it slowly into the past. Slowly it seemed then, but I dare say it was fast enough; and there is always this consolation to be whispered in the ear of wounded vanity, that the world's memory is equally bad for failure or success; that if it will not keep your triumphs in mind as you think it ought, neither will it long dwell upon your defeats. But the experience was really terrible."

All this in the light of Mr. Howells's successes is both amusing and interesting.

One is somewhat surprised, and yet I do not exactly know why, to find the book closing with a most glowing tribute to Lyof Tolstoy. Looking back I think it will not be hard to find where the influence of the great Russian author's thought entered into the life of the American.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

The literary article this week concerns Mr. Howell's latest book, as seen above. Into the Highways and Hedges is unavoidably deferred until next week.

Readers of The Blade are invited to ask questions regarding literary matters and they will be answered to the best of the editor's ability.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Receive Several Welcome Additions to Their Pleasant Community.

Chaperone's Confidential.

The following named new members were admitted to the circle this morning: Jennie Maude, Dot, Fabius, Heba, Trude and Humpy Dumpy.

"Katy-did" did not bring her real name and address with her, and as a consequence, sad but natural, she landed in the waste-basket, along with Clematis, who was equally forgetful of M. G. R. rules. Miss Prudence hopes they will consider the matter and come again.

To Margaret, Jennie Maude and others who offer to send descriptions of their homes the Chaperone says: Write by all means, the circle is interested in learning all it can of the homes of its members, but write briefly, bearing in mind the fact that a couple of columns must represent at least ten or a dozen members each week.

Letters have been received from the following old members: Margaret, Lillie, Tom Quartz, New England Girl, F. L. Y., Shamrock and Alice S.

Miss Flora Culver, of Dawn, Mo., announces this subject for discussion by members in her state: "How shall we teach patriotism?"

Missouri members please note and respond as promptly as possible.

Mr. S. S. Kaufman, Gothenburg, Neb., addresses his constituents after this manner:

"M. G. R.'s, of Nebraska, greeting: Your president has been patiently waiting for 'the letters which never came.' I will state that prior to June 1 I did not look for any specially soul-stirring effusions from the members of this great commonwealth, realizing that two successive drouths and resultant crop failures with, up to that date, good indications of a repetition were not at all calculated to inspire us with any thoughts that might prove interesting to this column.

Now, however, that showers of blessings have been scattered full and free all over the state I shall look for better results from the loyal subjects of the realm of King Corn, Queen Sugar Beet and Prince Alfalfa. The music of the harvester ought to thrill with joy and add new inspiration to the heart and mind of every member, so that we may work with a will to make our department all that it should be interesting, entertaining and instructive.

Our subject for August will be: "How and why do you like the floral emblem (Golden Rod) adopted for this state by the last legislature?" Please send subjects from which to make selections for future discussions."

Dot, Ohio: "Expectantly as a child, who has long heard in the distance the music of the suggestive Merry-Go-Rounds, I come asking just room enough for Dot."

The first member from North Carolina made his appearance to-day, introducing himself as:

Fabius, N. C.:—"For several weeks I have read with pleasure the M. G. R. column; if my introductory note finds a resting place in the waste-basket then I shall call myself a member of the 'Sad-Go-Through' society! I teach school near Asheville, the 'sky-land city' of the South. I am in favor of women's rights, but opposed to woman's suffrage, and believe in the annihilation of strong drink. If the members desire it I'll send a description of Western North Carolina, including the railway across the Blue Ridge and the highest mountain east of the Mississippi."

Margaret, N. Y.:—"I am not a subscriber to The Blade, but my grandfather with whom I live has taken it for years. I am interested in elocution and music; am studying the latter now, and hope some day to enter a good school of oratory."

Humpy Dumpy, Kan.:—"As I sit writing I look across the fields and see the corn and other grains silently bending to and fro, while to the southward a 'header' is cutting wheat. The teams seem tired, and everything looks lazy in the warm, summer air. Instead of having header-boxes on this machine there is what is called a 'drop' fastened on the elevator, and when this is full the bottom drops to one side, the wheat falls out and it moves back to its place. This leaves the wheat in bunches all over the field."

Sea-breeze, Oregon:—"I live at the sea-side, where the climate is nearly the same all the year around, and we have green grass and flowers all winter, and enjoy a fire and wear the same weight of clothing in summer. We have beautiful scenery, comprising the blue ocean which is always interesting, and the mountains covered with living green. I am in favor of woman's suffrage, and think we could improve some of the laws, if given the chance. I have failed to see any sensible argument against equal suffrage; one writer said our brains were smaller than men's, but science has proved that we have the larger brain according to the weight of our bodies. I do not think that children born in the higher ranks of life are made of finer clay than those of the poor. If the latter are given the same opportunities they will amount to as much as those born with a gold spoon in their mouths. Look, for example, at Lincoln, Garfield, and many others."

A. M. T., Ohio:—"I am sorry that Sam Igotus thinks the majority of our members of the feminine side of the house are 'old maids;' for if he will notice, all the lady presidents whose pictures have been published are under twenty years of age. If he calls a girl of twenty an old maid, pity me!"

Lorraine, Ills.:—"My papa is a music teacher, and we have very pleasant times sitting on the veranda summer evenings singing together and talking. June 30 I attended a singers' reunion, and sang in his class. I have a pony to ride and a nice Newfoundland dog named Rover."

Ex-School Teacher, Minn.:—"I am as my 'nom' indicates a retired school teacher, having quit teaching to learn the printer's trade, and intend to go to Wisconsin to work at this trade about the first of September. I am a Republican; the son of a soldier; a believer in female suffrage and, like Sam Igotus, think a beautiful girl is all right. I like to read novels, especially those of Wallace, Eggleston and Dickens."

Florence, Iowa:—"Now, Sam, there are many old maids who are better off than girls who married at 13 and 14 years of age. I have a friend who refused many offers when she was young for the sake of caring for her sick mother until she died; and I am sure she feels better now than she would if she had married and left her mother alone. I am afraid you will be an old bachelor some day, if you do not watch your words a little better; perhaps that is what you want, in order that the girls may make fun of you, and shed tears over your misfortunes."

Forest, W. Va.:—"I observe that many members of the Circle are school teachers, and as I follow that profession myself, I would like to hear the opinion of others experienced in the calling. For my part, I think it one of the most ungrateful professions in existence, especially in country schools. There is such a variety of dispositions among the parents that it is impossible for a teacher to give universal satisfaction, no matter how great may be his efforts. It matters not how moral and proficient he may be, he is never free from criticism. I admire the audacity of Sam Igotus in publicly expressing his sympathy for those 'antiquated maidens,' but am fearful of the consequences, lest the 'missiles' will be hurled at him with such force and violence as to cause his tears of sympathy to degenerate into tears of agony and distress."

New England Girl, Mass.:—"Some time ago The Voice published a parody on Poe's Raven, part of which I have altered for the special benefit of the Raven of Wood's Edge:

"So the Raven, never tiring, never weary, still is writing columns of the direst letters ever mortal read before; and his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming, and the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor. Still he writes and writes although he knows he is an awful bore. Will he stop? Ah, never more!"

Penna. Granger, Pa.:—"I believe if undesirable immigration could be stopped, and women were allowed to vote that this would be a purer and better nation. Wild Fern, I agree with you that women should never wear birds on their hats; it is both a sin and a shame."

Miss Lisa, Mo.:—"Mollie Moore, never fear; the Missouri girls that farm are not afraid of the wind and rain:

"Behold them with their spades,
These agricultural maids;
They dig with a will, sir,
With a grind fit to kill, sir,
These never-to-be-puzzled young maids."

"I think farming very pleasant work; as to its being profitable, I will write after the gathering in of the harvest. My favorite authors are Shakespeare, George Eliot and Longfellow; at present I am reading 'Faust.'"

Wauweta, Ohio:—"I live about 35 miles from our state president in a beautiful country only a short distance from the Magnetic Springs and Fountain Park, both fine places for picnics, etc. Girls, do you not imagine our Sam looks beautifully with tears in his eyes? Now, he will think I, too, am a 'homely old maid.'"

Susie, Ind.:—"Sammy, my boy, what shall be done with you? Your greatest delight, like the average small boy's, seems to be in rubbing pussy's fur the wrong way, just for the sake of hearing her growl. Not content with calling us homely, you now term us old maids. But let me give you a word of advice. Don't waste your sympathy on the old maid; she does not need it in the least. Better weep over the deficiencies in your own sex which prevent their attaining the standard demanded by the average girl.

'Woman has advanced in her ideas of marriage, as in other things. It is no longer considered her one aim in life, but has with many become more of a side issue. She compares her own lot with that of the girl who married at about her own age a half dozen years ago, and very seldom sees cause for discontent.

"She is setting her standard higher and higher, and my dear young friend, instead of wasting your valuable time in bewailing her fate, you had better use it in self-improvement, so, when you have reached a marriageable age, you may possibly discover that the little girl you are aspiring to win, is not so easily suited as you thought."

TO THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

In answer to many inquiries about the badges, the publishers are glad to say that enough have been received to send them to all who enclose 50 cents to The Blade, Toledo, O.

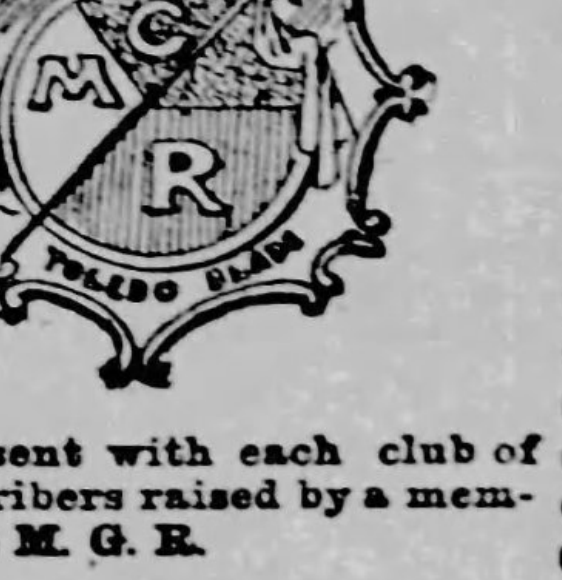
MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

The editor of the Household is glad to be able to announce that the badges have been hurried up, and there is now a sufficient supply to send one to each of the lucky members who win it as a prize in response to the following offer:

To each and all who will get for The Blade a club of 35 new subscribers for three months at ten cents each, the badge will be sent free. The names may be forwarded not less than 10 at a time, the coupon given below being enclosed with the name of the sender each time, until the number, 35, has been reached. The pin will then be mailed to the fortunate Merry-Go-Rounder.

The offer was to hold good for three months and several weeks have already passed away. A little work will win this beautiful badge, enlarge the number of The Merry-Go-Rounds, and give friendly help to The Blade in enlarging its circulation. Try it, and if success is yours, you will not be sorry.

Toledo Weekly Blade



To be sent with each club of ten subscribers raised by a member of the M. G. R.

The pin is of solid silver, with a sword holding in place three leaflets upon which are M. G. R. in raised letters. In smaller characters below are the words Toledo Blade. The shape and about the size are shown in the coupon. It is a beautiful ornament and cannot fail to please. Later on, when received in sufficient numbers it will be sold at a price sufficient only to cover cost of manufacture and mailing.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PRAIRIE CHILDREN.

That is the Duchess of Lullaby Land
Lying asleep on the velvety sward;
That is an indigo flower in her hand,
Typical emblem of rank and command,
Symbol heraldic of lady and lord.

That is her brother asleep at her side—
He is a Duke, and his little red hand
Grapples the ragged old rope that is tied
Into the collar of Rover, the guide—
Rover, the hero of Lullaby Land.

Fishes come out of the water and walk;
Chipmunks play marbles in Lullaby Land;
Rabbits rise up on the prairie and talk;
Goslings go forward and giggle and gawk—
Everything chatters, and all understand.

After awhile he will sail on the sea—
Little red duke on the prairie asleep.
Daring the shot and the shell, he shall be
Admiral, fighting for you and for me,
Flying the flag o'er the dangerous deep.

Down at the Lido, where billows are blue,
Back through the vineyards to Florence and Rome,
That is our duchess whom both of us knew;
That is her husband, so tender and true,
Taking her far from her babyhood home.

Children at play on the prairies to-day
Bravely to-morrow will enter the race,
Trusting the future whose promises say,
"Courage and effort will work out a way—
Fortune and fame are not matters of place."
—McClure's Magazine.

A GENUINE FAITH-CURE.

It was a beautiful day in May. The sun shone warm on the vivid, green grass, on trees blossom laden, on the red buds of the maples and the graceful tassels of the birches.

How lovely all nature was, and how cruel it seemed for everything to look so radiant when human hearts were breaking.

So, at least, thought little Stella Wynn as she lay among the tall green grass, in front of the tiny white house half hidden by the woodbine that clambered over it.

In and out among the honeysuckles flew the yellow bees, making the air drowsy with their humming, and one went close to Stella's ear, and poising himself on a flower near her, buzzed loudly. The child raised her head a moment to listen. "Oh!" she cried, eagerly. "He is telling me good news! I hope it is about papa!"

But when a sadder sound came from within the house, a groan of pain, Stella's tears flowed again. For her father was very ill, perhaps dying, and no one knew what to do for him.

Just seven miles away, in the city, lived the great doctor who did such wonderful cures. Stella, in the innocence of her heart, had asked her mother why he did not come and cure papa. Her mother had answered with some bitterness: "He cures rich people, my child. It would cost more dollars than we have cents to get his help. Poor people have to die when they fall sick, because they have no money."

Stella wished she could find some money or that she had something of her very own that she could sell and get the money to pay the great doctor. "Jo, in 'Little Women,' sold her hair for her father, when he was ill," thought she. She looked at her own little yellow pigtail in disgust. "It wouldn't bring twenty-five cents!" she said aloud.

In stories the heroines' grandmothers always left them some valuable jewels, which were sold for great prices in time of need; or the old family Bible suddenly disclosed bank bills of large denominations. But her grandmother had nothing to leave her, and she had searched the leaves of the Bible.

No, there was nothing she could do for him. Oh, if Christ were only on earth! she would walk hundreds of miles and beg of Him her father's life! Following this thought came again that of the great doctor. Indeed, she had hardly ceased to think about him all day. She never once doubted that he would cure her father if he only came to him.

"Oh," thought Stella, "if mamma would only let me go to him! I know he would come, for surely a man who can cure everybody must be a good man, and must love to do it."

She thought of her good, kind father who loved her so well, and of the walks they used to take together, when he held her hand in his firm, strong grasp and told her stories as they walked along, or explained the names and uses of the flowers along their way. What would she and mamma and baby do without him if he died?

Just then her mother came to the door looking pale and anxious. Stella sprang up and ran to her.

"How is he?" she asked eagerly.

"No better," replied her mother, dejectedly.

"Do you want me to take baby?"

"No; he is good and his father doesn't notice him now," replied Mrs. Wynn, the tears flowing down her cheeks as she spoke.

"O, mamma!" cried Stella, clasping her hands, "Do please let me ask him to come!"

"Ask who to come?"

"The great doctor, mamma, do let me go to him."

"But we have no money, child!"

"I'll tell him so and beg him to come. I'll pay him all when I am a woman."

The mother hesitated, for the child had imparted some of her own faith to her.

"Perhaps," she thought, "he may come for a child; but then it isn't likely, yet it will satisfy her to try."

"It is so far," she objected, "you would get too tired, and it would be too late to come home alone again."

"Oh, the doctor will bring me with him," said Stella confidently.

Mrs. Wynn smiled sadly. "Don't be too sure of finding him," she replied, "or of his coming if you do find him."

"Well, if I don't find him I'll stay all night with Annie Bell."

"Go, then, dear, and God be with you," said her mother solemnly.

Stella ran joyfully to get ready. Her heart was light as a feather now; for was she not going to bring some one who could make her papa well?

She washed her face, hands and little brown feet in the brook near by and put on her clean dress and white sunbonnet. She took a few cookies in her pocket for lunch and started off.

The child felt quite happy now and enjoyed the sunshine, the songs of birds, and the flowers along the way. She ran briskly on, she was so eager to reach the city and find the doctor before her father grew any worse. She laughed as the light breeze stirred her hair and she mocked the birds as she tripped along. For awhile the houses were frequent. The air was cool and the sun was not too hot. Stella longed for a drink of water, but would not stop to get any because of the delay it would cause her.

The houses gradually grew less and less frequent and the road led over a treeless plain where the sun shone hot overhead. Our little traveler was very tired. She had not thought of her lunch or realized that she was very hungry.

When the plain was passed she came to a thick wood where the rays of the sun hardly penetrated. About in the center of this wood she espied a man lying beside the road—a dirty, ragged fellow with an evil face.

(To be Continued.)

OUR WONDER COLUMN

1—WHO WAS SHE?

She was a Persian captive, born about 500 years B. C., and was chosen queen of the Persian Empire. Her name signified a myrtle, but was afterward changed to signify a star. She saved her people from utter destruction, bringing at the same time dire disaster upon their enemies, a feast being instituted in memory of the occasion.

C. M. B.

2—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A's farm is a rectangle whose length is 154 rods. He then purchased from B a lot of land adjoining the north end of his farm, whose length was equal to the breadth of his farm, and whose breadth was equal to the difference between the length and diagonal of said farm. He then found that he owned 76½ acres. How many acres did he purchase of B?

W. P. E.

3.—DECAPITATIONS.

Behead to rave and leave an insect; behead a liquor and leave a preposition; behead to destroy by fire and leave a vase; behead that which destroyed Chicago and leave anger; behead to swindle and leave what many complained of at the World's fair; behead again, and leave what we all do with pleasure; behead again and leave a preposition, behead a piece of furniture and leave part of the body, behead again and leave an element essential to life.

J. H. N.

4.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is an old proverb, and is composed of 25 letters:

My 21, 5, 18, 25 is an English city.
My 11, 20, 24, 8, 19 is a vessel.
My 12, 14, 3, 15, 6 is a domestic utensil.
My 22, 2, 10, 4 is space.
My 13, 9, 16, 17 is erroneously termed "dirt."
My 1, 23, 7 is a plaything.

BELLE N. Y.

5.—QUERY.

Who can describe a "salmon ladder?"

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:

"Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings?"

MAMIE.

Answers to Puzzles of July 25.

1.—Stephen Arnold Douglas.
2.—290 yards. (See solution in Chat.)
3.—Helos, holes, shoe, hoes, sole, lose.
4.—Words: Repour, wonted, ponder, colter, autumn; zigzag. Our Wonder Column.

Thomas Moss wrote:

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him
to your door."

Answer to query of July 18, sent by Helen:

"Milo, of Croton, in Magna Graecia, was an athlete famous for his great strength. He lived, according to Herodotus in the time of Darius Hystaspes, about 520 B. C. It is said that on one occasion he carried a live ox on his shoulders through the stadium of Olympia, and afterward ate the whole of it in one day. Another time (reversing the story of Samson) he is said to have upheld the pillars of a house in which Pythagoras and his scholars were assembled, so that they might escape, when the house was falling. He is said to have lost his life by being over-confident in his strength when an old man. He attempted to split apart a tree, which closed on his hands and held him until wolves devoured him."

Chat.

S sends the following solution to puzzle No. 2, July 25: "By statement, B loses 20 yards at his meeting with A; he therefore loses 20 more on his return over the same ground, making his loss 40 yards. By the statement his whole loss was 41 3-7 yards; in his run from the meeting around the post and to the same place on his return he has to run 20 yards more, therefore 1 3-7 yards is his loss in running 20 yards; 1 3-7 is 1-14 of 20; therefore 41 3-7 is 1-14 of the whole distance around the course, and 14 times 41 3-7 equals 580 yards, and one half of this equals 290 yards, or the distance to the post."

Helen is Banner Puzzler for July; Alta second, W. P. E. third, and O. J. R. fourth.

There was an attendance of 30 pupils during the month, most of them "regulars," with a few new comers.

Correct answers were received this week from J. H. N., F. Tuttle, Alta, W. P. E., D. F. Blackburn, and Inda.

Puzzles were accepted from J. H. N. and W. H. H.

J. H. N.:—The Schoolmistress hopes she may count you a "regular" once more.

F. Tuttle:—You will receive a personal answer to your question.

Alta:—You follow fair Helen very closely this month.

W. P. E.:—Though your recitations are short of late, they are very much to the point.

D. F. Blackburn:—You are very welcome in our column, and we hope you will call upon us frequently.

Inda:—Thank you very much for the evergreen, and for your kind remembrance of the Schoolmistress.

Helen:—Your teacher offers you her sincere congratulations on gaining the Bannership. Pauline had one more credit than you did, but she is "not in it" this year.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

HOLMES, THE CRIMINAL.

Synopsis of the Career of the Wonder.

Chicago, Aug. 1.—Speaking of the kaleidoscopic career of H. H. Holmes, and the voluminous and variegated evidence piled up against the man, Chief Badenoch wearily remarked:

"We are getting lots of evidence, lots of evidence, but not exactly of the right kind, not exactly of the right kind. We have skeletons, we have statements that there are people missing, and there you are. What we really need is some one who saw Holmes kill some of these people. Then we will have a case. But until then——"

In other words, so much has been told and found and rumored, that even Chicago's chief of police is bewildered. And that eminent official has lots of company among readers of the daily newspapers. For the convenience of all such the following has been prepared as a sort of guide on the road, a light shining through the darkness:

Herman P. Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, alias Harry Gordon, alias

H. H. HOLMES.
(Greatest Criminal of This Century.)

Henry Gordon, was born in Gilmanton, N. H., in 1860. At 15 years of age he taught school, and in 1878 was married to Clara Lovering at Louton, N. H. In 1879 he clerked in East Concord, N. H., and the following year he entered the medical college of the University of Michigan.

1880 to 1882—He studied medicine and first appeared in the role of an insurance swindler, securing $12,500 under the name of Henry H. Holmes.

1887—Holmes became clerk in a drug store at No. 700 Sixty-third street.

1888—Bought drug store; also property at Sixty-third and Wallace streets and commenced the erection of the "castle." Married Miss Myrtie Belknap, of Wilmette. Patrick Quinlan first appears.

1889—In September I. L. Conner applied to Holmes for position as a jeweler. Took Mrs. Julia Conner and Pearl to the castle to live.

1890—Castle completed. Miss Beats cashier at drug store, discharged by Holmes.

1891—In January Conner bought the drug store of Holmes. Trouble with Holmes over his wife. In March separation between Conner and Julia Conner. Holmes takes charge of store and installs Mrs. Conner as bookkeeper. Christmas eve Mrs. Julia Conner and daughter Pearl disappears. Supposed to have gone to Davenport to dying sister.

1892—Miss Emeline Cigrand, of the Keeley Institute, Dwight, accepted a position as stenographer in the castle in May. In December Miss Cigrand disappears. A few days later cards announcing her marriage, bearing no street number or postoffice mark, reach her friends. Minnie R. Williams and Harry Gordon meet in Denver. Miss Williams, elocutionist, at Fifteenth street theater, in that city.

1893—Minnie Williams came to Chicago, and, it is said, went to work for Allen & Co., stenographers, and afterward employed as Holmes's private secretary. She wrote to her sister Nannie in Midlothian, Texas, that she had married Harry Gordon (Holmes) a wealthy man, and was going to visit Europe. She invited her sister to visit her. In the latter part of June Nannie Williams came to Chicago to visit her sister and Holmes at No. 1220 Wrightwood avenue.

June 30—Minnie Williams sends her trunk to the Sante Fe depot, and leaves, as she says, for Milwaukee. Nannie remains with Holmes at No. 1220 Wrightwood avenue.

July 4—Nannie writes her aunt, Miss Lucy Marshall, Terry, Miss., that she is going to Europe with Holmes and Minnie.

July 5—Nannie and Minnie seen upon Seminary avenue by John Oker during the morning. Nannie never seen afterward by any one yet found.

July 7—Holmes' letter to John Oker announcing that circumstances made it necessary for him to give up the flat at No. 1220 Wrightwood avenue. About this time the trunk, with body, was delivered to G. M. Chappell for articulation. Holmes claims Minnie killed Nannie in a fit of jealousy with a stool.

November—Holmes tells Mrs. Dr. M. B. Lawrence that Minnie is back and that he has a paper that she must sign. Holmes removes valuables from the castle and advises Mrs. Lawrence to insure Castle damaged by fire. Insured for $60,000. Minnie never seen afterward by any one who knew her.

In December Holmes went to Indianapolis and secured the release from jail of Benjamin F. Pitzel, his accomplice. While in Indianapolis he had the property of Minnie Williams, in Fort Worth, valued at $40,000, transferred to Pitzel under the name of Benjamin T. Lyman. Holmes went to Franklin, Ind., and married Miss Georgiana Yoke. Later he traveled with her through the West.

1894—January 12—Holmes appeared at Fort Worth, Tex., under the name of O. C. Pratt, where he met Pitzel, who was known as Benton T. Lyman and Pat Quinlan. Holmes took possession of the Williams property and built a house on it. With Pitzel he went to St. Louis, where he planned his latest insurance swindle.

In July a policy of life insurance for $10,000 was issued by the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Association of Philadelphia in favor of Benjamin F. Pitzel. According to the detectives employed by the insurance company the plan was as follows: Holmes and Pitzel were to secure a dead body resembling Pitzel, burn it slightly to prevent identification, forge proofs of Pitzel's death, and share the money. As a means to this end, Holmes was regularly appointed guardian for the Pitzel children, Alice, Howard and Nellie. In St. Louis Holmes went under the name of Howard.

In September the charred remains of a man were found in a house at No. 1316 Callowhill street, Philadelphia. The house had been rented by a man under the name of B. F. Berry. Holmes and Alice Pitzel went to Philadelphia and identified the remains as those of B. F. Pitzel. The $10,050 was paid to J. B. Howe, a St. Louis attorney. It is said that Attorney Howe received $2,500, Mrs. Pitzel $500 and Holmes the balance. Alice did not return to St. Louis with Holmes, who said that he had left her in good hands.

Holmes, on the pretext that he wished to put them in school, took Nellie and Howard Pitzel from their mother. He took them to Chicago and Indianapolis, where, it is claimed, Howard was murdered. He took Alice and Nellie to Cincinnati, Detroit and other places, and finally to Toronto, Canada. At No. 16 St. Vincent street, the home of Mrs. Neudall, it is charged, he killed the Pitzel girls and buried them in the cellar.

November 17—Holmes was arrested in Boston, charged with conspiracy to defraud the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance association of Philadelphia, and was taken to that city, where he was indicted by the grand jury. The developments and work of the detectives caused a strong belief that the body found in Philadelphia was really that of Pitzel, and that he had been killed by Holmes. Holmes declared that Pitzel was in South America. Holmes is still confined in the county prison, corner of Tenth and Reed streets, Philadelphia.

1895—July 15—Detective Frank Geyer discovered the bodies of two children in the cottage in Toronto.

July 19—Mrs. Pitzel identified them as those of her children. The attention of the Chicago police was called to the Holmes castle in Englewood, and they learned that fragments of human bones had been taken from an old stove in the building. It was decided to search the house from cellar to attic, and the next day workmen began digging in the cellar.

July 22—Blood-stained garments were found in the cellar.

July 23—A warrant was sworn out by Andrew Manier, nephew of Mrs. Julia Conner, charging Holmes with the murder of his aunt.

July 24—Holmes was found guilty of the murder of Alice Pitzel by the coroner's jury in Toronto, Canada.

July 24—Parts of a child's skeleton, supposed to be that of Pearl Conner, were unearthed in the cellar of the Holmes castle. Pat Quinlan and Mrs. Quinlan held as witnesses by the police.

July 27—G. M. Chappell, the man who articulated three skeletons for Holmes, discovered.

July 29—The bricklayer who built the furnace appears. Chappell turns up alleged skeletons of Nannie Williams and Julia Conner. He tells of secret vats. Detectives find one secret vat in southwest corner of the basement of the castle. The vat is buried five feet under the ground and is twelve feet in length. Holmes makes a statement in prison that Pitzel committed suicide in Philadelphia last September and that he partially burned the body to destroy evidence of suicide and get the insurance.

The Quinlans Confess.

Chicago, Aug. 3.—The police have at last obtained a partial confession from Pat Quinlan, the janitor of Holmes's "castle," and have, they believe, positive evidence that Benjamin F. Pitzel was murdered in this city by Holmes, and the corpse sent to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Pat Quinlan knew of the disappearance of Mrs. Julia L. Conner in Holmes's castle, and saw the body of the woman after she was dead. She further knew, and has admitted that Pearl Conner disappeared mysteriously in the castle after her return from a trip to the Quinlan farm at Lakota, Michigan.

Chief Badenoch took Mrs. Quinlan and her husband to the castle yesterday with Inspector Fitzpatrick and Detectives Fitzpatrick and Norton. The object of this trip was more for the purpose of letting Quinlan and his wife meet than any other. They were closeted together alone for an hour in the room in which the Julia Conner carpet lies and the chair belonging to the murdered woman stands.

What took place between them no one knows, but Chief Badenoch and his detectives are nearer a solution of the Holmes mystery than they were ever before. The chief now has proof positive that Mrs. Conner and Pearl, her daughter, or Cora Quinlan, were murdered in the building while the mother was in his employ. Quinlan and his wife have made admissions by which the chief could use them on the stand as valuable witnesses against Holmes in proving that Mrs. Conner and a child were made away with by Holmes for the purpose of securing insurance which Mrs. Conner carried on her life in favor of her daughter, or in which Cora Quinlan's life cut an important figure.

Further, Quinlan and his wife have proved to the police that Mrs. Conner was so well aware of the schemes which Holmes was operating, that it became necessary for Holmes to put the woman out of the way.

Mrs. Conner's body was disposed of by burial within the castle, somewhere close to the spot where Pearl's supposed body was found. The police have not ceased their efforts to find the bottom of the basement and uncover her remains. The digging, which was suspended yesterday, will continue during the coming week.

Pat Quinlan and his wife have admitted, partially, the woman more than the man, that a business in receiving and disposing of dead bodies, stolen from country grave yards, was carried on in the castle under the direction of Holmes. The grave yards of the western portion of Michigan, Grand Haven, South Haven, Muskegon, Holland, St. Joe, the Bay, Lakota, and other places, were robbed of bodies and coffins. They were brought to the castle, chemically treated, and then disposed of to medical colleges. The coffins were remade by Quinlan, Pitzel and Holmes, recleaned and disposed of to undertakers at a fair profit.

"We have sufficient evidence to keep Holmes in prison for the remainder of his natural days," said Detective Geyer to-day," without charging him with murder. Should he, by a technicality, escape the conspiracy charge in Philadelphia, twenty warrants on other charges will be ready to be served on him."

Little Rock, Ark., August 3.—Attorney O. M. Humphreys, of Ft. Worth, arrived here yesterday and went almost immediately to the prison where he and Superintendent McConnell were closeted for some time with convict Allen. After the conference he said: "Allen undoubtedly knows more than anybody else about the transfer of the Williams property because he spoke to me intelligently about various papers connected with that deal, which are now in my possession and the contents of which have never been made public."

"Do you think Minnie Williams is still alive?"

"I most assuredly do. From what I know and from what Allen said today I am positive that she is not only living but that she is in the United States, and that were Holmes free, he would be with her in less than 48 hours."

MARIA BARBERI'S LIFE.

Italian Citizens of Boston Petition Governor Morton to Save It.

Boston, July 31.—Over 500 citizens of Italian birth assembled in Faneuil Hall last night for the purpose of preparing a memorial to Governor Morton in behalf of Maria Barberi, who is condemned to death for the murder of her alleged betrayer. Antonio Matama presided and on the platform were scores of influential Italian citizens. The following telegram was sent to Governor Morton: We implore your clemency and ask for commutation of the death sentence of Maria Barberi to imprisonment for life, and also that you use your influence to obtain a new trial.

Chicago Sued for Three Million.

Chicago, July 31.—Harry M. Stow has begun suit against the city of Chicago for three million dollars. Stow claims that he was allowed a patent in 1874 on a method of paving streets with cedar blocks, and that the city of Chicago has used his method since then without paying any royalty. He figures that three million is due him.

Nails Soar Upward.

Pittsburg, July 31.—The Wire Nail Manufacturers' association will advance the price of nails 50 cents per keg in the price lists that will be sent out next week. The advance is said to be the result of the Consolidated Wire and Nail company having gotten control of almost the entire production of the country.

GORMAN EASILY WINS.

The Maryland Democratic Convention His Own.

Baltimore, August 1.—When the news was flashed through the convention yesterday that Senator Gorman had slated the rich dry goods merchant, John E. Hurst, of this city, for gubernatorial honors, and State Senator Crothers for the attorney generalship, in place of General Kyd Douglass, who before had been conceded the nominee, a howl of surprise and disappointment went up from many quarters, especially from the country, where the desire for the reassessment is strong, and where the friends of this measure had supported the candidacy of Thomas G. Hayes, a leading exponent of reassessement. Several of Hayes's supporters were so embittered that they declared their intention of voting for Judge Fisher, the avowed opponent of Gorman. Senator Hayes, who asserted that he had from the outset been assured of Gorman's support, emphatically declared that he would remain in the fight and charged treachery. The other candidates, however, excepting Judge Fisher, philosophically bowed to the inevitable.

Senator Talbott made a lively address. During it one enthusiast proposed a cheer for John E. Hurst. The cheers and the hisses, however, were almost equal in volume. A cheer for Senator Gorman met with better success. Mr. Talbott predicted a big Democratic success this year. He closed by introducing Mr. Bernard Carter as temporary chairman, who made an enthusiastic speech on the Democratic outlook.

The committee on resolutions, after an hour's deliberation, returned with a unanimous report. The resolutions approved the Democratic platform of 1892 and of the able and patriotic administration of President Cleveland. They declared against free silver and approved the Wilson tariff bill, which was characterized as the best the country has known for thirty-five years.

The administration of Governor Brown was highly complimented.

The platform contained no reference to Senators Gorman and Gibson. The nominee, John E. Hurst, although a Gorman adherent, has also been a consistent follower of the Cleveland administration and will doubtless poll the bulk of the party votes.

Baltimore, July 31.—The Democratic state convention, which assembled at noon to-day, will nominate candidates for governor, attorney general and comptroller.

The candidates announced for the governorship are: Ex-Judge Wm. A. Fisher, of Baltimore; Col. John Walter Smith, lumber merchant of Worcester county; State Senator Thos. G. Hayes, of Baltimore, lawyer; Spencer C. Jones, of Montgomery county, state treasurer, ex-clerk of the Court of Appeals of Maryland and ex-states attorney of Montgomery county; Mr. John S. Hurst, merchant of Baltimore.

The boom for Millionaire John E. Hurst, of Baltimore, as the gubernatorial candidate, which was launched as late as Monday, shows no abatement. He is regarded as a Gormanite, but would be more acceptable to the Cleveland wing than the other candidates, barring Judge Wm. A. Fisher, of this city, who is strongly backed by the Independents. The platform was discussed, and the following essential points were agreed upon:

First—Indorsement of the Democratic national administration.

Second—Indorsement of the state administration of Governor Brown.

Third—Indorsement of gold as the basis of the monetary system.

OHIO POPULISTS.

Coxey Seems Pretty Much All of the Party.

Columbus, O., Aug. 3.—After two turbulent sessions yesterday, the Ohio Populists succeeded in adopting a platform and naming a state ticket. They adjourned late in the afternoon, but some of the more influential members of the party are not pleased with the results. Gen. Jacob S. Coxey was triumphant in everything, and it is the predominance of Coxeyism and his novel ideas that don't suit some of the conservative Populists. Aside from the endorsement of the Omaha platform, the endorsement of Coxey's non-interest bond scheme, and good roads bills, and the denouncing of the trial of Debs were the principal points in the platform.

Following is the complete ticket nominated:

Governor—Jacob S. Coxey, of Stark county.

Lieutenant-Governor—John H Crofton, of Hamilton.

Treasurer — George Harper, of Greene.

Attorney-General — William Baker, of Licking.

Supreme Judge—E. D. Stark, of Cuyahoga.

Public Works—William A. Gloyd, of Tuscarawas.

Clerk Supreme Court—Thomas N. Hickman, of Morrow.

After the convention adjourned, it was discovered that no one had been nominated for the important position of auditor of state. The state central committee will supply the omission later.

BLOOMERS IN PRAYER MEETING.

Pretty Organist Wore 'Em and Put the Good People to Flight.

Mason, O., July 31.—The good people of the Methodist church here received a shock last night, when Miss Ada Coleman, one of the belles of Warren county, the daughter of one of the wealthiest farmers in this section, and the organist of the church, marched down the center aisle of the church at prayer meeting clad in red bloomers of the most fashionable cut. The members of the church fled to their homes, horrified beyond description. A few days ago Miss Coleman, who is a leader and general favorite among the society belles of the town, appeared on a wheel in the main streets. She wore bloomers of the most pronounced type—red in color and trimmed gorgeously in white. They were the first bloomers seen here and the fever spread and Saturday last ten young ladies appeared in company, attired in different colored bloomers. They rode to the kite-shaped track, took several spins and then went to the base ball game. Rev. John Wordworth, the pastor of the Methodist church, was at the game and saw the young women, who are all members of his congregation.

ELECTION OUTLAWS INDICTED.

Grand Jury Seeking to Send Others to Prison.

Chicago, July 31.—Four indictments were returned by the grand jury today in the election fraud cases in the Third Congressional district, out of which grew the McGann-Belknap contest. The men indicted were Joseph O'Reilly, Fred Sawyer, Edward Hopp and John Neybert. During the afternoon further evidence was submitted to the grand jury and the following additional indictments were returned: A. E. Gage, Andrew Buchanan, John Reedy, F. R. Strain, Thomas Neely and Tim McLaughlin, all of whom were judges of election in the Third Congressional district. They will be tried for fraudulent substitution of ballots at the election of last November.

M'KINLEY NOT AN A. P. A.

Governor's Private Secretary Denies It in His Name.

Boston, Aug. 1.—The Traveler today publishes a letter from James Boyle, private secretary to Governor McKinley, of Ohio, denying in the Governor's name that the latter is a member of the American Protective Association. The letter was brought out by declarations of Rev. James Boyd Brady, of the People's church, at a public meeting a fortnight ago, that Governor McKinley was a member of the order mentioned, and a believer in its principles.

Eastern Capital Invades the West

Colorado Springs, Col., July 31.—A company backed by New York and Philadelphia men are arranging to build an electric car line to the Garden of the Gods. It is also proposed to build at the Garden a huge structure to be known as Palm Palace. It will be an immense conservatory such as the horticultural building at the World's Fair.

THE OMAHA ROW.

Governor Trying His Best to Prevent Riot and Disorder.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 3.—Three police commissioners, acting under the A. P. A. police law, are doing business in Omaha regardless of the fact that the District Court restrained the city council from approving their bonds. The oath-bound organization in the council has a working majority, and the court's order was ignored. As a result a citizens' volunteer guard of 100 men is on duty at the police station to maintain peace and assist the regular police force in holding possession of city property.

Messrs. Broatch, Vandervoort and Foster were given their certificates as police commissioners at noon by the attorney general and commissioner of public lands and buildings. The governor refused to sit with them, and warned them that their course was illegal.

The Omaha council held a special session at 4:30 to approve the bonds, but were met with an injunction returnable to-day in the District Court. The order was ignored with a hurrah, and the new police commission appointed a full police force. They decided to make no effort to get possession of city property before this morning.

At an early hour to-day the District Court was to take up the matter of the council proceedings in contempt and will probably annul its work.

There is much inflammatory talk, and several companies of militia in different parts of the state have been notified to be in readiness to move to Omaha in the event of trouble. Governor Holcomb is prepared to maintain the law, and is using all means in his power to conserve peace and have the whole squabble carried to the Supreme Court.

When asked what action he proposed to take in the matter in case of an attempt to take forcible possession of the jail, Chief of Police White said last night that he would see that there was no rioting and that the laws were enforced in any event. He said he did not anticipate any violence, but would be prepared to deal with any cases of lawlessness that might come up.

At 11 o'clock last night the District Court issued a second injunction restraining the new police commissioners from interfering with the old force or any municipal property or from acting in any capacity. The case will be heard at noon to-day. The new commission has not yet indicated its position on this injunction.

IS A RIDICULOUS MESS.

This Indian Scare Reflects Upon the Honest Settler.

Omaha, August 3.—The Union Pacific office was asked to telegraph for information from stations along the Oregon short line from Soda Springs westward. The following reply is from the division superintendent at Pocatello: "A stage driver who has just reached Soda Springs says he left Carraboo this morning. He came through the Pray's Lake and Black Foot river country. He reports 200 Bannocks at Grave Lake on the way from Jackson's Hole to the reservation. They said that there had been no fighting and no desire to fight on their part. The scare seems to be over and settlers understand they are trying to make their way back to the reservation to avoid troops. Information thoroughly reliable."

John Blaine, a prominent member of the Bannock tribe, and a graduate of the Carlisle school, arrived here direct from Jackson's Hole. He stated that all the trouble in Jackson's Hole resulted from the murder of several Indians by whites. The latter expected that the Indians would retaliate, but he said that there is no danger of these fears being realized, as the Indians were afraid of being wiped out entirely if they went on the war path. The Indians made some hostile demonstrations, but these were merely to frighten the belligerent whites who seemed to be looking for trouble.

HE OWNS TRINIDADE.

Baron Hickey Interested in the Position Uncle Sam Will Take.

Los Angeles, Aug. 2.—Baron Harden-Hickey, sole proprietor, as well as ruler of the small island of Trinidade, by right of occupation, if not discovery, arrived here last night to await the result of the contest over the island. He makes light of the claim of Brazil and seems to be more interested in what position this government will take on the question. When asked what he would do if the United States should refuse to recognize the island as an independent seat, he replied: "That I am not prepared to state further than that I will not give up the fight even if this government should fail to give us recognition. We have right and justice on our side and while right does not always prevail over might, I think right will win in this case.

"Brazil of course became unduly excited over England's attempted seizure of the islands and its protests against the action of England has helped my cause."

Count De Boissierre, Baron Hickey's diplomatic representative, is in New York on a mission connected with the political position of Trinidade.

A POLITICAL SUSPECT.

Stephen B. Elkins Disturbs Eastern Politicians.

New York, August 3.—Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, now in this city, is a political "suspect." The friends of ex-Speaker Reed, Senator Allison, Governor Morton and Governor McKinley have deep-seated suspicions that the ex-secretary of war is working earnestly, but diplomatically in the interest of ex-President Harrison. Incidentally they say that Mr. Elkins might accept the second place on the ticket, although his friend, Col. Richard Kerens, emphatically denies this.

Among the politicians up-town, who are friendly to Governor Morton and the other candidates, a story is current that Senator Elkins and John C. New are working together, and doing all they can to properly groom General Harrison as a Presidential candidate.

ENJOYS BEING A SPHINX.

Speech-Making Hath No "Pull" With Gen. Harrison.

Old Forge, N. Y., August 3.—Gen. Harrison has declined another invitation to leave his camp to make a speech. Messrs Fulton and Monk, of Watertown, representing the New York state grange called at the camp to invite Gen. Harrison to go to Clayton August 20 when the grange holds its annual session there. Gen. Harrison declined the invitation on the ground that he had thus far refused all invitations to go outside his camp to speak. The committee did not tell the general he would be expected to make a speech, but he evidently thought he would be called upon to do so if he went to Clayton.

SUPPOSED PENSION SWINDLER.

Man of Many Names Arrested in Newark.

Newark, N. Y., Aug. 1.—A man giving the name of W. W. Wilson was arrested here yesterday, charged with attempting to swindle pensioners. He was identified by a United States special examiner from Rochester, as "Slippery Jim," alias W. W. Williams, alias Paschal, alias Moran, real name supposed to be J. D. Doyle. It is said he has been operating in pensions in Michigan for some time, and has served terms in different penitentiaries. He is about 53 years old, 5 feet 6 inches, weighs about 150 pounds, and wears a red mustache.

OLD SOLDIERS THROWN DOWN.

Government Frowns on the Plan to Erect a Tower on Lookout.

Chattanooga, Tenn, August 3.—Major Seabrinskie, engineer of the New York State Chickamauga National Park Commission, yesterday received a telegram from General Boynton, of the National Park Commission, from Washington, saying that the government would not approve of the plan proposed by the State Commissioners to build a tower on Lookout Mountain as a monument to the Empire State troops that fell in the battles about Chattanooga.

Mrs. Gardiner's Disappearance.

Arcadia, Neb., August 2.—J. W. Landers, who went to Boston to endeavor to find Mrs. Gardiner, the Christian Endeavor delegate who mysteriously disappeared, has about given up in despair. After starting home he received a telegram from Boston authorities to return as they had discovered the identity of the woman Brown who had sent the information that Mrs. Gardiner was dead.

COAL MINERS JUBILANT.

Wages of One Hundred Thousand Miners Ascend.

Pittsburg, August 3.—The biggest victory ever made by organized labor was won yesterday in Pittsburg by the miners. The papers were signed last night which increase the wages of 100,000 miners in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The terms of the agreement are that the present rate of wages shall continue in force until October 1, when every operator in the Pittsburg district will pay the 69 cent rate with a differential of 5 cents in favor of operators who do not have company stores. The agreement further provides for another advance on January 1. It is understood that the rate will then be made 79 cents. Above all W. P. De Armitt, who has whipped the miners at every turn heretofore, has been brought over and will pay the 64 cent rate as he does not have the company stores.

The effect of the settlement is to advance the mining rate in Ohio and Indiana from 51 cents to 60 cents. It also holds same rate in Illinois and brings the strike there to an end. It also changes the end of the scale year from April 30 to January 1. This is the first time a differential has ever been granted against company stores, and it is expected it will result in having all of them abolished. An evidence of this came to-day when W. P. Rend, of Chicago, offered to abolish his company store at Reisig, Pa., and agreed to loan the miners money enough to operate it on a co-operative basis.

Another feature of the miners' victory is that a convention of miners and operators is to be held on the second Thursday of October in each year to fix the mining rate for the next year so the rate for each year can be settled before the scale year expires. The first joint convention under this agreement is to be held next October and the rate made then will go into effect on January 1, 1896.

Terre Haute, Ind., August 3.—The called convention of the Indiana bituminous miners met in this city yesterday. Charges against State President Purcell and Secretary Kennedy, brought by the Star City local, because the president refused to call out the Clinton miners who were working under a special agreement for 51 cents per ton, were preferred. President Purcell defended his action and then he, Secretary Kennedy and the entire executive board tendered their resignations. The delegates refused to accept the resignations by a majority of 25 to 14. Since the officers have been exonerated it is likely that the Star City local will withdraw from the federation.

Pittsburg Loses the Key.

Pittsburg, Aug 5.—Pittsburg promises to lose the key to the mining situation by the settlement entered into by the local operators and miners on Friday.

The miners admit there is a grave possibility of this very important privilege slipping away from them.

President Ratchford, of the Ohio Miners organization, was perhaps the first to realize this point for the miners. In speaking of the settlement and its probable results he said:

"One good thing about this settlement is the fact that the operators of the Pittsburg mining district lose the key to the mining situation. The rate has always been fixed in the spring just at the time when the Pittsburg operators are about to make their river shipments to the south, and their rail shipments to the lakes. As the rates are fixed in the spring and the Pittsburg operators are the heaviest spring shippers, it was more than just that they be allowed to ship at their own rates. The operators cut under one another to get the early shipments. That established low rates and brought outside operators, who were getting a good price, down to their figure. Miners in other districts, as well as Pittsburg, had their wages cut.

"The low rate for spring shipments is gone and with it the power of the Pittsburg coal operators to cut down the wages of more than 100,000 miners.

STRIPPED OFF CLOTHES.

Lightning Struck a Church With Embarrassing Results.

Quakertown, Pa., August 5.—The Methodist church of this place was struck by lightning yesterday and twenty persons were prostrated. Those seriously hurt were James Hoff, justice of the peace; Minnie France, Mrs. Kuhl Hoffman, Mrs. John Wilson, Asa Bauman, sexton, and Mrs. Bowman, wife of Rev. F. L. Bowman, pastor of the church.

Nearly all of these were knocked senseless by the stroke and it is feared deaths will result.

Dr. Bowman had just pronouned the benediction at the morning service when the bolt struck the belfry. Sexton Bauman had his coat torn from his back and one of his shoes was stripped as by a knife.

Minnie France was in her pew when the bolt tore through the floor. Both shoes were torn from her feet, the crown of her hat was wrenched away and her watch chain was melted into liquid.

GROVER RECEIVED CALLS,

But Said Nothing About Refusing a Third Term.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., Aug. 5.—The serenity of the Sabbath was not unpleasantly broken by the arrival of the well known steam yacht Oneida, with Mr. E. C. Benedict and guests, among the latter being Mr. Charles Belmont Travis, United States consul to Florence.

President Cleveland, as is his custom, was spending the day quietly at Gray Gables. It was not long after noon time when the Oneida came in sight and soon after she came to an anchorage. Mr. Benedict and Davis were rowed ashore and proceeded to the president's cottage, where they were cordially received by Mr. Cleveland.

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

Wanted, Brief Sentence Containing All Letters of the Alphabet.

Bucyrus, O., Aug. 6.—Considerable interest has been taken here in the efforts of a literary club to construct a sentence with the least number of letters but all of the alphabet. The following were thought good ones: "Why give up six dozen quarts of black jam" and "Have judges pick my new quartz fly box," each of which contained all the letters of the alphabet. But a decided improvement is had in the following sentence containing only 29 letters, and yet using all the letters of the alphabet: "Jack Whip finds my quartz glove box." Can any one beat this?

SWEDE COLONY A COLOSSAL FROST

Warm, Passionate Climate of Mississippi Unsuited to Their Taste.

Rockford, Ill., August 3.—Word was received from the colony of 100 Rockford Swedes who removed to Haga, Miss., a year or so ago that they are in a condition of starvation and many almost naked and appealing for assistance to get back to Rockford. They report that the cotton was the only crop for which they found a cash market, and prices are so low on that as to make it far from profitable. They hope to get enough out of this year's crop to return here.

To Secure John Brown's Fort.

Chicago, August 5.—An organization was partly affected here to-day for the purpose of reclaiming John Brown's fort and sending it back to Harper's Ferry, where it is proposed it shall occupy its old site. It is probable that the necessary funds will be raised among the colored people. Miss Kate Field is aiding in the work.

Black Eye to Temperance.

Indianapolis, Aug. 2.—The test case brought by the Terre Haute Brewing company against the stringent Nicholson temperance law, passed by the last legislature, was decided by Judge Taylor, of the Circuit court at Terre Haute yesterday. He does not hold the law unconstitutional, but practically inoperative, because of a defective penal clause.

Jollied the Old Soldiers.

Caldwell, Kan., August 3.—Hon. John J. Ingalls addressed about 1,500 people yesterday afternoon at the Chikaska Veteran Association. After paying tribute to the old soldiers and the cause they represented he closed by declaring in favor of free coinage of silver.

FOREIGN.

MISSIONARIES KILLED.

China Will be Dealt With Vigorously This Time.

London, Aug. 5.—A Shanghai dispatch to the Times says that the mission and Sanitarium at Wha Sang, near Ku Cheng, province of Fokein, has been attacked and ten British subjects killed.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart, wife and child, were burned in their house. The Misses Yellow and Marshall, two sisters named Saunders, two sisters named Gordon and Steetie Newcombe were murdered with spears and swords. Miss Codrington was seriously wounded about the head, and the Stewards' eldest child had a knee cap badly injured, while the youngest had an eye gouged out. The Rev. Mr. Phillips, with two Americans, Dr. Gregory and Miss Hartford, were both wounded. The perfect of Cheng Fu, who was on the inquiry commission, is seriously implicated in the Cheng Fu outrages.

The Standard's special from Shanghai says that the news of the massacre was suppressed for three days by the Chinese officials.

Courtney Hixson, the American consul at Fu Chow, with several volunteers went to the scene in a steam yacht and brought back two Americans.

"Their experience," the Dispatch continues, "were terrible, and death was the least part of the sufferings of the butchered women. The indignation here is intense. A mass meeting will be convened to-morrow. The Mandarins will endeavor to throw all the blame upon the secret societies, but it is known that they were encouraged by officials. The Chinese are revealing their old tactics of cutting telegraphic communication.

The massacre commenced early on Thursday at Whaihan near Ku Cheng. The houses were fired and eight ladies, a man and a child were killed, and several were wounded, two probably mortally. The bodies are expected to arrive at Fuchau tomorrow.

ENGLISH ELECTION RETURNS.

Gives the Conservatives a Clear Majority of Twelve.

London, Aug. 1.—With the exception of the polling in Orkney and Shetland, which was formerly represented by Sir L. Lyell, a liberal, and the result of which will not be known until the end of the week, the new parliament is now complete. The division of the parties is as follows:

Conservatives	341
Liberal Unionists	70
Government total	411
Liberals	174
McCarthyites	70
Parnellites	13
Labor	2
Total opposition	259

Government majority, 152; Conservative majority over all, 12.

Thus the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, with a net gain of 90 seats, will have a majority of 152, the largest in the memory of the present generation. Conservatives are made independent even of a coalition of all the other parties, including the Liberal-Unionists. The aggregate vote in the elections was as follows: Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, 1,725,455; Liberals, 1,628,247; Labor, 50,066; total, 3,404,268.

As 114 of the Unionist candidates for parliament were returned unopposed, no reliable estimate can be formed of the electoral strength of the parties.

The Liberal and Radical press are daily engaged in trying to explain the defeat, but to little purpose. The broad fact of the situation is that the Conservatives are not likely to be displaced for five or six years unless dissensions should arise in the cabinet between the sections led respectively by Mr. Balfour (Conservative) and Mr. Chamberlain (Liberal-Unionist).

The ministers will prepare a brief and colorless royal speech and will then dispose of the estimates and adjourn parliament until February

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

Campos, a Poor General, Will Now Attempt to Throttle the Press.

Madrid, Aug. 2.—Count Monterra, chief of the Cuban party, in an interview on the state of affairs on the island of Cuba, said that operations against the insurgents would be commenced in earnest early in autumn, and that before winter set in the rebellion would be over. The insurgents, he added, are short of ammunition, and the leaders lack prestige. The principal thing to do, in the opinion of Count Monterra, is to watch the coast in order to prevent outside help from reaching the insurgents.

Tampa, Fla., Aug. 2.—The latest news from Cuba is that Baire Jiguani and Guantinimo have been captured by the insurgents. Gen. Salciedo has been returned to Spain for having shot some war prisoners, when Maceo had cared for Spanish prisoners until they were all well, and had returned them to Salciedo. The issue of La Discussion was suppressed Tuesday for publishing the capture of Bmir by the insurgents.

In the latest issue of La Lucha it is stated that Campos, while at Mansanillo, admitted that his life was in greater peril at Valenzuela than ever before. He acknowledged that Maceo was not in the engagement, and that Rabbi is not dead.

Captain General Martinez De Campos has issued the following proclamation: "There being instances often and repeatedly in the press publishing facts, news and correspondence, which is misleading to public opinion, and tends to favor the work of the insurgent forces and to damage that of the national army, I avail myself of the right, that the third article of the law of April 23, 1870, bestows on me, and I decree the following:

"Article 1—It is absolutely prohibited to publish news referring to the campaign when it is not of official origin.

"Article 2—The staff officers will hand to the press the news and facts the publication of which is not included in the above clause."

A Sharp Battle.

Havana, July 31.—While Ft. Peralta with a detachment of twenty cavalry was making a reconnoisance of an insurgent camp near the village of Solapa, he was fired upon by the vanguard of Col. Zayas, 300 strong. The entire insurgent command immediately attacked Lieutenant Peralta's company. Major Zubia, in command of a body of 200 soldiers heard the firing and went to the relief of Lieut. Peralta. He engaged Col. Zayas and after a hard fight dispersed the insurgents who fled in the direction of Agabama. The insurgents left three dead on the field and in their flight threw away many rifles and machettes. The loss of the Spaniards was two wounded.

UNDER THE QUEEN.

Anti-Japanese Political Forces Are Gathered at Korea.

San Francisco, Aug. 1.—The steamer China from Tokio, July 20, brings the following advices:

"The work of establishing thoroughly friendly relations with Korea must be commenced anew, under conditions even less advantageous than those which existed when Inouye took command. The queen has firmly united all anti-Japanese political forces and placed herself ostentatiously at their head. Her ambition will not, however, be allowed full play, as the king has suddenly announced his intention of governing in person, and has taken steps toward reorganizing the administration to suit his own fancy.

The Korean king's disposition to erect a barrier between the court and the Japanese representative is shown by his recall to office of the American general, Le Gendre, a conspicuous figure in Korean politics, whose opposition to Count Inouye is undisguised, and who will certainly do his best to reverse everything that the envoy has done in the past six months. One of Inouye's worst errors was to antagonize Le Gendre. Working together the two men might have accomplished genuine reforms in Korea.

Mad at the Government.

Tokio, Aug. 1.—The Japanese government maintains its severe measures towards political opponents hoping that popular animosity would eventually subside. The unpopularity of the government still continues, however, and the government may be forced to convene the diet early, against its will. Never before has the government been in such need of parliamentary support. Important financial measures growing out of the war must be promptly executed, and for these the sanction of the legislatures is indispensable. If the radicals prove intractable, Count Ito will be powerless to carry on public business, and he will have to choose between resignation and the admission of opposition leaders to the cabinet.

TURKS LOST FIVE HUNDRED

In an Engagement With Macedonian Insurgents.

London, August 5.—The Chronicle has a dispatch from Constantinople which says:

A man from Uskun traversed the disturbed district and reports that a severe engagement has taken place with Macedonian insurgents near Strumitza in which the Turks lost 500 killed and wounded and the insurgents lost 100 wounded, who were placed in the hospital at Salonica.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL TROUBLES.

Premier Greenway Asked What He Will Do to Settle Them.

Minneapolis, August 3.—A special to the Tribune from Winnipeg says: Sir John Schultze, governor of Manitoba, has transmitted to Premier Greenway a communication from the dominion government asking Greenway to state just how far he will go in compromising the Catholic school difficulty. Sir John, after transmitting the communication, took the train for Banff, in the Rocky Mountains where Sir MacKenzie Bowell, Premier of Canada, now is. In Winnipeg yesterday the startling rumor was circulated that if Premier Greenway persists in his refusal to remedy the Catholic grievances he and his ministers will be dismissed from office by the Manitoba governor. The governor has the power to do this, but such a high handed course would be calculated only to intensify the trouble and bitterness. Certain it is, however, that the dominion government is contemplating decisive action.

AMERICA'S SHARE IMPORTANT.

London Comments on the Condition of Armenian Christians.

London, Aug. 2.—The Daily News in a leader says: "The document relating to the condition of the Armenian Christians published in New York by the Evangelical Alliance of Constantinople, is of the most importance. The American share therein is peculiarly acceptable because America has absolutely no political interest in Turkey. The powers have accepted the nomination of Shakir Pasha as the guardian angel of the new reforms, a man whose chief exploit is the organization of that dreadful hamidieh cavalry, which is only Kurd with the government stamp."

Annexation of Hawaii.

Honolulu, Aug. 1.—Considerable pressure is being brought to bear to cause the legislature, now in session, to pass a joint resolution authorizing and instructing President Dole to reopen annexation negotiations with the United States. At a meeting recently held by the native Hawaiian organization, resolutions to that effect were passed. It is believed that such a resolution will be introduced by the executive before the Senate adjourns.

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC
WILL DISTRIBUTE
FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
IN FREE GIFTS
To Subscribers of the Twice-a-Week Edition.

One thousand special gifts, valued at $[illegible], have been distributed to subscribers to the Twice-a-Week Edition of THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC who sent in their orders in July. Another list of one thousand, valued at $[illegible], is offered to the August subscribers, and a third list, valued at $[illegible], will be offered September subscribers. In addition a valuable engraving is given every subscriber during these three months, making the total value of the gifts distributed over $50,000. The list for subscribers in August is given below, and the list for September will be announced September 2. The first 700 and the last 300 subscribers during August who send correct answers to the question "Where does the Word "Gift" first occur in the Bible?" will be awarded, in the order their answers are received, the following one thousand special gifts:

FIRST 700 GIFTS:

1st Correct Answer—One year scholarship, including board at "The Castle," Miss C. E. Mason's School for Girls and Young Ladies, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York. Unquestionably the most beautiful Eastern school for girls $[illegible]
2—One year scholarship Clara Conway Institute, Memphis, Tenn. 200.00
3—Scholarship Barnes' Shorthand School, Arthur J. Barnes, Prest., St. Louis 150.00
4—Life Scholarship Watson's Business College (successors to Leddins Business College), Memphis, Tenn., W. T. Watson, Prin. 150.00
5—One year scholarship Central Female College, Archibald A. Jones, Pres., Lexington, Mo. 115.00
6—One year scholarship complete business course (actual business practice and practical bookkeeping, with banking), Jones' Commercial College, J. G. Bohmer, Prin., St. Louis 100.00
7—Scholarship Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 100.00
8—Complete course New York College of Business 100.00
9—Course of Shorthand and Typewriting, Jones' Commercial College, St. Louis 100.00
10—Scholarship Christian Brothers' College, Memphis 100.00
11—Scholarship K. C. (Mo.) Bus. University 100.00
12—Scholarship French or German [illegible]
13—[illegible]
14-15—One year scholarship Springfield Normal School, Springfield, Mo. [illegible]
16—Springfield Farm Wagon [illegible]
17—New Home Sewing Machine [illegible]
18-19—Round Trip Tickets to Eureka Springs via Missouri Pacific; [illegible]
20—One year scholarship (Literary Department) Baptist Female College, Lexington, Mo., Rev. W. A. Wilson, President [illegible]
21—Round trip ticket to Denver via Burlington Route [illegible]
[illegible]

LAST 300 GIFTS:

Many answers will come in late from subscribers who reside in remote parts of the United States, and in order that these may also receive handsome gifts we will give to the last 300 subscribers sending correct answers (envelope to bear postmark not later than August 31, 1895, and reach Republic office not later than September 10, 1895), the following handsome and valuable gifts:

Last Correct Answer—One year scholarship Baptist Female College, Lexington, Mo., Rev. W. A. Wilson, President [illegible]
[illegible]

SUMMARY—[illegible]

EVERY SUBSCRIBER SENDING AN ANSWER RECEIVES A GIFT.

Subscribers sending answers too late to secure one of the first 700 special gifts and too early for the last 300 [illegible] will be presented with a HANDSOME ART ENGRAVING, consisting of the NATIONAL CAPITOL, surrounded by a handsome border, embellished with PORTRAITS OF EVERY PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, [illegible] worth ONE DOLLAR. [illegible] EVERY ANSWER MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY ONE DOLLAR FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE TWICE-A-WEEK REPUBLIC. All answers will be recorded the moment received [illegible] The name and address of each subscriber securing one of the 1,000 special gifts will be published in the issue of September 12, 1895.

Address: The Twice-a-Week Republic, Republic Building, St. Louis.

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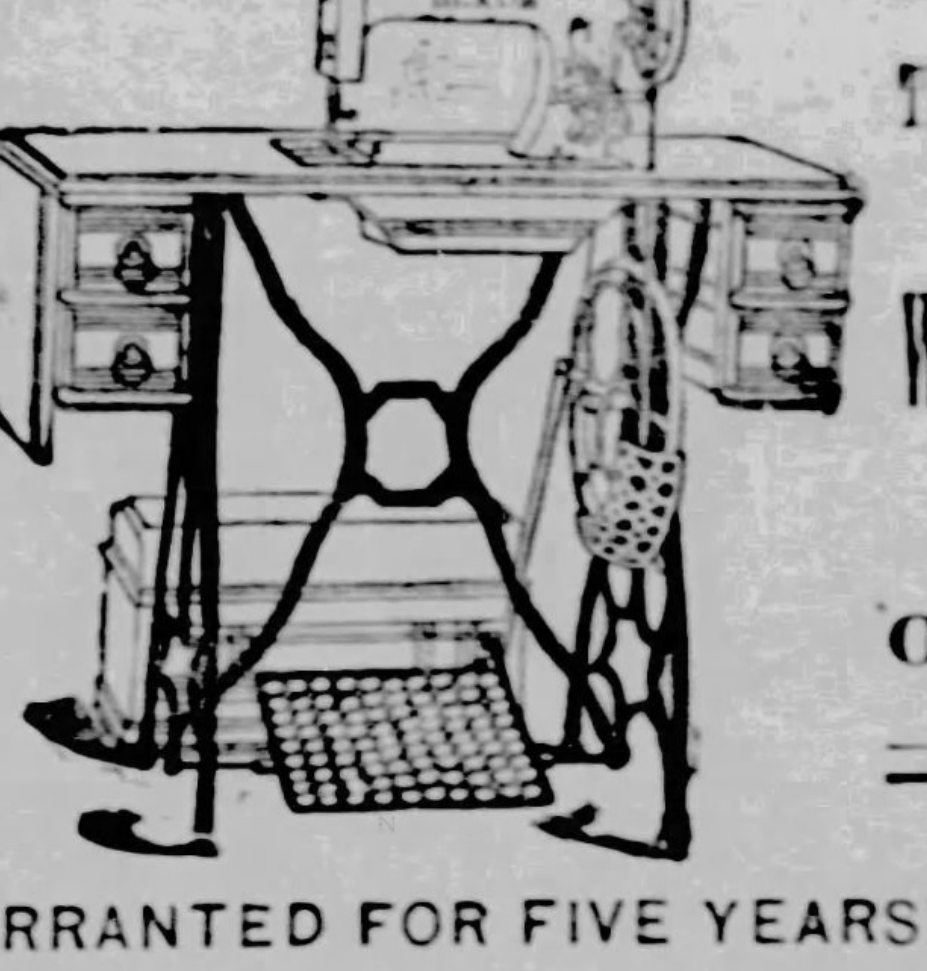
IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.
Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.



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ONE YEAR
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WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. . . . DOES PERFECT WORK

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c. A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 200 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, running independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. [illegible] Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise ordered, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. [illegible] You may send us five subscribers at a time or a dollar each, and when you have sent six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. [illegible] Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family in its neighborhood.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering needles or repairs, always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.

WASHINGTON.

VENEZUELAN TROUBLES.

Uncle Sam Is Now in High Favor With Venezuela.

Washington, Aug. 1.—One of the oldest in service and most experienced of our consuls, Mr. Plumacher, at Caraibo, has made a report of great interest to the state department, speaking of the troubles Venezuela has had with the European nations seeking to seize upon her territory and substance, and pointing out in strong language the splendid opportunity open to the United States to extend our trade with Venezuela at the expense of other nations. The consul says that the past year has been an eventful one for Venezuela in her efforts for political reorganization. He describes the opportunity lost by the United States from 1890 to 1894, owing to the refusal of the Venezuelas to accept the reciprocity propositions of the United States, but that since duties were decreased he notes a slight improvement, the exports to New York increasing from $4,000,000 to $7,500,000. He attributes the depression in Venezuela to financial and political views of that country, and says that if the present crisis passes the United States will have a great advantage owing to the diplomatic complication with Germany and Great Britain, our commercial rivals.

"The Germans," he says, "are looked upon with but little favor on account of the threat to send German ironclads to Laguayra to enforce the payment of a subsidy due the builders of the principal Venezuelan railway.

The popular feeling on this point was intensified by the suggestion in a leading newspaper that the Germans knew very well that such payment was an impossibility as the country was staggering under the burdens of the late war, and they neither expected nor desired payment, but, encouraged by the example of Great Britain, they probably imagined that it might be possible to secure a part of the rich Guiana as an indemnity.

The feeling against Great Britain is now most intense throughout Venezuela. Pamphlets and newspapers are constantly being published respecting British aggressions, but as they do not circulate outside the country the world at large is not acquainted with the state of feeling.

Mr. Plumacher said that on this account the United States is in much favor, especially as Venezuela, as never before, is looking to the United States for counsel and guidance, the people of the country would prefer to trade with the United States. New York is but six days from the Venezuelan coast. The American steamship line has been one of the principal factors in building up trade on the coast. Mr. Plumacher also says:

"It is to Americans also that Venezuela looks to-day for the development of her great natural resources and the government would be glad to grant most favorable concessions to companies or individuals from the United States who come in good faith for that purpose."

CONSUL WALLER'S CASE.

Washington, Aug. 3.—The State Department exhibits tremendous activity over the imprisonment of ex-United States Consul Waller in Marseilles. Waller is ex-consul to Tamave in Madagascar. He is a colored man and a Republican. He obtained valuable concessions of rubber forests from the Hovas. Naturally the French invaders objected. Waller is now in jail under a 20 years' sentence.

The Cleveland administration, when his trial was first reported, demanded a copy of the minutes of the court martial which imprisoned him. Under advice from Ambassador Eustis the State Department was very mild in presenting its views. Minister Eustis told his government that under the regulations governing the conduct of affairs in countries where martial law was declared a citizen of the United States who furnished information to the enemy, as it was alleged Waller had done, was guilty of treason.

This is why the administration halted in its demands for his release. Recently, however, an agitation has been commenced by Republican newspapers, and the State Department has discovered that the French government had no records to sustain its allegations against Waller and from this time forward the release of this American citizen may be regarded one of the probabilities, even if it should have to extend to a threat of hostilities against France.

Failing to receive any assurance of progress from Ambassador Eustis, in the case, Acting Secretary of State Adee, has again cabled him to press the request for the record of Waller's trial in Madagascar and has instructed him at some length as to the position which he should take in presenting it.

It is also stated upon what is believed to be good authority that the instructions to Mr. Eustis go a step farther in that they direct him to say that a final refusal to furnish a complete transcript will be accepted by this government as a denial of justice.

THE WALLER FAMILY.

If Waller is Guiltless, France Should Smart for This.

Washington, August 2.—All of the members of the Waller family are at last out of Madagascar, but their misfortunes continue, and Mrs. Waller, wife of the harassed ex-consul, is now with her little children, helpless and stranded on an island at the other side of the globe. A letter received by Paul H. Bray, Waller's son-in-law, and a dispatch received by the state department from U. S. Consul Campbell at the island of Mauritius, both contain notification of the arrival of Mrs. Waller and her four children at Port Louis, Mauritius, Madagascar, about the middle of June. The letter said that the mother and children were well, but Mrs. Waller was suffering intense mental distress owing to her husband's misfortunes, and the hardships she and the children had to undergo. They did not know how they were going to reach the United States being without money.

Hearing of the appearance of the U. S. cruiser Castine in Madagascar waters, the mother and children had made their way from the interior of the island to the coast in the hope of securing passage to the United States, but met with failure and disappointment. Ethelbert G. Wood, a manufacturer from New York, who had been in the capital of the Hovas on business, generously succored them, and paid their passage as far as Mauritius. Mr. Campbell, the American consul there, could do nothing more for them than to cable the department an appeal for assistance to enable the mother and children to reach the United States. The department is unable to grant relief and it will be necessary for them to look to friends in this country for aid.

RECORD OF CONFEDERATES.

Regarding Discharged and Deserting Soldiers.

Washington, Aug. 2.—In a recent pension case Assistant Secretary Reynolds, of the interior department, decided that where there is record of service in the Confederate army, such record failing to show whether the service was voluntary or involuntary, it will be presumed that service was voluntary, but such presumption may be rebutted, the burden of proof being on the claimant. Where the service was voluntary, the claimant is not entitled to a pension, but where the services were wholly compulsory he may be. The sufficiency of the evidence to rebut the presumption of voluntary service must depend on the circumstances of each case.

In another case the assistant secretary holds that when a soldier was discharged to re-enlist, and did then and there re-enlist as a veteran volunteer, and thereafter deserted from the service and never returned to, or was discharged from said service, he is not pensionable under any law for any disability contracted under the enlistment from which he was discharged, or that from which he deserted, for the reason that there was no period of the time during which he was regularly and legally released or separated from the service. Mr. Reynolds also holds that an insane claimant under the dependent pension act may file a valid declaration for pension by a competent person as next friend, but before payment, a guardian or committee must be appointed.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

QUARANTINE ESTABLISHED

In Berlin Against Ruminating Cattle and Swine.

Washington, Aug. 1.—Secretary Morton has received through the State department, a document from the United States embassy in Berlin, announcing the establishment by the Rundesrath of an obligatory quarantine of ruminating animals and swine imported by sea. The action was taken in order to prevent the introduction of Texas fever, pulmonary consumption, mange, sheep pox, swine pest, swine plague, foot and mouth diseases, etc. These regulations will go into effect October 1.

Somebody Has Lied.

Washington, Aug. 6.—Absolute denial by the Agricultural Department is given to the report from Germany that the Chicago packers buy the most inferior quality of beef for tinning and packing purposes. The statement was made in a German journal, which asserted that owing to the poor quality of the beef it was injurious and wrong to sell it in Germany.

KILLED BY MISS FLAGLER.

Little Negro Boy Who Was Stealing Her Fruit.

Washington, Aug. 3.—Miss Elizabeth Flagler, daughter of General Flagler, chief of ordnance of the army, and well known in army and social circles, shot and killed a 14-year-old negro boy named Ernest Green to-day at her home in the suburbs of this city. The Flaglers and other families in the vicinity have been annoyed greatly of late by boys stealing their fruit and damaging the trees of their gardens. To-day Miss Flagler discovered young Green on the fence stealing fruit, and fired at him, from the second story window. The bullet entered his right breast, and passing through his body inflicted a wound that caused his death in a short time. Miss Flagler went to the police headquarters and gave herself into custody. She is 28 years old and an attractive and accomplished woman. Ernest Green is a son of Dick Green, well known to public men as one of Secretary Carlisle's messengers.

The coroner's jury exonerated Miss Flagler and she was released.

THE FRENCH PROPOSAL.

Agreement Will be Difficult, Through the Monroe Doctrine.

Washington, Aug. 5.—The State department has been notified by Ambassador Eustis of the action taken by the French Chamber of Deputies looking to the arrangement of a treaty between the United States and France by the terms of which any differences that may hereafter arise between the two countries will be adjusted by arbitration. The ambassador reports that a resolution to this end passed the chamber by a unanimous vote. It does not appear that this fact was officially communicated to Mr. Eustis, and, as by the terms of the resolution, the French government was invited to negotiate for such a treaty, it is probable that the first official notice that our government will receive of the intention of the French government will be a proposal to open negotiations to see if common ground can not be found. This proposition may be made to our State department through Ambassador Patenotre. At the State department it is thought the subject promises to be extremely difficult of adjustment, owing to the seeming impossibility of reconciling the claims of the United States under the Monroe doctrine with the French view.

WILL FOREWARN FARMERS.

Weather Bureau Will Apprise Them of Big Storms.

Washington, July 31.—Active measures are being taken by the weather bureau to provide special protection to agricultural, commercial and other property interests liable to be seriously affected by unusually severe weather conditions. Chief Moore, of the bureau, has directed all weather station chiefs to prepare lists of street railway superintendents, general managers of railways, superintendents of railway telegraph lines, and like officials of large property interests to whom warnings of expected occurrence of unusual weather conditions will be sent. Report will also be made to the bureau as to the location and character of interests most liable to injury by particular kinds of weather during different seasons in order to give information for official forecasts of greatest protection to such interests. Officials assigned to prepare forecasts for states and territories have been directed to familiarize themselves with the river systems in their territory so as to be able to make an accurate forecast of the movement of flood waves and of the stages of water at different river stations in the event of threatened floods.

ANOTHER PENSION RULING.

A Curious Divorce Case is Brought to Light.

Washington, August 3.—A curious case of divorce has been brought out by a decision of Assistant Secretary Reynolds in a pension appeal case. Susan McLeod was married to Daniel McLeod in Athens county, Ohio. The husband served during the war and in 1869 he obtained a divorce from his wife and married again. He died in 1880 and eleven years after his death, on petition of the first wife, the decree of divorce was set aside by order of the court. The first wife then claimed a pension as a soldier's widow. Secretary Reynolds reaches the conclusion that the action of the court undertaking to annul the soldier's divorce from the claimant was illegal and the rejection of the claim on the ground that claimant is not the soldier's legal widow under the law of Ohio is affirmed.

IS WELL PRESERVED.

Old Treaty Between Gen. Wayne and the Indians.

Washington, Aug. 1.—A fac simile of the treaty of peace negotiation by Gen. Anthony Wayne with the Indians of the northwest territory, August 3, 1795, on the site of the present town of Greenville, O., has been prepared at the instance of Mr. Harvey M. Friend, and will be forwarded to Greenville in time for use at the centennial anniversary celebration of the signing of the document, which will occur Saturday next. The document proved, when taken from its receptacle in the State department, to have been well preserved, and the signatures were as clear as if made within the past year. Those interested in the celebration made an effort in the last session of Congress to secure an appropriation for a statue to mark the location of the occurrence, but failed.

NATIONAL BANK NOTES OUT.

Statement of the Comptroller of the Currency, July 31.

Washington, August 1.—A statement prepared by the comptroller of the currency shows the amount of national bank notes outstanding July 31 to have been $211,281,903, an increase for the year of $3,836,419. The amount of circulation based on United States bonds was $186,577,433, an increase for the year of $5,521,499. The circulation secured by lawful money amounted to $24,704,475, a decrease for the year of $1,695,080. The amount of United States registered bonds on deposit to secure circulating notes was $207,832,900, and to secure public deposits $15,328,000.

OUR MISSIONARIES UNINJURED.

Ten British Subjects Were Killed in China.

Washington, August 5.—The state department has received further information of the killing of the missionaries in Ku Cheng, China. The dispatch was from Consul General Jernigan and shows that no Americans suffered, but that the massacre of British subjects was greater than at first reported. The consul general's dispatch is in the following words:

"Americans all safe. None hurt. Ten British killed."

NEW COUNTERFEIT TEN.

Sovereign Would be a Fool to Accept This.

Washington, Aug. 6.—A new counterfeit $10 national bank note on the First National Bank of Detroit has been discovered by the secret service bureau. The notes are photographic productions of brown backs, series of 1882, check letter "C." B. K. Bruce, registrer; James Gilfillan, treasurer. It was printed on two pieces of paper pasted together, between which red silk threads are placed. The numbering and seals have been colored by brush. The printing of the notes is so badly blurred that discrepancies between them and the genuine cannot be shown; the notes bear the large scalloped seal printed in dark red, instead of chocolate.

REPORT OF GOVERNMENT MINT.

During July Gold Was Coined Aggregating $2,910,000.

Washington, August 1.—The monthly statement prepared by the director of the mint shows that during July the total coinage of the United States mints amounted to $3,235,800, as follows: Gold, $2,910,000; silver, $277,000; minor coin, $48,800.

Government in Line at Atlanta.

Washington, Aug. 6.—The office of the government board of management of the Cotton States Exposition will be established at Atlanta to-day. The force of clerks and other employes of the board, headed by W. I. Adams, secretary and disbursing officer of the board, left here last night and will immediately begin active work on the grounds.

COUNTERFEITERS CAUGHT.

Four of the Gang Captured by Secret Service Detectives.

New York, Aug. 6.—The expert counterfeiters who for two years past have been engraving and printing $500 and $100 United States gold certificates and flooding Canada with notes of smaller denominations have been discovered by secret service detectives, and four of the gang of five are now locked up in Jersey City. The fifth member, the backer of the plant, was arrested, but escaped from the officers.

Brockway, the most expert forger and counterfeiter in this country, is probably the principal of the gang. He is now 73 years old. When caught he had in his possession a $500 gold certificate and $390 in Canada money, supposed to be counterfeit.

The man who supplied the funds for the plant was Dr. O. E. Brandford, who heretofore has managed to escape suspicion. The other members of the gang are Libby Smith, a cousin of Bradford, and Sydney Smith, the engraver of the party, who is said to be Libby Smith's husband, and William E. Wagner. The plates and paper secured by the detectives show this to be the most skillful gang that has operated in this country for years. The building was raided on Saturday night last. Besides valuable plates for both United States and Canadian notes, $200,000 in Canadian currency, with the reverse side all printed, was discovered. The plate for the front side was found in the possession of Smith when arrested at his home. A sufficient amount of fibre paper to print $400,000 more Canadian notes was found in a closet. The paper, according to experts, is even superior to that prepared by the Hoyt gang in Connecticut. Uncompleted plates for $500 and $100 United States gold certificates were on the tables.

For two days the detectives have had the place under surveillance, in the hope of capturing the entire gang.

Brockway was known here as Col. Spencer, but the detectives had no difficulty in recognizing him.

The detectives hoped, by postponing the raid, to get Dr. Bradford with the other four.

Chief Hazen, of the secret service, who in person was directing proceedings, ordered the detectives to enter the house on Saturday night. Libby Smith, a female confederate, and Wagner, were the only members of the party there, and were locked in jail. Bradford was arrested at his office in this city by Chief Hazen. Sunday evening Brockway was found at his Rockaway cottage, and taken to the Jersey City police headquarters and locked up under the name of William Edwards. In his rooms were found a $1,000 railroad bond and a number of unused checks on various banks throughout the country. A $500 United States gold certificate and $390 in Canadian money were found padded together in his coat pocket.

Smith, the engraver of the gang, was not found until late last night. A search of his rooms resulted in the finding of a half finished plate for $400 United States gold certificates.

Smith is the son of a noted counterfeiter, Charles E. Smith, whose picture is in the rogues' gallery of every police station. The counterfeit Canadian money was found on the persons of each of the four arrested, and secret service officers say they will have no trouble in convicting them of uttering gold certificates of $500 and $100. That counterfeit gold certificates were in circulation was first reported to the Treasury department in March, 1893. Chief Drummond, then of the secret service, endeavored to secure evidence. When Hazen succeeded him he resorted to the old system of decoys, and finally secured a case against Brockway and his aides, which resulted in the arrests above told.

A FIFTEEN PER CENT ADVANCE

Demanded by the Window Glass Workers.

South Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 6.—The window glass workers wage committee of the eastern, western and northern districts, which have been in session here since Thursday, arranging the wage scale for the next blast, have adjourned, after calling for 15 per cent advance along the entire list. The eastern committee were given permission to fix their own wage scale. They will meet in a few days and make the scale about 10 per cent higher than the general scale. The northern district scale will be 7-2 per cent higher.

The western wage committee will meet the manufacturers in Pittsburg to-day. They are confident that an advance in wages will be granted.

MEXICO IN A BAD HOLE.

Shot an American for a Robbery Which He Did Not Commit.

Phoenix, Ariz., Aug. 6.—Gus Tribolet returned to-day from Mexico bringing affidavits from a score of individuals to the effect that his brother Robert, who was shot by the Mexican authorities for complicity in the Nacosari stage robbery, was not in the vicinity at the time and moreover was an American citizen. Documents will be sent to the State Department, and a claim for redress against the brother slayers pressed.

Must Not Use Fermented Wine.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—The Chicago Presbytery has decided that the churches belonging to it must not use fermented wine at communion services, and that unfermented grape juice must be substituted at all times. To carry out the work of temperance still further, temperance pledges will be placed in the Sunday schools.

DR. TALMAGE'S WIFE DEAD.

Her Illness Dates From the Burning of the Tabernacle.

Dansville, N. Y., Aug. 5.—Mrs. T. DeWitt Talmage died here at 5:30 this morning.

New York, Aug. 5.—Since the burning of the Brooklyn tabernacle last year Mrs. Talmage has suffered from nervous prostration, and she has never fully recovered from the shock sustained then. The fire broke out while the doctor was holding his usual Sunday reception, and a large number of parishioners and visitors were in the church when the fire broke out. They all made good their escape, but Dr. Talmage went back into the burning edifice for something he had left behind. During his absence Mrs. Talmage, who, with other members of the family, was outside awaiting his reappearance became greatly excited and alarmed for the doctor's safety. As soon as she was informed that he was all right, she broke down completely, her over-wrought nerves being unequal for such a strain. Her doctors suggested a European trip to build up her failing health. She was accompanied to Europe by the Misses Maud and Daisy Talmage. While in Rome she became ill with Roman fever and accompanied by one of her physicians she returned home. While staying at the family's summer residence near East Hampton, L. I., she appeared to improve, and her friends had hopes for her speedy recovery.

This was not to be, however, as she soon had a relapse of the spells of exhaustion and nervous prostration. The sufferer was removed to the Dansville sanitarium about a year ago with Miss Daisy Talmage as her constant companion.

While Dr. Talmage was absent on a lecturing tour in the West last week he received a telegram summoning him to his wife's bedside. He at once cancelled all his engagements and hastened back to find that there was very little hope for the patient's recovery and he remained with her until the end came this morning.

The deceased was the second wife of Dr. Talmage. His first wife was drowned while boating in 1862, leaving a daughter, Miss Jessie, and a son, who has since died. Within two years afterward the doctor married Miss Susie Whittemore, of Brooklyn. She became the mother of five children, Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, Mrs. Dorin, Mrs. Mangan, Miss Maud and Miss Daisy Talmage.

WAS FOOL OR KNAVE.

The Man Who Wrote That Circular to Kansas Veterans.

Topeka, Kan., Aug. 6.—Over 500 pension checks were paid by the Bank of Topeka yesterday, only two asking for gold. One was a customer, and he was given the yellow metal. The other was so insolent that he was told to get out of the bank. President J. R. Mulvane, of the Bank of Topeka, said: "We generally pay most of the pensioners in gold as it is more convenient when we are rushed, but this circular which was distributed among the pensioners is diabolical. I know not what else to call it. We do not get a cent for making this payment, or rather for cashing these checks. We do not charge these veterans anything for collecting their money, and it really costs us about $25 every three months to handle this pension business. We must be very particular about every check, and the checks must be forwarded to Washington by express. We cannot risk the mails. The government does not keep any money deposited with us, so you can see how foolish it is that this circular should be sent out telling them to demand gold."

SAVE THE SEALS.

In a Short Time There Will be None in American Waters.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 6.—News has reached this city from the Bering Sea fleet to the effect that seal life in the sea is being destroyed very fast by the vessels engaged in taking the seals outside the sixty mile zone. In a short time there will be no seals to protect in American waters, it is said, unless some means can be reached to prohibit the seals fishing by sea.

GREAT BRITAIN WILL ACT.

China Will Smart for the Vegetarian Atrocities.

London, Aug. 6.—The officials of the foreign office have cabled instructions to the British minister at Pekin, Mr. N. R. O'Connor, to demand the safety of all British subjects in the disturbed districts, and to insist upon a full inquiry into the massacre. In addition, Mr. O'Connor has been ordered to see that the culprits are punished and that an independent inquiry be made into the Ku-Cheng massacre by a British consular court.

Missionaries to the Soudan.

Philadelphia, August 6.—A band of missionaries comprising the first party of the African inland mission will leave for the Soudan next week, through the agency of the Philadelphia missionary council. They will be headed by Rev. P. Cameron Scott, a young Westerner who has spent seven of his 28 years in the interior of Africa.

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Soothes Heals
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SICK HEADACHE,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
INDIGESTION,
BILIOUSNESS,
CONSTIPATION,
DYSPEPSIA
—AND—
All Disorders of the Liver.

☞ Full printed directions in each box; 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists. Send to

RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK,
For Book of Advice.

A WYOMING CLOUDBURST.

Freighters Awakened by the Waves Lapping Their Faces.

Casper, Wyo., August 1.—A disastrous cloudburst occurred Tuesday night at the head of Garden Creek. The water came down the valley in a solid wall ten feet high, huge boulders and logs were torn from their fastenings and carried along with the torrent, dealing death and destruction in its march. A freighter and family, camped on the creek, were in bed when the flood came upon them and without a moment's warning were hurled into the mass of water and debris. Mr. Newby alone escaped, his wife and child being carried off with the flood. Sam Parson's camp, near Newbys's, was caught by the waters in the same manner and his two children were carried away in the torrent. Five other freight outfits were camped on the creek, who lost wagons, harness, camp outfits, clothing and are entirely destitute. The citizens are donating clothing and provisions. The bodies, horribly mutilated, were recovered.

Garden Creek is about seven miles long from mouth to source and was lined with camps. Just prior to the rush of water down the valley an eye witness says he noticed the cloud and it looked like a great hill suspended in the air, with water running out of the small end. The cloud seemed to have burst close to the side of the mountain, as the north side of Garden Creek canon is washed clear of soil and trees.

Cripple Creek, Col., August 1.—The flood here was caused by a cloudburst and a wall of water twenty feet high rushed down the narrow canon. Three lives were lost and four employes of the railroad company are missing.

NOW BILL WILL GET IT.

His Last Break Will Cost Him His Life.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 6.—Cherokee Bill will meet swift and speedy justice for his last crime. United States court convened yesterday and within thirty minutes after the grand jury began work it returned an indictment for murder against him for killing Jail Guard Larry Keating. He plead not guilty, and his case is set for trial Thursday morning. When he was taken into court to plead, it was the first time he has been out of his cell or out of irons since his outbreak of ten days ago, when he tried to free the prisoners in a murderous row.

Fort Smith, Ark., Aug. 6.—Tom Root, outlaw and murderer was placed in the United States jail yesterday. He is a big, burly negro and was an associate of Cherokee Bill and Buz Luckey. Root was in the Corretta and Blackstone mine robberies, and from ambush shot Deputy Newt Leforce in the back, killing him almost instantly.

MURDERERS OF AN AMERICAN.

Turkish Government Delaying the Work of Bringing Them to Justice.

Alton, Ill., Aug. 6.—Another letter has been received in this city from W. L. Sachtelben, who is conducting the Lenz searching expedition in which he states that his mission is making rather slow progress. He is at Erzerlum, waiting for governmental authority to proceed with the prosecution of the murderers of the lost American wheelman. Having established the identity of the assassins, he is compelled to lie idly by until the United States by force of authority, compels the Turkish powers to allow proceedings against the guilty parties. He has recently had a telegram from the American consul advising him not to move for the present, but to await developments, as steps have been taken to secure him the needed authority. To undertake to act aggressively without any authoritative military escort, he says, would be tantamount to common suicide.

DURRANT'S HARD LUCK.

Deserted by Fool Women, a Madman Tries to Shoot Him.

San Francisco, Aug. 6.—The first attempt to do violence to Theodore Durrant, on trial for the murder of Blanche Lamont, in Emanuel church, since his incarceration, was made yesterday, as the defendant was leaving the court room. The prisoner was in the custody of the chief jailer, when a wild-looking young man rushed from the crowd towards Durrant with the evident intention of assaulting him. The jailer threw him off before he could reach Durrant, and the assailant tried to draw a pistol. He was seized by two deputy sheriffs before he could aim his weapon. It is believed the assailant is insane. The seventh juror to try Durrant was secured at the morning session of the court in the person of H. K. Smythe, a farmer.

California Bondholders Scared.

San Francisco, Aug. 6.—Holders of California bonds of all classes are alarmed at the recent decision of Judge Ross, of Los Angeles, declaring the Wright irrigation law unconstitutional. Bankers believe the decision will not only invalidate outstanding irrigation bonds, but will have a like effect on all sorts of securities of the same character. Capitalists of this city will probably combine to appeal from the decision.

Money, Crops, Trade.

GENERAL ADVANCE IN PRICES HAS MADE PURCHASERS TIMID.

Bradstreet's Review of the Week in Finance.

New York, Aug. 3.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

There is a perceptible halt, which may deceive if attributed to wrong causes. Trade two months late in the spring has rushed forward, and a large share of business belonging to April or May is being done. Seeing a rush of orders out of time many imagined it would continue and hurried to give their orders. The jam of two month's business into one lifted prices. Then other orders came to anticipate a further rise. But the midsummer halt was inevitable, and it is yet somewhat uncertain how much resumption will appear after it. The crop of corn promises to be the largest ever grown, and is almost out of harm's way. The crop of wheat appears 20,000,000 bushels larger than was expected a month ago, and the best hope has been realized which would have been 100,000,000 bushels short of a full crop. Cotton has lost a little, and more people now believe in 7,500,000 bales than believed in 8,000,000 a month ago.

Larger stocks than were immediately wanted have been taken by traders as prices were advancing, and these tend to limit future orders.

The general advance in many products and other causes reluctance to purchase, and the distribution of the past half year has been in part to make up for stocks and individual supplies depleted during the two years of economy. On the other hand there has been an enormous increase in the working force and considerable increase in wages paid, which enables people to purchase more freely. Strikes of some importance appear, but as yet a strike of coal miners may for a time affect business somewhat extensively. The hopeful spirit prevailing in nearly all markets may find its warrant in spite of some shortage in crops.

For the first time since the rise in prices of iron products began there have been some concessions to retain business and efforts of new works to get orders tend to check the advance. In spite of this the general average of prices is a shade higher, bar having risen relatively more than mill iron has declined. The market for pig is quiet, and on the whole remarkably strong, with the prospect of increased output. Finished products are generally strong, with more demand than can at present be met for plates and for bar. The structural demand continues large, including 3,000 tons for one new building at One Hundred and Ninety-eighth street, but the expected demand for rails is yet delayed. Great speculation in copper stocks has brought out some extravagant statements of demand and profits, but 11 3-4 has been paid in some cases for lake and the consuming demand is actually heavy. Tin has remained strong in spite of large arrivals, and visible stocks 5,000 tons larger than usual and lead is stronger in tone.

Business in cotton goods has been the largest in July for several years, reckoning deliveries, but not large as to new orders.

A futher advance of 1 1-4c per yard has been made with moderate demand for some bleached and brown goods, and prices are firm for sheets and drills, while colored cottons are quiet with occasional advances. Sales of wool have been only 6,072,450 pounds for the week, against 9,336,400 in 1892.

Wheat suddenly rose 3 cents on bad reports of condition, but has dropped all the gain as the scantiness of exports is felt; shipments in July having been only 3,495,064 bushels; flour included, from Atlantic ports, against 9,865,633 last year. Western receipts continue very small, and farmers appear to be holding for higher prices. Corn is a shade stronger, although the reports are decidedly favorable.

Cotton has risen an eighth in price, wholly on bad condition reports, but at the lowest estimate the year's yield, with stocks carried over, will exceed the world's demand. Heavy sales of real cotton reported at prices at least 70 cents below the circular, and the market is much demoralized, with fear of auction sales.

Failures for the week have been 261 in the United States, against 230 last year, and 28 in Canada, against 44 last year.

Bradstreet on Finance.

New York, Aug. 3.—Bradstreet's Stock Review says:

Professional interests turned to the bull side of New York stock market this week, and gave a very strong tone in spite of the lack of any marked outside buying and the negative attitude of the London market. Chief improvement was in the Grangers or the bonds of railroads favorably affected by the prospective large corn crop, the operations by traders of the manipulative kind which advanced the leading industrials being really unhealthy signs.

For a time the market disregarded the strength of foreign exchange, but when at the close of the week $2,350,000 gold was taken from the treasury for transfer to Europe and Canada, it produced an effect upon the temper of speculation and led to a reactionary disposition in the general list. The market for the whole week has been under the influence of professional operators, and the outside participation was on a very limited scale.

The boom in copper shares at Boston absorbed attention from an element influential in certain shares and relegates the manipulation of some leading stocks to interests which are prompt to change their position according to the incidents of the hour.

OUR BIG CORN CROP.

Iowa the Banner State and All Others Doing Well.

Chicago, August 2.—The following is the Times-Herald's summary of the latest reports from the corn growing regions:

The crop of corn this year will be the largest that has ever been known. It is estimated at the present time that the yield will exceed by 200,000,000 bushels the record of any previous year. This condition did not exist a month ago. At that time continued drought in nearly all the corn states made the outlook dubious for an average yield. But the rains came, copious, heavy, continued showers, just at the time most needed, and to-day prosperity hovers closer over millions of homes than for many a year.

How much depends upon the corn crop is realized by few. The corn crop will bring more money, if marketed, than all other grain products combined, and potatoes may be counted with the grain to make good measure. The estimated yield of corn for this year is from 2,250,000,000 to 2,500,000,000 bushels. At the present price, which is 35 cents for December or May delivery, the crop will be worth $800,000,000. A decline of 5 cents a bushel would mean a difference of $115,000,000 in the value of the crop. To emphasize the immensity of this product it may be said that the state of Iowa alone will raise enough corn this year to supply more than five bushels to every man, woman and child in the United States. Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, and Kansas comprise what has been termed the corn belt. This section furnishes nearly, if not quite, two-thirds of the entire corn product.

Good Corn Crops Everywhere.

The prospect for a phenomenal crop of corn is not only excellent throughout the corn belt, but from the extreme east and west, from the southern coast and from the gulf states come the cheering news that the corn crop was never in better condition. Throughout the country there are but a few isolated spots where it is said to be slightly backward or affected by drought. So favorable have the reports become of an enormous crop that the managers of the various railroads that traverse the valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers are already making arrangements to get everything in readiness for handling the crop. The force of workmen has been increased in a number of the shops and all rolling stock is being repaired and made available for use in addition to new freight cars that are being hurried rapidly in construction.

The government report of July 10 indicated that there would be an unusually large yield of corn, but since that report was issued the conditions have vastly improved. Secretary Morton has called for a special report upon corn from all weather stations, which will be furnished next Tuesday. The acreage of corn is far in advance of other years, as is the prospect of the yield. The last good corn year was in 1891, so that the large crop of this year comes after a single season of crop failure, but three years of poor returns.

Great Yield Six Years Ago.

The greatest yield of any year was in 1889, when the acreage was 78,319,651 and the yield 2,112,892,000 bushels. The following year brought a practical failure, and the yield was 1,489,970,000. The largest recent yield was in 1891, when the yield amounted to 2,060,154,000 bushels from an acreage of 76,204,515. For the past three years the yield has been 1,628,464,000 bushels, and for 1892, 1,619,496,131 bushels for 1893 and 1,212,770,052 bushels for 1894. The indications at present are that the returns of the 1895 crop will be nearly double that of last year. It will not all be turned into cash, but considered from the standpoint of value it will represent $400,000,000, more than the crop of last year.

Henry J. Cox, official forecaster of the weather bureau, was asked what his reports showed as to the condition of the corn crop.

"Reports are generally very favorable not only for a good crop, but for one of the largest that has been known," he said. "I have just received instructions that a special report upon corn is desired at Washington early next week. From the various reports along the Atlantic coast reports indicate that the crop will be exceptionally good. In Michigan the corn [illegible] or greatly improved. North Dakota [illegible] the most unfavorable report, but it is only a little backward.

Drought in Kansas and Nebraska.

"Some corn has been damaged by drought in three counties in Kansas. The southeastern section of Nebraska needs rain. These are all that are not about as good as they could be, and are easily lost sight of when Tennessee reports say never better, Kentucky exceptionally fine, Illinois growing splendidly, Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri and Iowa all steadily maintaining the lead secured, and the latter state threatening to break all records. It certainly looks like a phenomenal corn crop."

D. W. Ross, chief clerk in the general manager's office of the Illinois Central Railroad company, said: "The prospects at this time are all in favor of an enormous corn crop. All of our Iowa reports are that corn is looking splendid and was never better. Through central Illinois the reports indicate an unusually large crop. It is the same way through Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee and Kentucky. Of course the crop in the South is already assured, and it is very large. Through the Mississippi Valley it will be greater than for many years, and I am not sure but it will surpass any crop we have had."

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Office of The Toledo Blade,
Toledo, O., Aug. 6, 1896.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Aug. 6.	July 30.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	122¼-¾	123½
U. S. 4's (new), registered	122¼-¾	122½
U. S. 5's, coupons	115¾	116½
U. S. 5's, registered	115¾	115¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	112½	112½
U. S. 4's, registered	112½	112½
U. S. 2's, registered	96½	97
Pacific 6's of '95	100 b	100

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close This Afternoon.

The markets for wheat opened steady to-day on higher cables, but subsequently there was a break on free selling. There was considerable irregularity. At the close there was a weak tone. The volume of trade was very fair. What little firmness was exhibited during the day was on account of New York showing more strength than any other market.

Corn was lower on weak cables and firm on others. At Chicago August corn opened at 40 3-4c, and closed at 40 5-8c nominal September, 41c, 40 3-8c, 40 7-8c, then 40 5-8c. At New York September corn opened at 46 5-8c, fell to 46c and closed at 46 1-8c. Trade was of good proportions.

Bradstreet's shows decrease of wheat, not including the Pacific coast, during the week, 1,153,000 bushels.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 20,075 bushels; flour, 11,698 barrels; or wheat and flour in the aggregate, 72,716 bushels.

Pork for September delivery at Chicago opened at $9.30 and closed at $9.32.

Oats for September opened at 20 3-4c and closed at 20 5-8@20 3-4c at Chicago.

Estimated receipts for to-morrow at Chicago: Wheat, cars, 52; corn, 308; oats, 140.

The Journal d' Agriculture says: The wheat harvest is ended in the greater part of the south of France, and will soon be general all over the other parts of the country. Rye is generally in good condition; the same may be said of oats and barley. As regards wheat, there is still a certain amount of anxiety concerning this crop, which in a number of fields is very thin owing to the last severe winter, while the storms in May and June have also resulted in damage, and, notwithstanding the care taken by farmers, an extraordinary growth of weeds is reported, so that the crop is rather irregular. It is, under the circumstances, very difficult to believe in anything over an average yield.

The Chicago Daily Trade Bulletin has the following on crops in south Russia: Of the winter cereals only a poor average is expected, but the spring sown justify the best expectations. Winter rye stands generally better than the Azima wheat. The governments of Kharkov and Poltava offer the best prospects, and Tchernigov and Volhynia the worst. In the province of Kiev, where crop conditions a short time ago were favorable, heavy rains have "laid" the grain and jeopardized both quality and quantity. In the Kherson government locusts are reported to have caused some damage. Accounts from the Caucasus represent crop prospects as continuing assuring.

Cronenberg & King received the following special to-day: Russian wheat shipments for the week, 2,320,000 bu.; Argentine shipments, 96,000 bu.; American shipments, 1,466,000 bu; total, 3,882,000 bu.

Indian shipments during the past week, 328,000 bu.

Special to Cronenberg & King: Bradstreet made Pacific coast stocks, July 27, 4,762,000. He says to-day reports from Stockton, San Francisco and Porto Costa have not been received. The official report of these or similar stocks on August 1 is 6,296,000.

Primary receipts to-day: Wheat, 431,000 bu.; same day last year, 1,014,000 bu. Receipts of corn, 319,000 bu.; last year, 287,000 bu.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Sept.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	72⅝	72⅝	72⅝	72⅝
Chicago	68⅜	68⅜	68	b68
New York	73⅝	73⅞	b73⅜	b73⅜
St. Louis	68⅞	69	68⅝-¾	68⅝-¾

August wheat opened at Chicago at 67⅜c, and closed at 67c; December wheat at Chicago opened at 71c, and closed at 70⅜@70¼c. At New York December opened at 75⅜c and closed at 75¼c bid.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

As compared with yesterday cash wheat is ⅛c off; August ⅝c lower; September, ⅛c, and December ⅛c down. Trade was active, and prices closed weak.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 72c, 72⅛c, then 72c; No. 3 soft red wheat, 68c, 67⅛c, then 68c; No. 3 soft red Lake Shore, 68⅛c; No. 4 soft red, 64c; rejected No. 1, 61c; rejected No. 2 red, 58c.

August wheat, 72c; September, 72 1-8c, 72 3-4c, then 72 3-8c; December, 73 3-4c, 74 1-8c, and to close, 73 3-4c.

Corn—Active, Steady.

Trade was active in corn, but prices held steady. No. 2 mixed, 43c; No. 3, 41 1-2c; No. 2, September, 42c; No. 3 white, 43c; No. 3 yellow, 43c.

Oats active, steady; No. 2 mixed, 21 1-2c cash and September; No. 3 white, 22c.

Rye dull; No. 2, 49c.

Clover seed active and 12 1-2c lower for future delivery cash steady; prime cash, $6; October, $5.20@5.32 1-2, then $5.25; December, $5.35; prime alsike, $5.10; No. 2 alsike, $4.80.

Timothy seed—Prime cash, $2.65; August, $2.15.

F. N. Quale reports wheat prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 70c; white wheat, 68c; corn, 40c; oats, mixed, 20c; white, 22c; rye, 45c.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade was good to-day. Butter steady. Stock equal to demand; supply only fair; eggs steady; stock equal to demand. Vegetables held well at about unchanged figures; cucumbers are plentiful. In fruits, apples are more plentiful, peaches scarcer and in demand, pears in good supply.

Butter—Western creamery, best, 16@18c; Ohio creamery, 18@19c; fine dairy rolls, 15@16c; fair kinds, 12@13c.

Eggs—Fresh, 11c.

Vegetables—Onions, doz. bunches, 7@8c; radishes, doz. bunches, 8@10c; cucumbers, doz., 10@12c; lettuce, lb., 3@5c; beets, doz. bunches, 20c; cauliflower, doz., $1.00@1.25; green peas, bu., 75@80c; green beans, bu., 25@30c; wax beans, bu., 20@30c; tomatoes, bu., $1.75@2.00; 4-basket crate, 40@60c; mushrooms, lb., 20@25c; rhubarb, doz., 8@10c; carrots, bu., 25c; parsnips, bu., 25c; turnips, bu., 40@50c; spinach, bu., 25@30c; cabbages, home grown, bbl., $1.00@1.10; onions, new Southern, bu., 60@70c; bbls., $2.25@2.50; potatoes, bu., Early Ohio, 40@45c; Early Rose, 3-bu. bbl., $1.40@1.50; beans, hand picked, medium, $1.85@1.90; hand picked marrow, $2.10@2.15.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs., heavy, $6.00; light, $6.25; calves, $5.50@7.50, according to quality; lambs, spring, $7.00@8.00; mutton, $4.00@5.00; beef, $4.50@7.00.

Cheese—Ohio firsts, 8@9c; Ohio standards, 7@8c; New York state firsts, 9@10c.

Timothy Seed—$2.50@2.85, according to quality.

Straw—$4.00@4.50.

Hay—Loose hay on market, $15@16; hay in car lots, $16@17; clover, $12.

Corn—Ear, 70c per cwt; shelled, 48c.

Mill Feed—Bran, $16; middlings, $16; shorts, $15; coarse cornmeal, ton, $21; No. 1 chop, $22; No. 2 chop, $18.

Flour—Spring wheat patents, $4.40@4.75; winter wheat patents, $4.00@4.50.

Fruits—Apples, bbl., $1.00@1.50; blackberries, bu., $2.75@3.00; red raspberries, bu., $2.75@3.00; black raspberries, bu., $2.50@3.00; gooseberries, bu., $1.25@1.50; huckleberries, bu., $3.50; pears, bu., $1.00@1.50; peaches, clings, peck, 15@25c; free stones, 20@25c; watermelons, per 100, $10.00@18.00.

Hides—Green, No. 1, 8c; No. 2 grubby bulls and damaged, 6c; No. 1 cured, 9c; No. 2 grubby and damaged, 7c; green calf, No. 1, 12c; cured calf, 13c; No. 2, 10c; shearlings, 10c; lambkins, 15@20c; talolw, 5@12c.

Wool—Washed, 8@12c; tub washed, 14c.

Salt Meats—Mess pork, $13; light mess, $14; short clear, $15; hams, sugar cured, heavy, 12c; light, 12½c; breakfast bacon, 12½c; shoulders, 8c; dried beef, 12½c.

Petroleum—Prime white, 6½c; water white, 7½c; eocene, 8½c; gasoline, 10½c.

Turpentine, 31½c.

Oils—Linseed, raw, car lots, per gallon, 60c; old process, car lots, 58c; in barrel lots, 60c; boiled oil, 62c per gallon; lard oil, extra W. S., 51c; extra No. 1, 50c; No. 1 oil, 37c; No. 2, 33@34c; neatsfoot, extra, 65c; No. 1, 45c.

Oil Meal—Old process, per ton, $20.00.

Live Stock.

Chicago, August 6.—Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; left over, 2,000; official receipts yesterday, 10,673; shipments, 6,365; market very slow; prices generally unchanged; no prime heavy here; light, $4.80@5.00; mixed, $4.50@5.15; heavy, $4.45@5.00; rough, $4.35@4.60. Cattle—Receipts, 1,500, including 500 Texans and 3,000 Westerns; official receipts yesterday, 17,567; shipments, 3,730; natives steady; rangers weaker. Sheep—Receipts, 14,000; official receipts yesterday, 14,995; shipments, 475; market weak and generally 10c lower. Estimated receipts hogs to-morrow, 13,000.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, August 6.—Bower & Bower say: Hogs—Receipts light; market active, steady; best Yorkers, $5.40@5.45; light to best weight packers, $5.00@5.15; pigs, strong, $5.00@5.15; stags and roughs, $3.25@4.25. Cattle—Receipts light; market strong at yesterday's values; demand unsupplied; outlook firm. Sheep—Slow and dull; best lambs, $3.50@4.25; best sheep, $2.50@3.00; closing weak.

Grain and Produce.

New York, August 6.—Butter—Receipts 12,558 pkgs.; firm; state dairy, 12@18½c; state creamery, 19½@20c; Western dairy, 10@13c; Western creamery, 13@20c; Elgins, 20c; imitation Elgins, 11@15c. Cheese—Receipts, 9,403 pkgs.; steady; state large common to fancy, 5½@7¾; small, 6½c; part skims, 2@5½c; full skims, 1½@1½c. Eggs—Receipts, 9,707 pkgs.; firm; state and Pennsylvania, 14½@15½c; Western, 13@14½c. Sugars—Raw firm; fair refining, 3c; centrifugal 96 test, 3 5-16c; refined firm; crushed, 5 1-16@5¼c; powdered, 4¾@4 15-16c; granulated, 4 7-16@4⅝c. Coffee—Steady; No. 7, 16¼c.

Chicago, August 6.—Close—Wheat—Cash, 67c; August, 67c; September, 68c; December, 70⅜@70¼c; May, 74⅝@74½c. Corn—Cash, 40⅜c; August, 40⅝c; September, 40⅝c; October, 38⅞c; November, 36⅛c; December, 33⅛c; May, 33⅜@33⅝c. Oats—Cash, 20⅛@20⅜c; August, 20⅛@20⅜c; September, 20⅝@20¾c; May, 24⅛c; October, 20⅞c. Pork—Cash, $9.25; August, $9.25; September, $9.32½; October, $9.40; January, $10.15. Lard—Cash, $5.90; August, $5.90; September, $5.95@5.97½; October, $6.02½; January, $6.07½. Short Ribs—Cash, $5.45; August, $5.45; September, $5.52½; October, $5.60; January, $5.27½@5.30. Rye—Cash, 44c; September, 45c; October, 46c; December, 48c. Barley, September, 48½c. Flaxseed—Cash, Southwestern, $1.06; cash, Northwestern, $1.05; August, $1.03½; September, $1.02½@1.04½; October, $1.02½@1.04. Timothy—Cash, $4.00; August, $4.00; September, $3.95; October, $3.75@3.80.

Liverpool, August 6.—Close—Wheat—Spot firm; demand moderate; No. 2 red winter, 5s 6d; No. 2 red spring, 5s 9½d; No. 1 hard Manitoba, 5s 7d; No. 1 California, 5s 5d; futures opened firm, with near and distant positions ¼d higher; closed quiet, with near positions ¼d higher and distant positions ¼d higher; business about equally distributed; August, 5s 6d; September, 5s 6½d; October, 5s 6¾d; November, 5s 7¼d; December, 5s 7½d; January, 5s 7¾d. Corn—Spot quiet; American mixed, new, 4s 2½d; futures opened quiet, with near and distant positions 1¼d lower; closed easy, with near positions 1¼@1½d lower, and distant positions 1@1½d lower; business heaviest on early positions; August, 4s; September, 3s 11¾d; October, 3s 11¼d; November, 3s 11½d; December, 3s 11¾d; January, 3s 7¼d. Flour—Steady; demand fair; freely supplied; St. Louis fancy winter, 7s 3d.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

New York, August 6.—The stock market opened dull but firm; there was a slight inquiry for Chicago Gas, and an appreciation of ⅜ per cent in that stock was noted at 10:15.

Sugar and Chicago Gas were the features of speculation at 11 a. m., when quotations recorded an improvement of 1⅛ per cent. There was but little doing in the railway shares, and Canada Southern was most conspicuous in this group, a rise of ⅞ per cent being made.

The share speculation was dull and featureless after 11 a. m. Tennessee Coal rose 1 per cent, but lost the improvement. The other changes were very narrow, and at noon the market was steady at a slight reaction from the best figures.

Sales to noon, 61,000 shares, including 50,000 listed and 11,000 unlisted.

New York, August 6.—Money on call easy at 1 per cent; prime mercantile paper, 3@4 per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.90@4.90¼ for demand, and at $4.89¾@4.89⅞ for 60 days; posted rates, $4.90@4.91; commercial bills, $4.88¾. Silver certificates, 66⅞@66⅞c; no sales. Bar silver, 66⅛c. Mexican dollars, 53⅛c.

A. C. O.	26¾	....	....	26¾
Atch	15¼	15⅜	15	15
Sugar	114⅜	115¾	114⅜	114⅜
C. S.	56¼	56⅜	56	56
Gas	59⅞	60	58⅞	58⅞
B. Q.	90⅞	91	90⅜	90⅞
Erie	9¼	9⅜	9¼	9⅜
J. C.	102⅞	102⅞	102⅞	102⅞
L. S.	150⅜	....	....	150
L. & N.	61⅞	61⅞	60⅞	60⅞
Lead	34⅜	....	....	34⅜
M. P.	37⅞	38	36⅞	37
N. E.	56⅞	56⅞	56⅛	56⅞
N. A.	....	....	....	6
N. Y. C.	102⅜	....	....	102⅜
N. P. pfd	18⅜	....	....	18⅜
N. W.	101⅜	....	....	100⅞
O. M.	40⅜	....	....	40⅜
P. M.	29⅜	....	....	29⅜
R. G.	17⅜	17⅜	17⅜	17⅜
R. I.	78⅜	79	78⅜	78⅜
St. P.	70⅞	71⅜	70⅞	70⅞
U. P.	13⅜	....	....	13⅜
W. P.	21⅜	21⅜	21⅜	21⅜
W. U.	93⅜	....	....	93
G. E.	36⅜	....	....	36⅜
D. C. F.	21⅜	....	....	21⅜
Man	114⅜	....	....	114⅜
T. C. & I.	36⅜	37⅛	36⅜	36⅜
D. & H.	130⅜	....	....	130

Trade.

The general business of the country during the past week was about the same as the preceding week. There was a little halt in activity, but it was not of a nature to alter the belief in an active trade soon with increased volume of business.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, August 5.—The market closed stronger on the better grades of burley. Large manufacturers are in the market for common grades. The better grades were active, and continue to sell high. Official quotations are:

1894 CROP.

Red Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$1 75@ 2 75
Trash (sound)	2 75@ 3 75
Common lugs	3 75@ 4 50
Medium lugs	4 50@ 5 10
Good lugs	5 10@ 6 50
Common leaf (short)	5 00@ 7 00
Common leaf	7 00@ 9 00
Medium leaf	9 00@12 00
Good leaf	13 00@16 00
Fine and selections	16 00@20 00
Colory Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	3 50@ 4 50
Trash (sound)	4 50@ 6 00
Common lugs	6 00@ 7 50
Medium lugs	7 50@ 9 00
Good lugs	9 00@12 00
Common leaf (short)	8 50@10 00
Common leaf	10 00@12 50
Medium leaf	12 50@16 00
Good leaf	16 00@20 00
Fine and selections	20 00@25 00
Dark.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$1 00@ 1 25
Trash (sound)	1 25@ 2 00
Common lugs	2 00@ 2 50
Medium lugs	2 50@ 3 50
Good lugs	3 00@ 4 00
Common leaf (short)	3 25@ 4 50
Common leaf	4 50@ 5 75
Medium leaf	5 75@ 7 50
Good leaf	7 50@ 8 50
Fine and selections	8 50@ 9 50

Wool.

Dun reviews the past week's wool market as follows: Sales at the three chief markets for the week were only 6,072,450 lbs., of which 3,613,700 were domestic, against 9,336,400 in the same week of 1892, of which 5,637,900 was domestic. In the four weeks preceding the sales averaged 11,194,716 lbs. per week, and for the month have risen above 50,000,000 lbs., for the first time since such records were kept. The markets have subsided into dullness, not only because manufacturers supported the advance in prices as little as they have for some weeks, but also because the large speculative holders find no chance as yet to realize their paper profits, and begin to question whether the rise will go further. But London sales closed on the 30th very strong, with an advance of 12 per cent on fine, and 15@18 per cent on crossbred wool, and the estimate of wool to be offered at the next sale in September is not large. Prices have scarcely changed during the week, but are stronger in the interior than at the seaboard, as they were before the rise began.

Bradstreet's says: The market maintains a steady tone for domestic wool, while the firm closing of the London auction sale keeps foreign supplies on a firm basis. Purchases for America at the London sale were in excess of 60,000 bales, which is about three or four times what is generally taken at those sales. The speculative demand for wool at the seaboard which was so noticeable a few weeks since has ceased, owing to the advance in prices which has been forced. The business doing at present is largely to meet the wants of manufacturers, who are yet taking considerable wool, although the larger manufacturers have considerable wool on hand, the result of recent free purchases. Territory wools have met with most business as yet, although new fleeces are now being opened. Sales of choice XX and above Ohio have been 21c. Australian wool is selling well at full prices.

New York Cotton Market.

New York, August 6.—Cotton opened steady at 1@2 points advance. At 11 o'clock the market was steady at opening prices. At noon prices showed 1 point net advance. Sales to noon, 55,000 bales.

Prices opened up on continued lack of rain in Texas. Trading, however, was light, and bulls displayed more caution. At one time during the morning there were evidences of activity, but this was succeeded by a dull spell. Buyers were scarce, and outside business appeared to have come to a halt.

Spot cotton firm; middling uplands, 7 5-16; gulf, 7 7-16. Port receipts for today estimated at 600; last week, 706; last year, 1,686; next week estimated, 3,500; last week, 1,676; last year, 5,188.